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VOL. 2309.

MEMOIRS OF AN EX-MINISTER

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE

EARL OF MALMESBURY, G.C.B.

IN THREE VOLUMES. — VOL. 1.

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BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1885.

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MEMOIRS OF AN EX-MINISTER.

INTRODUCTION.

I TRUST that the readers of these Memoirs will not expect a continuous narrative, but rather a *macédoine* of memoranda, diary, and correspondence, recalling the social and political events of a busy life of seventy-seven years. The subject-matter contained in my private political letters appeared more than a quarter of a century ago, in the Blue-books and newspapers of the day, in a more official and less familiar style, but is in substance the same as that which was at the time given to the public. My principal object has been to sketch the three Administrations of the late Earl of Derby, whose colleague I was, and also some incidents respecting one of the most remarkable men of this century—namely, the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who, during all Lord Derby's Governments, played as important a part in his policy and the great game of Europe. I will only add that, of men, events, and common things, I wrote as they appeared to me at the time, and have altered nothing since they were noted.

I was born on March 25th, 1807, in Spring Gardens. My mother, Lady Fitzharris, was at that moment at the mercy of Latona, and my father sitting alone in the next room, anxiously waiting to be informed of the goddess's gift. A knock at the door seemed to bring him the news; but, instead of the Æsculapius, to his surprise a King's messenger walked in with a letter from Mr. Canning, then Foreign Secretary, announcing my father's appointment as Under Secretary at the Foreign Office. In a few minutes my arrival into the world was proclaimed.

Now, I have often thought that if Guy Mannering had been present in Spring Gardens, as he was at Ellangowan, he would have taken my horoscope, as he did for Lady Bertram's boy, and found that the star of the Foreign Office was hovering over that locality, destining the son, forty years after, to reign over the same desks to which the father was appointed at the very moment of his son's birth. More than this, that under so mysterious a coincidence and concatenation of circumstances, I could not avoid my fate in 1852 and 1858-9, and whatever credit or blame I may have acquired during my management of foreign affairs, it is certain that the stars must be responsible for both. My father did not long remain at his new post, as the insincerity of politics was little suited to his susceptible feelings of morality and honour, and he told me the chief reason of his resignation was the affair in 1807, when we seized the Danish fleet to prevent Napoleon from doing so. When this wise but high-handed measure was determined upon he had to keep the Danish Minister in London ignorant of his intentions; but as the poor man suspected them, and

was in the most nervous state, calling daily at the Foreign Office, Mr. Canning used to refuse to see him, and handed him over to my father, whose duty it was to conceal, and even to deny, our designs.

This was not a *rôle* suited to his character, although an indispensable policy.

All this time the great war with Napoleon was raging by sea and land. Few are alive, now that I am seventy-seven years of age, to have any idea of the excitement and resolution which pervaded this country. The name of Bonaparte was till 1815 the bugbear of English mothers and nurses to rule their wayward children. His name was in every one's mind, and pronounced with execration. The country resounded with the arms of volunteers, yeomanry, and militia. Every one of our naval successes and Spanish victories saw the Union Jack hoisted on the towers of our churches, and the details, printed in our then scanty newspapers, were read to shouting crowds in our market-places. No wonder that such scenes made deep impression on the minds of even very young boys, as they did on mine and my brother's. At last, in 1814, when we were seven and six years old respectively, the allied armies entered Paris, and Napoleon was exiled to Elba. On the 23rd of June of that year a grand naval review took place at Spithead to celebrate the Peace, at which my father was obliged to be present as Governor of the Isle of Wight, and to which he went in his official yacht. Such a sight can never be forgotten, however young the spectator may have been.

The Solent was literally covered with vessels of all descriptions. Many men-of-war had been recalled

from their stations at the recent Peace, but had not yet been paid off. The allied sovereigns stood on the quarter-deck of the "Impregnable," where my father went to make his obeisance, taking us with him. The Emperor Alexander, standing on the quarter-deck, overawed us with his tall, stiff figure, and his tight leather breeches and jack-boots, and we were glad to return on board the "Medina"—our yacht. A great many naval officers boarded us, and I remember that I was struck with the arrogant language and demeanour of many of them—natural, perhaps, after their services, a long enjoyment of victory, and the despotic atmosphere of the quarter-deck. These, however, were mostly young men. The uniform at that time was very becoming—blue, with white facings, epaulets, and tight white pantaloons, with Hessian boots and gold tassels. Of course they were all in full dress for this great naval festival.

The conversation of our visitors varied. Civilians and taxpayers rejoiced at the prospect of a long-desired peace; soldiers and sailors grumbled at what they thought was the end of their career, and of an active life, and loudly expressed themselves to that effect. But all were in a fool's paradise; for, six months after that day, "the lion was unchained," and within five days of the anniversary of this gorgeous function, in the next year, the two great captains of the age were engaged in their last and most deadly struggle on the plain of Waterloo.

I remember being called up one morning in 1815 at Richmond House, where we lived, to see the Life Guards and Blues march for the war down Parliament Street, as they passed our windows with laurel on

their helmets and horses' heads, their wives and sweethearts standing on their stirrups for a farewell kiss. It was a grand and moving sight, and would have been still more so had we known that not half of them were destined to return.

I mentioned my father's official yacht, the "Medina," but she deserves further notice. She was the connecting link between the ships painted by Vandervelde and those which preceded ironclads. She was built in William III.'s reign, and cutter-rigged; her sides were elaborately gilded. She was highest by the stern, with such a deep waist forward as to endanger her going down head foremost if she shipped a heavy sea. She had very little beam, and her complement consisted of Captain Love, R.N., the master, and twelve men. She measured 80 tons.

Such was the Governor of the Isle of Wight's yacht, in which, as boys, we were taken to cruise in the safe waters of the Solent.

Commander Love seemed to have perpetual leave, and the yacht was relegated to Mr. Butcher, the master, who always looked like a sailor in a play, and was, indeed, little better, being generally in a confused state of mind as to the course we were to take or the direction of the wind. He was, however, well replaced by the boatswain, an "old salt." The continual absence of Captain Love was, I believe, caused by his not being a *grata persona* to the ladies, so that Mr. Butcher had all the responsibility of sailing the craft. This suddenly ceased, after the following occurrence, when our father refused to let us sail any more, and the "Medina" was abolished.

One day, the butler, who was acting as steward,

rushed on deck the picture of terror. "My lord, the yacht has sprung a leak, and water is flowing into the cabin." Down the companion plunged Mr. Butcher, and in a moment confirmed the news. "My lord, it is already over my shoes, and I must run her on shore in Alum Bay, before she goes down."

"I don't believe it," said my father. Mr. Butcher, as pale as death, looks over the side and replies, "Don't your lordship see she is settling fast?" "No, I don't," says my father. At this critical moment the boatswain comes up with a grin, touching his hat and choking with laughter—"Please, my lord, it's only the cistern of the w.-c. that has got adrift." So the "Medina" was not run ashore, but she was never sent to sea again, and Mr. Butcher enjoyed his pension and his grog evermore in peace.

My childhood was passed chiefly at Heron Court, an old manor house near Christchurch, which, with a considerable property, was left to my grandfather in 1795 by Mr. Edward Hooper, the last of a very old Dorsetshire family. He had married Lady Dorothy Ashley, whose sister was wife of Mr. Harris, my great-great-grandfather. The house is Elizabethan, and was once the residence of the Priors of Christchurch. The first Lord Malmesbury repaired and added to it. It has all the character of its origin, standing low among very ancient elms, within a mile of three rivers—namely, the Stour, Avon, and Herne, now called the Moors River, from its rising in the wilds of Cranbourne and running through uninterrupted heaths. Their waters converge in Christchurch Bay. All this district belonged, according to Doomsday Book, to Tosti, King Harold's brother, and was bestowed by William the

Conqueror on Hugo de Porth, one of his Norman barons. During the long war with France this wild country, which extended in an uncultivated state from Christchurch to Poole, was the resort of smugglers upon a large scale. The last Mr. Hooper was chairman of customs, and the late Lord Shaftesbury, father of the noble philanthropist now living, told me this anecdote as characteristic of the times. About 1780 Lord Shaftesbury was sitting at dinner in the low hall at Heron Court with his relation, the latter having his back to the window. The road, which has since been turned, passed by the front door of the house. Suddenly an immense clatter of waggons and horses disturbed their meal, and six or seven of these, heavily loaded with kegs, rushed past at full gallop. Lord Shaftesbury jumped up to look at the sight, but the old squire sat still, refusing to turn round, and eating his dinner complacently. Soon after a detachment of cavalry arrived with their horses blown, and asking which way the smugglers had gone. Nobody would tell them, and no doubt they got safely into the New Forest. The smugglers had dashed through two deep fords in the Stour close by, which the soldiers had refused, and so lost their prey. These fords are the same through which Sir Walter Tyrrell rode red-handed for his life on his way to Poole after he had crossed the Avon at a place which bears his name, Tyrrell's Ford. For many years the Manor of Avon paid a fine annually to the Crown for not stopping the regicide at the ford. At the beginning of the present century, and during the war, a great contraband trade was carried on. And I myself, when a small boy, had an adventure with these heroes. I was bird-nesting in

one of the copses in the park by myself when a rough fellow seized me, and seeing I was frightened was very civil, promising to let me go in an hour if I did not resist. He kept his word, and made me swear I would not tell of the incident. Although rated when I got home for my long absence, I did not betray the man or his companions, whom I saw in the wood hiding kegs of brandy, of which they insisted on giving me a specimen.

In the worst period of the war, when gold was hardly to be found, a tenant named King, who held a small farm by Cranbourne Heath, and who was in arrear, sent his little daughter with the entire rent (100*l.*) in guineas and French louis-d'or to my father. This way of paying in coin spoke for itself as to Mr. King's habit of not accepting assignats. The following anecdote I learnt from Dr. Quartley, who had practised for nearly fifty years as a medical man at Christchurch. He had not long been in business there when he was awakened one night by a loud thumping at his door. Opening his window, he could distinguish two men muffled up in drab horseman's great-coats and with heavy whips in their hands, with which they were knocking at his door. On hearing the window open they exclaimed, "Come, doctor, be quick! You are wanted!" Though he did not much like the look of the thing, he thought it better to slip on his clothes and go down to them. They told him they had a job for him, and that he must get his horse out of the stable and come along with them. After a little hesitation he obeyed their call, and found himself, with a companion on each side, trotting towards the old bridge. When they reached it, they whistled and were joined

by two other horsemen. All proceeded in silence some distance over the heath leading to the New Forest by Bransgore. At last they turned down a lane and came to a lone cottage, such as are to be seen in these districts. "There, doctor," cried one of his companions, breaking the long silence—"there is some work for you! Step in." On entering he found extended on the floor a fine young man in a sea-faring garb, who appeared to be suffering severely. On inquiring he found that he had been wounded in an affray with the custom-house officers. Dr. Quartley succeeded in extracting a ball from his back, and when he had done this, one of his quondam companions came in and asked him (Dr. Quartley) what he thought of it. He answered that the wound was dangerous, and that the young man must be kept quiet. "Well, Tom!" said the other, "willst thee stay here and be hanged, or shall we tip thee into the cart?" The wounded man preferred the latter alternative to Dr. Quartley's injunction, and two of them took charge of him, and led him through a dark night and in dead silence back to the old bridge, and there bidding him farewell, cantered off. At the conclusion of the same winter he was again awakened by a loud rap at his door, and in the morning his maid brought in a keg of fine French brandy, which she had found on his steps, and on which was written, "Left there for the doctor's fee." Fifteen summers afterwards Dr. Quartley dined at Mr. Mills's at Bisterne, and in the evening they went on the Avon. In getting into the boat, Dr. Quartley observed that one of the men who rowed it was particularly attentive to him, so much so that he observed, "My man, you look as if I ought to know

you." "Know me! please your honour! I be he from whose back you cut out a slug fifteen years ago. Don't you mind on't?" He had been carried into the forest, where by the aid of a good constitution he had recovered, and at the time of this second meeting was working in Mr. Mills's garden.

The principal stronghold round which the smugglers operated was the sea-shore and its hollow cliffs that run from Christchurch Head to Poole, then a district of gorse and heath for ten miles, with fir-woods above them. In this wild country black-game were abundant, and in 1826 I shot an old blackcock on the very spot where St. Peter's Church at Bournemouth now (1884) stands. This waste was a favourite resort and breeding-ground of the Hen-harrier, a very destructive species of hawk. They built their nests under the furze-bushes, and from these impenetrable places used to issue forth and plunder the cultivated country outside for many miles. There was only one way of finding their nests, which our keeper adopted in the breeding season. When he saw one crossing the valley to hunt the fields and carry off its prey to the moors, he watched it till out of sight, and on the next day posted himself at that point. The bird was sure to come along the same line, and again the man followed it as far as he could see, and so again day by day for sometimes five miles, until he arrived at the nest and shot the old birds.

The gamekeepers of my youth had much of the Mohican about them, and had not degenerated into poultry-wives by rearing thousands of tame pheasants to be shot by their masters like pigeons at Hurlingham. The well-known sportsman Grantley Berkeley used to

declare that when he engaged a gamekeeper the first thing he did was to look at the knees of his breeches to see if he *trapped* vermin, &c., and if they were *clean* he declined taking him, however good his character might be—all questions as to rough readiness being answered by this test.

The wild heath which I describe is no more, and its rapid metamorphosis into Bournemouth is certainly a wonder of civilisation. In 1830 there were not more than half a dozen houses and cottages where now one of our largest and most fashionable seaside places stands, with all the usual accompaniments of clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and the inevitable M.P. of Radical proclivities. It has already eight churches, each congregation dogmatically pitying the theological *lâches* of the other. I must mention that no part of England affords better opportunities of observing natural history than this district of Hampshire. The Avon and Stour salmon are famous; and these rivers contain large pike, perch, trout, grayling, chub, tench, and crawfish. Every variety of British bird—even the rarest—is in the small museum at Heron Court, all having been killed within five miles of my house. The songsters abound in our woods, whilst every sort of wild-fowl, from the Hooper to the Teal, frequents our three rivers and the ponds on the heaths. Several eagles have been shot here within my memory, and a lesser bustard (a very rare bird) was killed by Lord Palmerston.

The moors are famous for exceptional butterflies and other insects, and used to be the favourite hunting grounds of the celebrated entomologist, Curtis, whose book abounds in references to Heron Court.

On these heaths there are many barrows, of which

I have opened three. In the first the layers of turf were perfectly preserved in slices, one upon another, and on reaching the level the body was clearly delineated in black bone-dust. In the second the ashes were in a vase of unbaked pottery, and in the third there was only a beautiful twisted bracelet of solid gold.

Many of these mounds have never yet been opened.

It was in this, at that time very wild country, that, as boys, we disported ourselves and imbibed an eternal affection for it and its traditions. My father lived at Heron Court for ten months out of the twelve, inconsolable at the death of our mother, which happened in 1815, at the age of thirty-two, and for twenty-six years during which he survived her he mourned her with the same sorrow. Until his own death in 1841, not a plant in her garden or a trinket in her boudoir was ever moved or changed.

When in the country during the game season he hardly ever missed a day's shooting, and kept a journal of his sport with a column of every shot killed and missed during forty years. This curious book I showed to Lord Beaconsfield, who was extremely struck with it, declaring it to be the most extraordinary example of patience and a sturdy character he ever saw. With all this devotion to sport he read everything, ancient and modern; and, having lived with clever men and in anxious times, during the early part of this century, his conversation was most amusing and instructive. Although a Tory of the purest school, and of unbending politics, he was in private life most generous and liberal in all his sentiments; but he had seen his country borne through all its difficulties, and in its darkest hours, by the proud aristocracy which then

governed it, and which the repeated successes of Napoleon never discouraged when the heart of all Europe failed, and he dreaded, like many others, to change this Constitution of England for a democracy which, more fickle and less enduring in its nature, after bravely resisting misfortune at first, would sooner yield to disappointment and disaster. When, therefore, fifteen years after the war, the great Reform Bill of 1832 passed, he helped to resist it by his vote to the last. When I used to hear all around me denunciations and prophecies against it, I little thought that, thirty years later, I should be taking the initiative, as a Cabinet Minister, in framing another reform of the franchise, far more democratic than the first, and of which Lord Derby confessed, when he proposed it in 1867, that it was a "leap in the dark."

Long, however, before these events took place my brother and I, being respectively eight and seven years old, were sent to a private school at Wimborne, under the Rev. Mr. Bowle, one of the three incumbents who served the ancient minster. There were sixteen boys, all out of Hants and Dorset; not one of these knew a word of French, for that language had been banished during the long war, and was considered by the squires of the day as almost treason. The previous generation had spoken it, but it seemed to have died out in England with them. As it was the first tongue which we were taught, I believe we had a decided French accent when we went to school, and this was visited upon us accordingly in the shape both of verbal and personal persecution by our school-fellows. Another indictment attended with punishment was served against us—namely, that our father killed foxes. We were

therefore called "vulpecides," without knowing what the term meant, but which we soon learnt from the lickings we got from the boys whose parents kept hounds. It was useless to protest that we lived in a country which never had been and could not be hunted, owing to its many rivers, and in which a fox-hound had never been seen. At last we agreed that the next time the most offensive of our tyrant squires attacked one of us we would both fall on him at once, and notwithstanding his superior size, do our best.

The event came off as we hoped, and, contrary to our expectation, the others, although they had joined in the bullying, took our part. Such is the nature of an English school, which, whatever its faults may be, teaches a man to keep his head with his own hand. We were three years at Wimborne, learning nothing but Latin and Greek grammar and coming home twice a year for our holidays. My mother was dead, and my father never came to see us, as he thought it disturbed our studies—such studies! Lord Malmesbury, our grandfather, sometimes did so, and when his visit occurred it caused great sensation in the house, as seventy years ago an old earl would not on any account have driven to an important country town without four horses to his carriage and his star on his coat. I remember that one of these calls saved me at the very moment of impending execution.

The old clergyman and his wife were kind and popular, although he administered, in some degree with justice, corporal punishment, which, as applied to knowledge, always seems to me imparting it at the wrong end of a boy. Mr. Bowle was an eccentric man, and a strict observer of saints' days and dates, which

gave us and himself more half holidays than were necessary. On this principle, being fond of his garden, he never would plant his tulips except on Good Friday, which, being a movable feast, made them come up at the most various periods of the spring. The dates of the deaths of General Wolfe and Nelson claimed an annual holiday, and we used to search Moore's Almanack for obituaries of great men. Mr. Bowle quieted his conscience and condoned his own idleness by saying that these researches taught us history. We left Wimborne after three years, and when, in 1852, I was made Secretary for Foreign Affairs, I presented the old minster with a window as a votive offering of thanks for whatever Mr. Bowle's school might have contributed to this success.

We then remained at Heron Court under a private tutor till we were sent to Eton in 1820, the same gentleman accompanying us. Mr. Cooke had taken a first-class at Oxford, and was a young man. I owe him a great deal of instruction on many subjects. He was an excellent classical scholar, but I think his great merit was to make his pupils love general information and art in all its branches—namely, painting, architecture, natural history, and geology. Everything amused and interested him, and he communicated his feelings to his pupils.

I have said that the country round Heron Court opened a good field for natural history, but for geology it was equally good. The east cliffs of Christchurch Bay possess in their recesses the best specimens of the fossils of the blue London clay, both of shells and of the Saurians' bones, and Mr. Cooke inspired us with a real enthusiasm for finding and forming a complete

collection of these. Since that time the cliffs have crumbled away and the sea has gained. The stratum of clay has dipped too deeply to find them, but at that period they could be gathered near the surface. A Mr. Brander, who lived in the neighbourhood, had in the last century made a perfect collection from these cliffs, and presented it to the British Museum, having engraved each specimen in such a beautiful volume that it is now one of the rare prizes of bibliophiles. This collection was extant at the British Museum thirty years ago, when I saw it there, but I cannot find it there now.

Christchurch, till the Reform Bill of 1832, was a close borough, but the fourteen burgesses who were the electors of two members were bought by Sir George Rose, Mr. Pitt's Lord of the Treasury, and he and his son sat for it till the Reform Bill of 1832 expelled them. Christchurch has produced two distinguished men — namely, Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn and Admiral Lord Lyons. It has never been a thriving town in comparison with others which have the advantage of a direct railway to London. These quiet places appear sometimes as if their great age prevented any further growth, and as if, at Christchurch, its old castle and grand old church would not permit the invasion of modern things, and of what is called "progress." Bournemouth, only four miles off, has monopolised these, and allows its placid neighbour to enjoy the *dolce far niente*.

My brother Edward and I went to Eton in 1821, and were put in the "Remove." There were at that time six hundred boys at the college. Mr. Cooke ac-

companied us, and we were the only boys who brought a private tutor, except the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord John Scott, and the sons of the Duke of Wellington. It is a bad plan, as these gentlemen always help their pupils, and thereby give a false measure of their capacity. I was fag to Trench, brother of the subsequent Archbishop of Dublin, a very good-natured boy. We boarded at a dame's, Miss Middleton. I took to boating in preference to cricket, and used to steal out early in the morning to shoot moor-hens up the river, borrowing an old flint honey-combed gun from a cad named Hall. On one of these occasions, in climbing over the spikes on our garden wall, I slipped and was impaled by the arm till my shouts brought assistance, and the pain I suffered long afterwards was allowed by the authorities to be sufficient punishment.

There were several pitched battles in my day, in one of which, young Ashley,* a most gallant boy, was killed. A very desperate one occurred between a big boy of sixteen, named Kemp, and Yeo, much smaller and younger, which the latter won by sheer pluck, a quality he long afterwards displayed in the Crimean war, where he commanded the 7th Fusiliers, and fell at the storming of the Redan. He was head of one of the oldest families in Somerset, and, I believe, last of his race. The Windsor and Slough coaches used to stop under the playing-field wall to see these duels. My public tutor was Ben Drury, a clever man and great scholar, but wild in his habits and a thorn in the side of the immortal Dr. Keate. He presided over the "Remove," and we often found we had a holiday

* A son of Lord Shaftesbury.

on Monday morning, as the headache which he had contracted in London the previous day confined him to his bed. He made beautiful Latin verses, and drove four-in-hand better than any whip between Windsor and London. The trial of Queen Caroline was going on, and the boys all took a strong part for George IV. —why, I never understood—and, the townsmen siding for the Queen, there were constant riots and free fights between the two parties of "town and gown." My grandfather, Lord Malmesbury, died in 1821, aged seventy-five, and next year I lost the companionship of my brother, who went to the Naval College of Portsmouth, and afterwards to sea.* In 1852 I appointed him to the Consulship of Copenhagen, and then as Chargé d'Affaires in Chili. During our winter holidays my father used to send us to Wilton and Bowood. He was guardian to Lord Pembroke's children, and we, having no sisters, enjoyed our visits there greatly with the daughters of the house, who were charming children. At Bowood we met Mr. Stanley, afterwards Lord Derby, and Prime Minister, then quite young, but looked up to by the Whigs as full of promise.

Lord Lansdowne,** one of their leaders, and a very distinguished one, was the type of an accomplished gentleman. We always found Tom Moore, the poet, at Bowood, who used to sing his own verses with taste and spirit. He was the smallest man I ever saw. I recollect that Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Stanley then wore the old Whig dress, a blue coat with brass buttons, and a buff waistcoat.

* He was afterwards M.P. for Christchurch and H.M. Minister at Berne and the Hague.

** The Marquis of Lansdowne died in 1865.

Buff and blue
And Mrs. Crewe,

was the *refrain* of the party in the days of Fox.

I left Eton with great regret in 1823, to remain at Heron Court under Mr. Cooke until I went to Oriel College, Oxford, in 1825. Coplestone, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff, was Provost; Tyler Dean, Dornford—who had served in the Peninsular War—and Newman, tutors. Of this last celebrated writer and divine, and now a cardinal, no one at that time would have predicted the future career. He used to allow his class to torment him with the most helpless resignation; every kind of mischievous trick was, to our shame, played upon him—such as cutting his bell-rope, and at lectures making the table advance gradually till he was jammed into a corner. He remained quite impassive, and painfully tolerant. I once saw him nearly driven from Coplestone's table, when the Provost, who was an epicure, upbraided him for what he called "mutilating" a fine haunch of venison, and shouting out, "Mr. Newman, you are unconscious of the mischief you have done." At Oriel, the undergraduates who in after-life came more or less to the front, and were my contemporaries, were Samuel Wilberforce, as Bishop of Winchester; Sir Edmund Head, as Governor of Canada; Welby, M.P. for Grantham; H. Wise, for Warwickshire; Holford, for Gloucestershire; Parker, for Devon. It was, on the whole, a quiet college. Welby, Lord E. Thynne, and I kept a scratch pack to run a bagged fox after lectures, as hunting with regular hounds was forbidden. Ours were called the "Gazington," and were hunted by a

rascal named Butler, who was hanged a few years after for stealing a horse.

I took my degree as early as I could in 1827, and afterwards paid some visits in the country, such as to Newby Park (Lord Grantham's), and Chillingham, Lord Tankerville's castle in Northumberland. The latter is one of the oldest inhabited in England, and famous for its breed of wild cattle, the date of whose location in this part is unknown; but the park itself, which is 1,500 acres, was walled in during the reign of King John, and they were probably enclosed in it at that date. Lady Tankerville was Mdlle. de Gramont; was sent over to England to escape the Reign of Terror, and was received and brought up by the Duchess of Devonshire. She was a beautiful woman, and ruled the world of fashion, together with Lady Jersey and Lady Palmerston, for many years, all three of these remarkable women having lived to above eighty. Count d'Orsay * was the last of the dandies as a ruler of men—I speak, of course, of *young* men. He was not only remarkable for his presence, but for his wit and conversation, which gained salt from his foreign accent, and also for some talent in painting and modelling. He made two excellent portraits of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst, both of whom sat to him. He lived at Lady Blessington's, at Kensington Gore, which was an agreeable house for men, although not visited by Englishwomen; and there I often met the Bulwers, Disraeli, Dickens, and last, not least, Prince Louis Napoleon, during his exile, after

* Count d'Orsay's sister had married Lady Tankerville's brother, the Duc de Gramont.

his escape from Ham, where he was imprisoned for his unsuccessful attempt at Boulogne.

On June 1, 1828, Montague Parker (who had been with me at Eton and Oxford) and I left England in a Rotterdam packet, accompanied by a *soi-disant* courier, an old Swiss servant of my uncle, the Rev. A. Harris, and who soon reversed our respective positions, inasmuch as we had to take care of him. We arrived at Amsterdam, and thence went to the Hague, where Sir Charles and Lady Bagot represented our King, George IV.

Here I was much impressed by an example of the marvellous constitution of Dutch women. Being invited to dinner by Sir Charles on the day following our arrival, it happened that we found our white evening waistcoats, which were at that period indispensable articles, so much rumpled by our journey as to be useless. The pseudo-courier came, as pale as a sheet, to say that "un grand malheur lui était arrivé, et que la blanchisseuse qui avait les gilets venait d'accoucher." There was nothing for it but to submit, and to appear at the Ambassador's in dowdy clothes; but what was our relief and surprise, when the hour arrived, to see the young mother herself walk into our room with the garments, apparently as well as if nothing had happened to her, although her baby was only twelve hours old!

We travelled all through Holland, a country totally unlike any other, and well worth knowing in its *belle laideur*. We then posted up the Rhine, full of Byron, with whose poetry all Europe was then mad, and who was spoken of as the personification of Satan in sin and beauty. We proceeded up the Rhine by steam, through Switzerland to Geneva, which in 1828 wore a

very different aspect from its present one. The luxurious hotels of later times were not thought of; and the best, but a very old-fashioned one, the "Balances," received us. It is the same in which Casanova's romance with his Henriette took place, and they showed the pane of glass, which he mentions, on which he had cut her name with his ring. At the *table-d'hôte* there were several of Napoleon's old officers, with their usual swagger. Our gallant Colonel Brotherton was also there. He was known in the Peninsular war as a *sabreur*, and for his personal courage, and he spoke French like a native. One day at dinner the eternal subject of Waterloo was discussed by various officers, and, as usual, with great heat by the French. Brotherton sat silent and took no part. Suddenly a Frenchman, not a soldier, asked him, as he had been at the battle, why he did not give an opinion. Brotherton replied coolly, "Je suis venu ici, monsieur, pour dîner, et pas pour discuter." The foreigner proceeded to sneer at Brotherton, who still continued quiet till the Frenchman called him a coward. Then the colonel jumped up, and breaking up his wooden chair like a stick, shook the leg in his face. I shall never forget the rapid retreat of the aggressor. All the table cheered Brotherton, and chiefly an old General Rouget, well known in the Peninsular war, who weighed twenty stone and yet had never been hit. The disturber of our dinner turned out to be a hell-keeper from Aix.

General Sir William Gallwey had a villa near, at Châtelaine, and his wife, Lady Harriet, *née* Quin, with two pretty and clever daughters, contributed during three months to the delights of a fine summer. The youngest of these married the Comte de Bonneval, the

other died unmarried at an advanced age, and for the last years of her life her little house in Belgravia was the resort of many clever men and politicians. She herself was one of the best-read and most sensible women I ever met, an excellent artist, and with a great appreciation of agreeable society.

My enjoyment of Geneva was suddenly arrested by an accident which nearly proved fatal. Parker and I had taken a house at Paquis, a mile out of the town, next to Captain Moseley, who was a great swordsman, and with whom I took lessons in fencing from a M. Marcelin. One day, as he stopped me in a rush, his foil broke short off, and ran into my armpit at the "défaut du plastron," and through the right lung. My impression was that Moseley, who was standing behind me, had given me a blow in jest; and, as I turned to remonstrate, the blood flowed from my mouth, and I fell. Marcelin sucked the wound in vain, as I bled internally.* Dr. Jenks, ex-surgeon of the 10th Hussars, pronounced the case to be probably fatal, but when M. Major, an old practitioner of Napoleon's army, was called in, he bled me till I fainted, saying, "Il n'a que 21 ans; il faut le saigner blanc." In a few days I was out of danger, but it was reckoned by all the surgeons a miraculous escape, the diaphragm being pierced. The spasms which I suffered were very painful, but I never thought I was dying, although I heard Major, who thought I was insensible, say so in the common but unwritable language of the "Corps de Garde." Parker had gone on a tour, and I owe my life to Moseley, who hardly ever left me, night or day, until

* I found Dr. Jenks fifty-three years after at Bath, aged ninety-two, with the diagnosis of my case, which he had kept.

I was safe. One evening he had gone to dine at his uncle's, Sir William Gallwey, and I was left alone, with the family courier and a *garde-malade*. The weather was hot, their room was next to mine, and the door open; they were drinking and talking loud, and I heard them counting my clothes and uniforms, and speculating how much they would get for them when I was dead. At last their conversation appeared to me to be getting dangerous as the potations increased, and, being perfectly helpless, I was quite prepared to feel a thumb on my throat, when, to my relief, I heard Moseley come up the stairs. He found these worthies drunk in the midst of my scattered wardrobe. In a moment he had hurled them both downstairs into the street, and tended me all night, and until I got a nurse.

We little know one another, and if, reader, you had asked anyone in London the character of Captain Moseley, of the Life Guards, you would have been told that he was the most selfish and unfeeling of dandies; and yet, when this man found me deserted and in danger of death, no mother could have been more attentive and tender. Two years later the poor fellow committed suicide in a fit of brain fever, for the very want of that attendance which he had given me.

In October we all three went to Italy over the Simplon, by the then new road, and descended upon Milan. The Napoleonic events were then comparatively recent, and in proportion important and interesting. Thence to Venice, which was in the hands of Austria, and, like the whole north of Italy, seething with hatred of the Tedesco and of the Papal power. The Carbonari were very active, and among the most so were the brothers Bonaparte (sons of Louis), Pepoli, General

Pepè, Prince Belgiojoso, and the Princess. These were the *entourage* of Queen Hortense, who had an agreeable house at Rome. Conspiracy was universal, and the severities of the governments were in proportion. England was at that moment under the Duke of Wellington, a Tory Government, and consequently Englishmen were in great favour with the despotic rulers of Italy, and could do anything with impunity. The Catholic question had not been settled, and the Reform Bill not yet heard of. The Whigs had been out of office for nearly twenty years, and at that time the liberation of Italy from a foreign yoke seemed impossible, those who spoke of it being looked upon as fanatics. The French Revolution of 1830 took place two years after, changing everything, and showing that all was feasible, although it was only a beginning of the "letting in of waters." At Florence we found Lord Burghersh as Minister, a most pleasant and hospitable one. He was a fanatic for music, and composed several operas. Lord Normanby was there also, and both being fond of a theatre, Lord Burghersh had one at which we acted, and to which all the *beau monde* came. Nothing could be gayer than Florence at this time; parties and balls every night; many English girls travelling with their parents, and consequently a great deal of match-making. Lady Burghersh gave some very agreeable suppers. She painted with more than common talent. Of course I was constantly in the great galleries, the Uffizi and Pitti Palaces. The picture I admired the most in all Florence was the portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, at the latter, by Vandyke, and that of the Fornarina the least. I cannot believe that this portrait was either Raphael's work or Raphael's mistress. Parker

and I went on to Rome, which, by its first appearance, disappointed us. I found there the Cadogans, Kenmares, Lord Wriothesley Russell, Henry Fitzroy, Mrs. and Miss Villiers, a very clever girl; she afterwards married Mr. Lister, and, *en secondes noces*, Sir George Cornewall Lewis. She was sister to Lord Clarendon, our eminent Secretary for Foreign Affairs. There was a great deal of dining out, and some balls. Having just come from England, where George IV. made black satin cravats, then called "waterfalls," *de rigueur* at his Court, I went to M. de Chateaubriand's (the French Ambassador's) party in one of these, and was desired to change it for a white one. Other Englishmen who had done the same were very angry, and refused, believing that our King was infallible on subjects of dress, and he had declared that a man in a white neckcloth must be a dentist. There was a great deal of gambling at Rome amongst the English and other foreigners, and, as it was principally at *écarté*, a great deal of cheating. One constant player and winner was a Frenchman, who called himself Colonel Voutier, of the "Liberating Greek Army." He was the ugliest man I ever saw, perfectly disfigured by the small-pox, and yet with so clever and intellectual a face that he was known to have had more *bonnes fortunes* than anybody. Nor did his expression belie him, for his conversation was remarkable for its ease and variety. He was much patronised by the Reine Hortense and her son Louis. He won a great deal of English money, Fitzroy being a heavy sufferer. The most beautiful Italian at Rome was a Mrs. Dodwell, so famed for her charms, that a stranger, being asked why he came to Rome, answered, "Sono venuto a Roma per veder tre

bellissime cose: San Pietro, il Vaticano, e la Signora Dodwell."

She afterwards assisted Pope Pius IX. to escape from his enemies at Rome, by disguising him and herself as servants.

At the end of December 1828 there was a hard frost, and, hearing that good shooting was to be had, we made a party consisting of Henry Fitzroy, Lord Albert Conyngham, Montague Parker, and myself, to go to Tor Tre Ponti, a miserable inn on the road to Naples. The building was a post-house, with only one habitable room and one bed for travellers, the rest being occupied by the Pope's soldiers, half dead with ague. We had brought plenty of provisions and our couriers, and were soon encouraged to remain by the thousands of wild fowl, chiefly wild geese, which flew in and out of the marshes close over the trees of the causeway. We tossed up for the only bed for the first night, and I won the toss. After dinner we sat down to *écarté*—Parker and I against the other two, 1*l.* the game, and odds bet after the first deal. At twelve o'clock I went to bed, leaving my hand to Parker, and at dawn I found he had won 250*l.* for me. The geese began coming over the road in long strings, close to the trees, and we killed a great many at first; but it was curious to see how, after two days, they measured their distance more and more, until they were out of shot in crossing the road. We bagged above sixty in this way, and afterwards I got several by stalking them with an old post-horse. We also killed a great many wild duck, gadwells, and snipe by walking through the marshes. In the mountains above the road, which were covered with brushwood,

woodcocks were numerous; but we had no beaters except the soldiers, who acted as gillies each on the intermittent day of his fever. One of us peppered the sergeant, who, though not hurt, was delighted to report himself in danger, and so was sent away from this pestilential post. Our couriers, who stayed at home in the house, had a touch of the ague; but we remained perfectly well for a week, which I attribute to our having been occupied and amused. We then returned to Rome. Two years after, Sir Andrew Bernard, who was discharging Lord Albert's play debts, called on me in London, and paid me the 250*l.* which I had won during my sleep. We were all too poor at the post-house to play for ready money.

One night I was at a ball given by the Austrian Ambassador, and was much struck by a lady quite unlike the Italian women who were there, as she had a profusion of auburn hair, which she wore in wavy and massive curls. Her face was handsome, with a brilliant complexion and blue eyes, and full of animation, showing splendid teeth when she laughed, which she was doing heartily at the time I remarked her. When she rose from her chair I saw she was of small stature, although with perfect shoulders, and a bust made for a much taller woman. It is generally the defect in the figures of Italian women to have legs too short in proportion to their robust frames, thus sacrificing grace to strength. I was told that this was the Countess Guiccioli, of Byronic memory, and that she was very fond of the English, and courted their acquaintance; so I was introduced to her, and was very kindly received. Byron had been dead only five years, and she was then twenty-six. We became great friends,

and I found her a charming companion, with a cultivated mind, yet with all the natural *bonhomie* of her race, and fond of fun. She had got over her grief (which I heard was very violent at first) for the loss of her poet, and she liked to talk of him and his eccentricities, but was very proud of her conquest.

As a matter of course I went from Rome to Naples in February, 1829, and after a few days, hearing that two brigantines were to sail for Palermo, I took my passage in the one which appeared the best, and sent my courier (Picconi)* and the luggage on board. Just as we were getting under way, a police-boat boarded us, and arrested the captain in the King's name. As it was most probable that under the rule of King Bomba he might be detained for months or years, I ordered Picconi to take my things to the other vessel, whilst I followed. Shortly after the prisoner was released and returned, when a row, such as only an Italian can make, took place. I refused, however, to go back to his ship, and both vessels sailed that night together. After a tremendous storm, which came on next day, we eventually reached Palermo safely, with the loss of our foremast—our companion never was heard of again. Thus did Bomba save my life. Many years after I gave him a great deal of trouble in politics. Such is the kaleidoscope of our wayward and incomprehensible destinies.

Many vessels perished in this storm, which affected the whole Mediterranean. H.M. seventy-four, the "Revenge," lying at Naples, was forced to put to sea. In

* Picconi had been Maître-d'armes in Napoleon's Old Guard, and took part in his nephew's expedition to Boulogne, being a devoted Bonapartist.

our brigantine were people of all nations—Jews, Armenians, French, Germans, Turks—and I never can forget the tumult below when we were battened down, and the foremast fell with a crash louder than the gale. The Genoese captain behaved very well, and never left the helm, to which he was lashed after he had locked up the spirit-room. The effect of fear varied in this medley of nations. Some seemed paralysed, some prayed silently and some aloud, but the Turks showed the most placid courage of all. I was afterwards amused at Picconi, my courier, who had been in the Imperial Guard, abusing a poor old woman of eighty, who was distracted, by pointing me out as likely to be drowned at twenty-two, which was a much harder fate than hers, as she had had a long life. I shall always remember my feeling of gratitude and pleasure when we were all let loose from below hatches, and rushed on deck to see the glorious Bay of Palermo under our lee, and the thunder-clouds rolling away before the morning sun. We rigged a jury foremast, and sailed into port.

Mr. Hill was our Minister at Naples when we returned, a *bon vivant* and very hospitable. I dined there nearly every day, and remained at Naples in an hotel at Santa Lucia the whole summer. I never found the heat oppressive, as exactly at 10 A.M. the sea-breeze entered my room, and the nights were delicious. Parties were made to sup by moonlight at the *trattorie*, to eat the *frutti di mare*, which include all shell-fish. The Duchesse d'Eboli, Countesses Guiccioli and Trecasi, were often my guests, with Counts Gamba and Spinola, young men.

The police of Naples were even more actively

troublesome than at Milan and Rome. One day Gamba, Madame Guiccioli, and I made the ascent of Vesuvius on foot, leaving the carriage at the bottom, and in it a sword-stick of mine. During our absence it was discovered by one of the guides who descended the mountain, and who informed the brigadier of the gendarmes of the fact. On my reaching the town below we were all arrested. We asked to see the brigadier, but were told he was gone to bed and that we must be locked up all night. I stormed in vain for some time, till at last I convinced them I was English, and I was admitted, and found the gallant officer very drunk and in a very dirty shirt. He told us a long story of conspiracies, &c., but eventually, on giving him a napoleon, he let us depart. Such were Bomba's officials of all classes.

The sight of Vesuvius suggests curious speculations. What must have been the appearance of Europe when almost every country was vomiting its lava, many in seven or eight places at once, as in Ireland, Auvergne, the Hebrides, &c.? These, and others, all now extinct, give us some idea of the incalculable age of our planet. They had ceased to rage before any record of man exists, and probably countless ages before he appeared on earth, for they show no vestiges of man's works having been injured by any of them, as by those still active in Italy, &c.

Accompanied by the same pleasant companions, I revelled in the classical associations of Pozzuoli, the Bay of Baiæ, Pompeii, and Paestum, and thanked the gods that I had been sent to Eton, and there acquired the enjoyment of knowing their legends. On one occasion I tried to swim across the Bay of Baiæ, but did

not accomplish it within a quarter of a mile, owing to the impatient appetite of my party, who were waiting at the *trattoria* at Pozzuoli, and sent a boat out to bring me in to dinner. The feat is easy for a good swimmer, but he should wear a linen jacket, or his back will be painfully blistered by the sun in that climate. In August I returned to Rome, and never heard of fever at that time (1829). Now (1884) it would be dangerous for a foreigner to live there at that season. Mr. Hill presented me at Court before I left Naples. A circle was formed, the royal family going round and speaking to each person, which did not last long, as there were not many present. The old King did not look like a tyrant, but rather the type of an English farmer. The Queen, and the young and handsome Princess Christina, afterwards Queen of Spain, were present. The latter was said at the time to be the cause of more than one inflammable victim languishing in prison for having too openly admired this royal coquette, whose manners with men foretold her future life after her marriage to old Ferdinand. When she came up to me in the circle, walking behind her mother, she stopped, and took hold of one of the buttons of my uniform, to see, as she said, the inscription upon it, the Queen indignantly calling to her to come on. From all I heard then, the King and royal family were not personally unpopular, and there was certainly more discontent in the Papal States than in the Neapolitan; but the revolutionists were working everywhere to upraise Italy, and the hatred of the Austrians, upon whom Bomba and the other princes of Italy were so imprudent as to depend for their power and policy, acted more against them than any

local severities. Palmerston, when Foreign Secretary to Lord Grey's Government, openly encouraged the revolutionists of Spain, Portugal, and of the Italian duchies, and this gave a prestige of patriotism to men who had till then been looked upon merely as rebels. They were encouraged by his success in Portugal and in Belgium, where he had created a new kingdom, and had become the champion of all nationalities except that of Poland. The Emperor Nicholas was too "big a brother" even for him to defy, although he was no respecter of persons in his dauntless and successful policy. Far more than Aretino was he "il flagello dei principi," and was unconsciously preparing the way to Republicanism.

I found Madame Guiccioli in great distress at having received an order from the police not to quit Rome (she was a Roman subject), all her family and she herself being conspirators. She wished to return to her father, Count Gamba, at Ravenna, then in the Pope's dominions. As I had not seen that most interesting old town, I offered to take her there in my carriage. But how were we to get out of the city, as we should be examined at the Porta del Popolo? This was accomplished by my starting at night, she walking out of the gate by day, and my taking her up a mile out of the town. Few English then ever saw Romagna, but now that the rail has invaded it, it is not the same thing as driving through its splendid oak forests and quaint old towns as I did then, by Loretto, Forli, Faenza, and Cesena. Whatever *lâches* may have existed in the Papal Government, no fault could be found in the posting department, which was the best I saw anywhere. Count Gamba's house at Ravenna was near

the Pinetum, a primæval pine forest, which alas! I am told, is now dying fast from the soil having been drained by the new railway works. The Gambas might have well been called the Osbaldistones of Italy; they were all sportsmen according to their knowledge, which consisted of hunting a slow pointer, who stood woodcocks and partridges equally well, through the forests and vineyards. They had just begun to hear of copper caps *vice* flints, and when I gave Vincenzo my double-barrelled Purdy his pleasure surpassed any demonstration I ever saw. They lived in feudal style as far as an abundant table supplied them and their guests, and were as good a type of worthy though self-educated gentlemen as it was possible to find. The house was large, with a long gallery of bedrooms, the doors of which, from the great heat of the weather, were necessarily open all night, and the inmates could converse from their beds one to another with Italian *sans façon*. There was a permanent priest whom they called Don Juan, Don being the usual title of a domestic Levite, no one but Madame Guiccioli seeing the absurdity. In reference to Byron's famous poem of that name she told me that he wrote all the last cantos on play-bills (some of which I saw myself), or on any odd piece of paper at hand, and with repeated glasses of gin-punch by his side. He then used to rush out of his room to read to her what he had written, making many alterations, and laughing immoderately. She was very proud and fond of him, but described him as having a very capricious temper, and with nothing of the passion which pervades his poetry, and which he was in the habit of ridiculing—in fact, with a cold temperament. With all his abuse

of England, he insisted on keeping up old customs in small things, such as having hot cross buns on Good Friday and roast goose on Michaelmas Day. This last fancy led to a grotesque result. After buying a goose and fearing it might be too lean, he fed it every day for a month previously, so that the poet and the bird became so mutually attached that when September 29 arrived he could not kill it, but bought another, and had the pet goose swung in a cage under his carriage when he travelled, so that after four years he was moving about with four geese. It was surprising to see the number of letters written to him by women offering themselves to him on any terms. Madame Guiccioli had a large box full of these epistles, which he never answered. They were mostly from English ladies, such was the folly and enthusiasm which his verses inspired at the time.

When Byron departed for Greece, Madame Guiccioli went to Ravenna. She described to me her anxiety as terrible, and when his letters no longer came, she accused him of having forgotten her. Poor woman! he was gone to that land "where all things are forgotten."

She introduced me at Rome to the Duchesse de St. Leu (Queen Hortense), who invited me to her evening parties and some picnics, and was a most fascinating woman, although past the middle of life. Her house, though very aristocratic, was the resort of all the Intransigeants of both sexes in politics. Princess Belgiojoso led the female conspirators, and they were so little feared that, as long as they remained in the Pope's domains and could be watched, they were not molested.

Here for the first time I met Hortense's son, Louis Napoleon, then just of age. Nor would anybody at that time have predicted his great and romantic career. He was a wild harum-scarum youth, or what the French call *un crâne*, riding at full gallop down the streets to the peril of the public, fencing, and pistol-shooting, and apparently without serious thoughts of any kind, although even then he was possessed with the conviction that he would some day rule over France. We became friends, but at that time he evinced no remarkable talent or any fixed idea but the one I mention. It grew upon him with his growth, and increased daily until it ripened into a certainty. He was a very good horseman and proficient at athletic games, being short, but very active and muscular. His face was grave and dark, but redeemed by a singularly bright smile. Such was his personal appearance in 1829, at twenty-one years of age. He used to have several old officers of his uncle, the Emperor, about him, men who seemed to me to be ready for any adventure. I recollect one, an old cavalry colonel of dragoons who had seen the whole Peninsular war, relating the following anecdote. One day he was reconnoitring with three or four troopers, when they came suddenly upon a young English officer mounted on a superb thoroughbred horse and similarly occupied. Summoned by the colonel to surrender, he quietly cantered away, laughing in the Frenchman's face. The dragoon pursued at full gallop of his heavy steed, and when the Englishman had allowed him to get quite close he kissed his hand, and, leaving him far behind, shouted, pointing to his horse, "Cheval Normand, Monsieur!" Again the Frenchman pursued,

threatening to shoot his enemy if he did not surrender, and pointed his pistol at him, but the weapon missed fire. With a roar of laughter the young officer again shouted "Fabrique de Versailles, Monsieur!" and giving the thoroughbred his head, was seen no more. It was most amusing to hear the old colonel tell this story and describe his rage, adding, however, that he had always felt glad that he had not shot *ce brave farceur*.

It was in August 1829 that I took leave of the Gambas in Romagna and of their sister, Madame Guiccioli. She came to England a few years afterwards, and was one of the many foreign ladies who were at Lady Blessington's parties. Subsequently she married le Marquis de Boissy, an eccentric man with a large fortune and a fine house at Paris, where I dined at a magnificent banquet, the contrast being very striking after the frugal existence which in former years she led in Italy. The change was great between the old quiet lodging with a solitary maidservant and the sumptuous establishment of the Marquis. I found the *bonhomie* of the Italian altered for the artificial manner of a *grande dame*, and not to its advantage, although she retained the kindly instincts of her nature. She survived her husband, who was an *Anglophobe*, and died in 1879 at Florence, where she had been living on a large jointure.

I posted to England night and day by a most desolate road, and it took me sixty-eight hours to reach Paris, where I stayed a day to rest, and crossed the Channel on September 7, 1829.

After a short visit to my father at Heron Court, I was invited to Chillingham Castle, and during my stay

there engaged myself to the only daughter of the Tankervilles, Lady Emma, whom I married on April 13 the following spring, and who for forty-eight years unceasingly deserved the epitaph which is written on her monument in the Priory Church at Christchurch:—

> From her it never was our fate to find
> A deed ungentle or a word unkind:
> The mildest manners with the bravest mind.
>
> ILIAD.

In 1827, Mr. Canning's death, that of King George IV., and the Duke of Wellington's difficulties after he had emancipated the Roman Catholics, all prepared the country to see the fall of the Tory Government. The Tories had ruled England almost without interruption for thirty years, and in the most critical time of our history their statesmen, generals, and admirals, had weathered the hurricane when all Europe had despaired, and in 1815 brought the great ship to a safe anchorage, although shaken and damaged in all but honour. It seemed almost natural that a new set of men should repair the *lâches* of a long war and attempt to remedy grievances which could not be attended to during war. There was a general sentiment that new men, with new ideas of domestic policy, were required, and that the reform of the franchise was the most pressing subject. The old Whig leaders pitched upon it as their first point of attack, and in the summer of 1830 their combinations were made. My father-in-law, Lord Tankerville, was an old Whig, and a friend of Lord Grey, and he took me on a visit to Howick, where the old Earl lived in patriarchal retirement amidst his numerous sons, daughters, and sons-in-law. Two of the latter, Lord Durham and Mr. Ellice (com-

monly called "Bear Ellice"), both clever and ambitious men, had great influence with Lord Grey, and used it without mercy. He was one of the most striking figures I ever saw, the very type of a *grand seigneur* and of an intellectual man. Whilst I was at Howick I was struck with two peculiarities of the family, one of which was that all the sons and daughters called their parents by their Christian names, "Charles" and "Mary," which had a strange effect; the other was the taste of the whole family for argument. They were always in a state of discussion, even as to the distance between Howick and Alnwick, and the shortest road to and from each, which one would suppose they had verified long ago. Lady Georgiana was very agreeable, and played beautifully on the harp, an instrument then much appreciated. As I suppose I was looked upon as a mere boy by the party, politics and future onslaughts on the Tory Government were freely spoken of without *gêne* in my presence; and I remember one day Lord Grey breaking out and declaring that the three greatest rascals in the world were Lord Castlereagh (then dead), Brougham, and Talleyrand, and I recollect this explosion the more, because when he formed his Government three months later * he was obliged to make Brougham his Chancellor, and to receive Talleyrand as the Ambassador of France.

Ellice and Lord Durham were often at Chillingham at this time, and their talk, of course, was chiefly as to the coming change and of the rearrangement of the boroughs and franchise, their great object being

* The Duke of Wellington resigned in November 1830, and Lord Grey succeeded him as Premier.

to "cook" them (as they themselves called it), so as to expel as much as possible all local interests belonging to Tories.

The battle for and against Reform proceeded with the greatest acrimony on both sides, both in and out of Parliament. In the House of Lords I myself heard Lord Carnarvon, a man of great weight in public opinion, and who was a Whig, apostrophise Lord Grey, and declare that "to propose so revolutionary a measure he must have a fool's head on his shoulders or a traitor's heart in his bosom." Out of Parliament the following history will speak for itself.

When the Reform Bill was thrown out by the Peers in 1831, Lord Tankerville voted against it. My wife and I accompanied him on his journey to Chillingham, which at that time took four days to accomplish, being three hundred and thirty miles, although posting with four horses. When we got to Darlington, we halted for luncheon, and perceived a large crowd at the door of the hotel examining the crest on the panels and apparently quiet, but we were hardly reseated in the family coach when a storm of stones assailed it and a furious mob tried to stop us. The post-boys behaved well and ran the gauntlet at full gallop till we cleared the town, but in what a condition! The coach was full of stones of all sizes, the front part of it was smashed and the panels stove in, yet we all escaped with a few scratches. When I saw what was coming, I pulled my wife under the seat, which saved her from a large paving-stone that struck the place where she had been sitting. When some miles from Darlington, we stopped at a village inn till dark, as our battered condition would have invited another

pelting, out of mere mischief. This outrage was committed deliberately and with preparation for the first Peer who passed Darlington after having voted against the Reform Bill. The stones stood in heaps ready, piled like ammunition, and the victims were to be thrown into the river. The feelings of these ferocious politicians may be imagined, as the presence of two women, my wife and her maid, in our carriage did not prevent their murderous attempt. This was but one of many similar acts of violence all over England and Scotland connected with the progress of the Reform Bill.

The local authorities in no way interfered to prevent them, and in our case they and the Lord Lieutenant even refused Lord Tankerville to identify and punish our assailants. During the Parliamentary struggle for this Reform Bill, the most strange delusions as to its results seized the lower classes, who were convinced that it could do no less than alter their whole condition. Servants left their places, feeling sure that somehow they need never serve again. Marriages were put off until the great redemption of the poor from poverty was effected, and orators were not wanting to foster these follies. In short, whilst the contention lasted the country was in a delirium. The years 1830, 1831, and 1832 will be remembered as the most agitated of the century. Discontent and disease pervaded Europe in the shape of revolution and cholera. In France, Charles X. had been exiled, and the throne occupied by his cousin. The Duc de Guiche accompanied the King to Edinburgh, with all his family, he being Lady Tankerville's brother. He brought with him his boy, who became afterwards

Duc de Gramont, and in 1870 was Foreign Minister to Louis Napoleon, when he declared his fatal war with Germany.

In Paris the cholera was raging during 1831-2. In London it was less virulent, but numbers died, and I did not escape it, but recovered after being dosed with spirits of wine, which was the only thing that relieved the spasms. It was Dr. Quin's remedy, and his patients used, like myself, to carry a small bottle always with them. The Court physician, Sir Henry Halford, was at first very shy of attending cholera cases, until Brougham launched at him one of his diatribes, which was as terrible as the disease. Twenty-five thousand had died in Paris.

In the winter of 1830 there were serious agrarian riots all over the South and West of England. My two brothers and I were sent for one night from Heron Court by the Ringwood magistrates, urging us to collect what force we could, and to repair there to stop the advance of a large mob marching from Salisbury, and burning the corn-ricks of the farms on their way. Their object was to destroy the thrashing-machines, but they went further and set fire to all kinds of property. They were led by a man on horseback, who called himself Lord Hunt, and had marched through all Sussex. When we were summoned they had attacked the house at West Park, near Fordingbridge, where there was a party of visitors, who, with the gamekeeper, Woodroe, defended themselves, and fired a volley wounding several of the assailants, some of whom died. The mob then retreated. My brothers and I hastened to Ringwood and joined Mr. Compton and Mr. Mills. The next day our army of mounted

farmers, gentlemen, servants, and many tradesmen, met the rioters just beyond Fordingbridge, charged and routed them. Hunt and three others were taken and hanged at Winchester. Some were found dead in West Park Woods, and I never heard that any inquest was held over them. At that time there was no cavalry nearer than Dorchester, forty miles off, and no infantry nearer than Portsmouth, the same distance—no railway to bring either, and no electric telegraphs. The rebellion—for such it was—was put down by the landed proprietors, their tenants, and the respectable shop-keepers at Christchurch, Ringwood, and Lyndhurst. A most medley and grotesque force they were, everyone arming himself with the first weapon he could find. Lord Melbourne was Home Secretary, just appointed with Lord Grey's Government, and he wrote the magistrates a letter of full approbation of their conduct and courage. In Berkshire the rebels were beaten in the same way by Lord Craven and his friends. The Duke of Wellington, who was our Lord-Lieutenant, took great pains in establishing and fitting out a regiment of five troops of yeomanry, recruited from the New Forest and its neighbourhood. I commanded one of these for five years, when, just as they had become trained and available, Lord Howick, then Secretary for War, disbanded them, he and his colleagues disliking the accidental fact that all the officers and most of the men were Tories and voters for the county.

It was in 1834 that I made the acquaintance of Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, which ripened into a mutual and sincere friendship, lasting till his death in 1869. When the great disruption of the Tory party

under Sir Robert Peel took place in 1846, I for the first time took a strong part in politics—not for any liking of that stormy life, which I had always shunned—but from a sincere conviction that the abolition of the Corn Laws, proposed by Peel, would be the ruin of all who depended directly or indirectly upon land. The gallant Duke of Richmond,* Lord George Bentinck, and I, were among the first to rally our partisans in and out of Parliament by all the means which political hostility allows. Disraeli then came forward in all his strength, and displayed his genius by some of the most remarkable speeches ever heard in Parliament. We succeeded in obtaining the invaluable support of Lord Stanley's** prestige and eloquence, though at first he naturally hesitated to break with his colleagues. In February 1852 he became Prime Minister, and appointed me to the Foreign Office. I had published in 1844 the "Diplomatic Journal and Correspondence" of my grandfather, the first Lord Malmesbury, and the experience I gained by reading and collating, with great trouble, the contents of above two thousand letters and despatches from and to him by all the important personages of the period from 1768 to 1800 stood me in good stead at this trying time. Without this accidental education I should have been as great a novice in political business as were most of my colleagues. My former personal relations with Louis Napoleon were also a lucky accident, and placed us on a footing which saved much trouble and anxiety to both of us when he proclaimed the Empire in 1852. At the end of that year we were turned out

* The late Duke.

** Afterwards fourteenth Earl of Derby and Prime Minister.

of office, to which we were recalled in 1858, I having again the Foreign Office. In 1859, after a tenure of fifteen months and a general election, we were beaten on a false issue, which is explained in my diary of that year.

From 1834 to 1869 I used to pay an annual visit to Knowsley, where the late Lord Derby had brought *battue* shooting to perfection. We used to go out six or seven guns, each one having a loader and marker, the latter pricking down each shot killed by his master; and it was very remarkable at the end of the day, when the total killed were counted up, how very accurately each gun found his calculation verified. What was extremely striking was the large and peaceful crowd that accompanied us for beating in line. I have seen two and three hundred of these volunteer beaters, working men and artisans, pour out of the villages near to see the sport, keeping the most perfect line and order; and the custom was so known and valued by them, that if by chance any individual was not steady and disciplined, his comrades sent him home at once, without any trouble to us.

Such was the respect and goodwill which Lord Derby inspired by his character and genial manner. He himself was the keenest sportsman I ever met; whilst he was in the field his whole attention was in his present pursuit, and woe to him who attempted to divert him to politics at the time. When over, he could divest his mind completely of the sport and sit down at once to write the longest and most important paper straight off, in a delicate hand and without a single erasure—so completely could he in a few moments arrange his subject in his mind. I have often

witnessed this intellectual *tour de force* both in and out of the Cabinet. He died on October 23, 1869, in his seventieth year, completely worn out by constant attacks of acute gout, and, although at my age I inevitably miss most of my early friends, I have never so deeply felt the loss of any one of them as I did that of this noble character. When he became Prime Minister for the third time in 1866, he made me Privy Seal, after offering me again the Foreign Office, which my bad health obliged me to refuse, and I held the Privy Seal under Disraeli again in 1868 and 1874, until 1876, when I resigned my place, being rendered useless from deafness either in Cabinet or House of Lords.

DIARY.

1832.

On February 23, 1832, Lady Fitzharris and I started for a tour abroad, and here I will quote from my journal to show what travelling was fifty years ago for a married couple who wished to visit France and Italy, taking a courier who was bound to ride post and order horses for a *britshka* and a *fourgon*.

February 23rd.—Left Dover in a steamer; only three passengers beside ourselves. Fine when we started, but fog came on with hard, black frost, and Captain Bushill, neglecting to sound, ran us aground five miles west of Calais. We were within a stone's throw of the shore, but not allowed to land on account of quarantine for cholera. Cold intense, twenty degrees, and no possibility of a fire. The Coastguard watched us all night to prevent our landing, as the vessel was high and dry at low water, and also to assist in case of danger.

February 24th.—Entered Calais harbour; *Commission sanitaire* inspected us. On asking a member of it how soon we were to be released, he replied, "Mêlez-vous de vos affaires! Ven I come I come."

February 26th.—Hard frost and fog. Released at 8 A.M. Breakfasted at Dessins Hôtel. Slept at Montreuil, where the snipe pies and dinner are excellent.

February 27th.—Reached Grandvilliers.

February 28th.—Arrived at Paris at 7 P.M., after travelling all day.

February 29th.—Took best rooms at Hôtel Bristol for only twenty francs a day. Such is the effect of the Revolution and cholera on the first hotel at Paris.

March 4th.—Paris. Went to the Opéra and saw "Robert le Diable." Singing and dancing far superior to that in our theatres. Nourrit a splendid tenor.

March 6th.—Vaudeville Theatre, where "Le Régent" was acted. The most barefaced allusions in favour of the Court were received in silence. Trade ruined and much dissatisfaction. Duke of Orleans accused of flirting instead of occupying himself with politics. A very handsome and amiable man. Duc de Nemours not in the army.

March 7th.—Dined with the Walewskis. He the son of Napoleon, and very like him. She a daughter of Lord Sandwich. Met the Flahaults and Lord Harry Vane. Gay party. Young Count Candia was there and sang splendidly.*

March 9th.—Breakfasted with the old Duc de Gramont, my wife's grandfather, who has been a "Garde du Corps" of Louis XV. and was on duty at Versailles on the day on which he arrested the Cardinal de Rohan,

* Afterwards famous as Mario.

whose history is well known in connection with Marie Antoinette and the famous diamond necklace. He told us many anecdotes of Louis XV., and gave us a dish which he said the King had every day of his life on his table, and which he seldom omitted to eat. It was of chicken or pheasant *écharpé*, with a *Béchamel* sauce, with truffles or *chicorée* and *gratiné*. I got the receipt from the Duke's cook and have found it very popular. The Duc said that "La Du Barry était peinte comme mon carrosse." We afterwards drove with him to Versailles, and I never spent a more interesting day, walking over this famous palace with this old man, who had known it in all its former glories. It was like listening to one from the dead to hear his anecdotes and legends about events in which he had acted a part. Although eighty-two years of age, his memory was perfectly good, and he was as gay as a man in the prime of life. He showed us the room in which he had arrested the Cardinal, and amongst other places the immense flight of stone steps down which, when the palace was invested by the bloodthirsty mob in 1792, he and his guards had to ride to save their lives. Three men were killed when their horses fell and rolled to the bottom, the rest escaping by this desperate feat. The mob had stopped every other issue, and thought this one impassable. The old Duke had a Basque servant, who looked upon his master with feudal adoration. He was called Ivrygoyen, and used to join in the conversation from behind the Duke's chair. His fine castle, Bidache, near Bayonne, was burnt in 1793 by the Bande Noire, and has not been restored. This ancient family were once sovereign princes, coined money on their Basque territory, and

supplied Henri Quatre with it and troops through Corisande de Gramont.

At this moment the prices of dress are very moderate in Paris. A velvet gown requiring eight yards costs only 10*l.*, and ladies' silk or satin shoes by the best maker only six francs a pair, the effect of the Revolution.

March 15*th.*—Left Paris, our *fourgon* being well stocked by the old Duke, according to ancient fashion, with various eatables and a proportionate variety of wines.

March 19*th.*—Reached Lyons, after sleeping at Avallon, Châlons, and Mâcon. The mountains of Auvergne covered with snow and weather bitter. Spent twenty-two francs a day in firewood. The Lyonese very Carlist. In 1789 they were the most savage Republicans.

March 21*st.*—We hired a boat for 400 francs to take us and our carriages to Avignon, and stopped at Condrieu. The whole country on both banks of the Rhône is beautiful even at this time of year; with its hills, vineyards, and castles, it is far superior to the Rhine. At Condrieu the wine is celebrated and deserves its reputation. It is a white hermitage, and costs thirty sous a bottle. Fifteen thousand bottles of this wine are made annually from the vineyard on the hill.

March 22*nd.*—This journey by water is the only way to see the valley of the Rhône. We passed Tain and Valence, opposite which is the ruined castle of Crusol, like an eagle's nest, from which the view of

the great river is splendid. Here you see the Alps for the first time, looking like an impassable barrier. We slept at Bourg St. Andeol, a wretched tavern for bargemen, where I kept my pistols under my pillow by the advice of my courier, who said it was a notorious den of brigands; but our boatmen refused to go farther. The people stared at us like savages. The whole country and roads were full of refugee Polish soldiers, escaping after their defeats into France, and wherever they passed not an orange or a drop of brandy was left. They appeared to live entirely on these two articles of food, and to fall on them like locusts.

March 23rd.—Shot through the bridge of St. Esprit, built by the Romans, and having twenty-two arches. The current is so rapid and the arches so narrow that the boatmen dare not go through them at night. Arrived at Avignon, at l'Hôtel de l'Europe, after three days' enjoyment of the grandest scenery, without the slightest fatigue. What a difference from the same journey, cramped in a carriage, and only half seeing one bank of this glorious river! The view from the castle, which the Popes once occupied here, is at sunset one of the finest spectacles it is possible to behold.

March 24th.—We hired a carriage to go to Vaucluse, quite equal in beauty and curiosity to our expectations, and to its rich traditions. The last, however, did not interfere with a luncheon of trout and crayfish at the inn kept by the infamous Fouché's famous cook. Our return to Avignon very disagreeable in an open carriage, with a furious *mistral*, which had risen suddenly since the morning. The dust penetrated even

into my writing-desk. Bill at the Hôtel de l'Europe at Avignon only 110 francs for three days.

March 26th.—Arrived at Aix, in Provence, an old town seldom visited by English; once the capital of King René, the musical ruler of the land of Troubadours. The cathedral is built upon a Temple of Diana, the pillars of which remain, two of granite, and the rest of Egyptian marble. The water of the famous baths is 24° of Réaumur, and yet gold-fish will live in it.

March 30th.—Stopped at Toulon. Had a letter to the general to admit us into the dockyard. They were very proud of the frigate "Proserpine," taken from the English. The number of convicts at Toulon is 4,000. They work from sunrise to sunset, with the exception of two hours in the middle of the day. Beautiful carvings are made by a man of the name of Miron, who stole Mademoiselle Mars' jewels, and who is condemned *aux travaux forcés* for twenty years.

March 31st.—Reached Cannes over the Estrelle mountains. Slept at the Hôtel de la Poste, close to the sea, one of the worst inns I ever was in.

April 1st.—Left this miserable hole and arrived at Nice. Detained long at the Douane on the Italian frontier. The Douaniers pay no attention to articles of dress, but are exceedingly strict in the examination of books. The man who searched us, not understanding a word of English, took Lord Byron's poems for a dictionary and confiscated them. This excessive surveillance is since the Revolution in Paris. Excellent hotel at Nice, but a bitter north wind prevails.

April 4th.—Reached Genoa by the Corniche Road,

newly made and very dangerous in many parts, with sharp turns and no parapets; was a nervous journey, although very beautiful. We had slept at St. Remo, a miserable village.*

Having written thus much to show what travelling was fifty years ago, and quoted my diary textually so far, I shall now only use it as reminding me of events in which I took part more or less.

From Nice we went to Genoa, and, after visiting all the palaces there, we proceeded to Spezzia by Chiavari; thence to Carrara, where the marble works were wonderfully cheap. I bought a handsome chimney-piece of the whitest marble, with bas-reliefs from the Vaso Borghese, for *20l.* Proceeding to Lucca, we were told that we required an escort of gendarmes, as travellers had been lately robbed passing the mountain. We took two mounted guards with us, who would have been of little use if the brigands (said to be twenty-seven in number) had attacked us. The country from Lucca to Florence is hideous and the weather was Siberian. We met many people we knew at Florence —among them Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand St. John. I had known him in 1829 at Naples, a very handsome and clever man. At that time he fought a duel with Count Coteroffiano, who was the best shot and swordsman in the country. When they met it was agreed they should stand at forty yards apart, and, at a signal given by the seconds, they might advance or not as they pleased, and fire when they liked. Both stood still, and St. John fired first, apparently without the least effect. Coteroffiano then advanced, and

* Now a fashionable resort on the Riviera.

St. John thought himself lost, when his adversary walked half way and fell stone dead, having received the bullet without wincing, and intending to kill St. John *à bout portant.*

When we came to Florence, St. John had lately married Miss Keating, an heiress, and one of his amusing stories was that his wife being *enceinte*, and he being very poor, he asked his relation, Lord Wenlock, to promise to purchase a commission in the Guards for his son, if she had one. The old peer refusing his request, St. John asked him whether he would do so in the event of her having twin boys, to which Lord Wenlock acceded, when in due time Mrs. St. John won the event.

There was at that time at Florence a Scotch banker of the name of Lawrie, who had a very good gallery of pictures. He had married a most beautiful girl of poor parents in Florence, having taken her as a child and educated her for his wife. We made her acquaintance, and found her a very pleasant and lady-like person.

After spending a month at Florence we went with my brother to Geneva. One evening we took a sailing boat and went upon the lake. The halyard slipped out of the block, and my brother's swarming up the mast capsized the boat. Lady Fitzharris, with the most wonderful coolness, turned to me, both of us being in the water, saying, "Don't be afraid; I won't lay hold of you, but tell me what to do." My brother, who had got entangled under the sail, came up, and by putting her hands on our shoulders we kept her up for a quarter of an hour, till a watchmaker, who was rowing his wife, took her in, whilst we hung on to the

stern till we reached the shore, which was a quarter of a mile off. Nothing but my wife's cool courage saved us, as, if she had been frightened, we should have been drowned by her struggles. A week afterwards the watchmaker came to ask for what he called "damages." I thought he alluded to damages to his boat or loss of time, but it was to his wife, who, in consequence of her alarm at the accident, had miscarried, and, as he insisted, deprived him of a son and heir. As he could not prove this, or show how he was the worse, or give any items in a bill, and as I had paid him salvage, I resisted this new specimen of Swiss avarice. We returned to London in July, 1833.

This was the first year that the Highlands became the rage, and that deer forests were made and rented, but for prices not exceeding 300*l.* a year. Sir Harry Goodrick, who was a leader among the young hunting men, hired Mar Forest, and Lord Kinnaird, Fealar in Athol. We paid the latter a visit, in August, at Rossie Priory, and I went with him, Mr. Errington, and Count Matuschewitz (the Russian Ambassador), to a bothy at Fealar. The Russian (in reality a Pole) was a very able man, and a great favourite with *la jeunesse dorée* at Melton, where Sir H. Goodrick kept the hounds, followed by Lords Wilton, Gardner, Macdonald, Kinnaird, and Mr. Gilmour, all first-rate riders, who had the best horses in England, and kept open houses, as I know from having enjoyed their hospitality. The hunting was not what it is now that it has become racing. At Rossie Priory, in the Carse of Gowrie, Kinnaird lived in great luxury; his two handsome sisters did the honours admirably to a mixed party,

the eldest of whom was twenty-six. Mrs. Norton was there in the zenith of her beauty, and added much to the *entrain*. I went later to the Isle of Skye and to Harris. I was harboured at the latter by Mr. Stewart, a gentleman farmer and breeder of cattle, and had the run of the island, which belonged then to MacLeod, and the grouse, deer forest, and fishing, all of which are first-rate, were offered to me for 25*l*. a year. It has been purchased since by Lord Dunmore, and the sporting right let for 2,000*l*. a year. At that time (1833), a stranger could fish and shoot over almost any part of the Highlands without interruption, the letting value of the *feræ naturæ* being unknown to their possessors. Chillingham Castle being on the posting road north, a great many visitors stopped there on their way south in the autumn. Landseer was a constant one, and this year painted for me a portrait of Lady Fitzharris* in a cloak, standing on the ramparts of the castle; but such were his dilatory habits about his pictures, that I only received it from his executors forty-four years after. It is at Heron Court, and has been engraved. He painted another of her the following year, lying on a sofa with a deerhound looking out of window, and a spaniel in her lap. The former is the portrait of a dog who saved the keeper's life under the following circumstances, as recorded in my diary.

1833.

November 9.—A large party at Chillingham; Mr. Landseer, Charles Mathews, Lord Macdonald, Lord

* This picture cost 80*l*. In 1884 his "Monarch of the Forest" fetched 6,000*l*. at Christie's.

Ossulston, and Mr. Gilmour, settled to kill one of the wild bulls the next day. Cole, the park-keeper, came to the castle early this morning to say that a bull had been driven out of the herd, and that he was extremely savage. He advised the gentlemen to be very careful how they approached him. Nobody, however, seemed inclined to listen to him, and Mr. Gilmour and Lord Macdonald went to put on their red coats to irritate him. The bull was near a little oak wood, where Cole had left his son and Barnes, the underkeeper, to watch him. After he had received his orders for the *chasse*, he returned to his post, and the gentlemen began their preparations in great spirits at the prospect of the fun. All at once we saw Cole running back to the castle as fast as he could. He rushed up to the windows pale and breathless, and exclaimed with a voice of horror, "Barnes is killed by the bull!"—and then left us without further explanation. We were all too much shocked to be able to utter a word, and remained looking at each other; but went out after a time and saw a crowd running across the park towards a cart which was conveying Barnes to his house. Ossulston accompanied it to the village, and sent a man on horseback for the doctor. As he could not possibly arrive under an hour, Cole bled the poor man, who was not dead as was at first supposed, though severely hurt, several ribs being broken, with a deep wound in the thigh. The accident happened thus: When Cole came to the castle for orders, he left his son and Barnes to watch the bull and prevent his breaking away to join the herd, which he had several times tried to do. The two men were in the oak wood, and Barnes seeing the bull approach the fence

came out to frighten him away. The beast instantly rushed at him; he turned to run away, but his foot slipped and he fell. In one moment the bull overtook him and tossed him clean over his head. Young Cole could do very little, for, though he had his rifle, he had no means of loading it, and the other spectators were also unarmed, and too much frightened to be of any use. Young Cole, however, did as much as possible under these circumstances, coming out several times towards the bull and trying to entice him to run at him, but in vain. The bull tossed Barnes five times over his head, then lifted him with his horns, placed him across his knees, and threw himself down with his whole weight upon the man, whom he trampled upon and gored for full ten minutes. The bloodhound refused to go in; but at last Ossulston's deerhound, Bran, fastened upon the bull's hocks and worried him so that he left his victim. The cart arrived fortunately just at that moment, and they succeeded in getting poor Barnes into it. Had it not been for the dog, nothing could have saved his life.

The gentlemen went out to kill the bull, and fired several shots at him before he dropped. He had six balls in his head, and even then was not dead, and made an effort to get up again. Then Cole and several others threw themselves upon him and held him down whilst he was stabbed in the throat. Mr. Landseer made a beautiful sketch of him after his death, and Lord Tankerville ordered a picture to be painted of Ossulston and the animal. It is now at Chillingham Castle. Barnes eventually recovered.

1834.

October 24th.—Chillingham. Lord Durham and Lady Fanny Lambton came to-day on their way to Glasgow. Lord Durham seems very much out of spirits; he confesses that he is very nervous about the Glasgow dinner, which he regrets now having accepted. All his friends blame him for having done so, as they say it will commit him. He says he intends to make an attack upon Lord Brougham, but is afraid he will not be able to keep his head and command his temper sufficiently to do it with effect.

November 2nd.—Left Chillingham, and reached Alnwick by a new road. Were kindly received by the Duchess. The Duke is very infirm. After dinner we adjourned to the library, where the ladies established themselves, according to the rule and custom of the house, in a row on one side of the room.

November 16th.—Left Stocken Hall, Sir Gilbert Heathcote's place, and arrived in London. We heard at Wandsford that the Whigs are out of office, the King having dismissed his Government, and that the Duke of Wellington is sent for. As soon as I arrived, I sent a message to Norman Macdonald, who confirmed the news. The Duke having advised the King to send for Sir Robert Peel, who is in Italy, he cannot get an answer under three weeks. The Duke of Wellington says he will answer for keeping the country quiet. He walked into the Foreign Office to-day, about an hour after he had been appointed, to the great discomfiture of Norman Macdonald and other secretaries of Lord Duncannon.

November 28th.—I went to Manor House, Mr. Compton's place, to accompany him to a Conservative meeting at Southampton. The meeting was ill-attended—not above two hundred present, and some of these Radicals. The Tories, as usual, mismanaged the business, and never took any pains to assemble people of rank and influence. They voted Mr. Sloane Stanley in the chair, and, whilst he slept, made a number of foolish speeches, which, considering they only met for the purpose of addressing the King on his prerogative, was a useless thing to do. When the meeting was over, Lord Normanton, Mr. Andrew Drummond, and a few more, got Mr. Compton into a private room and succeeded in persuading him to stand for the southern division of the county. Having a large family, he was at first disinclined to do so, but Lord Normanton and Mr. Drummond having offered to guarantee him free of expense, he could no longer refuse, and the business was settled. Messrs. Compton and Fleming stand against Lord Palmerston and Sir George Staunton.

December 10th.—There is no news yet respecting the new Ministry, but some reports. It is hoped that if Lord Stanley does not join Sir Robert Peel he will give his support to his Government. Lord Ossulston is opposed in Northumberland by Lord Grey and Mr. Liddell, son of Lord Ravensworth, and, I much fear, will be defeated in consequence; but the Duke of Northumberland has promised him all his interest until he sees him safe. I have received a strong requisition to stand for the Isle of Wight, but my father has taken such a decided line against my coming into Parliament that, although I consented at first, I found it impos-

sible to risk a serious quarrel, and had to renounce all hope of being in the House of Commons. I might, at this time, have walked over for Christchurch.

I paid a visit to Mr. Compton in the New Forest. The party consisted of Lord Alvanley, Col. Damer, Mr. and Lady Gertrude Stanley, Sir Henry Fane, and Mr. Irby. Lord Alvanley was as amusing as usual, and told some good stories. One which he related was of the late Sir Watkin Wynn. He was playing at whist with Lords Granville, Sefton, and another famous player —all playing very deep. It was Sir Watkin's turn to deal, and whilst he did so, Lord Granville turned round to speak to someone behind him. This deal was to decide the rubber, upon which several hundreds were staked. The whole party were, therefore, in anxious expectation of the result. One may, therefore, better conceive than describe the surprise and dismay of Lord Granville when, upon his turning to take up his hand, he found none. At the same time his partner, Sir Watkin, said, "I think I have rather too many cards." He had dealt himself *two* hands, and had 26 cards instead of 13! The confusion was indescribable at this discovery; all the best whist-players were consulted, but they could come to no decision. Hoyle had never thought it possible.

1835.

January 9th.—Went to shoot at Somerley, where I was strongly attacked for not standing for the Isle of Wight, and obliged to explain my reasons for not doing so.

January 16*th*.—Drove to Ringwood, and met Lord Palmerston's mob at the end of the town, and we were, of course, hooted by them. Norman Macdonald, to our delight, was covered with mud by his own friends. He went about Ringwood all day with the Whig attorney in order to retrieve his character, which he considered damaged by having been seen with us.

January 17*th*.—The election was decided in favour of Fleming and Compton.

February 13*th*.—Left Heron Court for Mr. Fleming's place, Stoneham. Dinner had been ordered at six o'clock, but did not take place till eight, when Mr. Fleming returned home, and we did not sit down till half-past. We were equally unpunctual for the ball at Southampton. Lady Dundonald was there, covered with diamonds, which her husband, I conclude, had won in South America during his adventurous career.

February 18*th*.—We left for London.

February 19*th*.—Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Blackwood are looking wonderfully handsome this year. I pointed them out to Madame Sebastiani, who was in great admiration of their beauty.

February 22*nd*.—Dined with the Duke of Devonshire, and met Lady Granville, Lady Burlington, Lord Elphinstone, William Cowper. He has offered Lady Fitzharris his boxes at the Opera and both theatres whenever she likes to ask for them.

February 23*rd*.—Left London for Brighton with Miss Kinnaird. Although it is but fifty-one miles, the stages are long and killing.

February 24th.—Brighton. The Effinghams, Gallweys, and Beauclercs are here; Colonel Lyster and Francis Mills; so we have a very pleasant knot of acquaintances. We shall stay here for three months, as I do not expect that London will be agreeable this year. Politics absorb everybody's thoughts, and party feeling is stronger than ever. The Government expect to be beaten to-night on the Irish Church, and, if they are, it is impossible to say what may happen. They cannot coalesce with the Tories, and are sure to do so with the Radicals. Lord John Russell has evidently joined O'Connell, for the latter dined at a public dinner to Lord John the other day, and flattered him in the most fulsome manner. It is said Peel does not intend to dissolve if beaten, but resign at once, in which case Lord Grey is to form an Administration. It is said that the King is quite firm, and will not hear of Whig government, but that, if he is forced to it, he will abdicate and go to Hanover. Who could have supposed five years ago that matters would arrive at such a pass, that such an idea could suggest itself to a King of England?

March 31st.—The debate upon the Irish tithes began yesterday, and Lord John Russell proposed a resolution, of which he had given notice, to consider the present state of the Church Establishment in Ireland, with a view of applying any surplus of its revenue not required for the general purposes of the Church to the moral and religious instruction of the people.

April 2nd.—Nothing is yet known about the dissolution. Lord Grey says that the present Government would lose 110 votes by it, but that is evidently wrong.

Poulett Thomson says thirty. The general opinion, however, is that Government would gain, but not sufficiently to justify the measure. Lord John Russell's speech is thought to be a bad one, and his proposition to send up the Address straight to the King, supposing the House passed it, without consulting the Lords was very coldly received. Peel is harassed and disgusted, as well he may be, and, it is thought, will resign on the first favourable occasion, in which case the King would send for Lord Melbourne, Lord Grey, or Lord Stanley. Poulett Thomson says that all the Opposition would vote against the latter. The debate has been again adjourned. The only good speech last night was Lord Stanley's; it was very clever, but not at all conciliatory. He attacked the whole Opposition *en masse*, calling them "a miscellaneous multitude," and cut them up in the cleverest and bitterest manner. From the whole tenor of his speech, I think he will be obliged to join the Tories, as he has offended his former friends.

April 3rd. — Peel made a splendid speech this morning on Lord John Russell's resolution; but all his eloquence was in vain. The "miscellaneous multitude" were determined not to listen, and Ministers were beaten by a majority of 113—a larger one than was expected. The numbers that divided were—322 for the motion, 209 against it. I went up to London.

April 7th.—Lord John Russell's resolution passed the Commons yesterday by a majority of twenty-five. The Whigs are so certain of turning Peel out that they have already formed their Government, into which Lord Grey would force Lord Howick, though against

their will. Lords Brougham, Palmerston, and Auckland are to be left out, but Lord Lansdowne stipulates for the latter, hitherto without success.

April 8th.—Lord John Russell moved yesterday in the House of Commons "That it is the opinion of the House that no measure upon the subject of tithes can be satisfactory to Ireland which does not embody the principle contained in the foregoing resolution." The House divided on this motion, and carried it by a majority of twenty-seven—285 against 258. Sir Robert Peel made, as usual, an excellent speech.

April 9th.—Peel has resigned, and the King has sent for Lord Grey. It is not yet known how the new Cabinet will be formed, but the King is said to be staunch against admitting any Radicals. Addresses are coming in from all parts of the country praying the King to continue Peel in his present office, and praying Peel not to resign.

April 10th.—Sir Robert Peel made a magnificent speech on Wednesday, the 8th, announcing his resignation and his reasons for it. He was enthusiastically cheered from all parts of the House. Even his enemies cannot help admiring him, and confess that he is a great man. It is not yet known whom the King has chosen as a successor. Lords Grey and Melbourne have had interviews with him.

April 12th.—Addresses are still pouring in from all parts of the country in immense numbers. Peel's resignation has created a greater sensation and more alarm than any event in politics for many years.

April 14th.—If Lord John Russell takes office he

must be re-elected for Devonshire, and Mr. Montague Parker is already canvassing against him, with every probability of success. All sorts of rumours about persons and places, but not sufficiently well authenticated to be worth reporting.

April 22nd.—We dined with the Sebastianis. One of his attachés asked me whether *la chasse du renard* was not *bien dangereuse.* I answered, "Mais oui; on peut se casser le cou!" "Oh, ce n'est pas cela que je veux dire," answered he, "car on peut aller doucement. Mais, n'est-ce pas que le renard se défend quelquefois et vous saute à la figure?"

April 26th.—I hear that Lord Alvanley has called out O'Connell for the language which he used in the House of Commons, calling Lord Alvanley a *bloated buffoon.* O'Connell had left London for Dublin only a quarter of an hour before Colonel Damer, who was charged with the message, reached his house. Lord Alvanley told Lord Tankerville that he did not mean to let the matter drop, and that if O'Connell would neither fight nor apologise he would disgrace him in the eyes of the country.

During this month there was a large party at Mr. Compton's to hunt with the Queen's staghounds, which were sent down to the New Forest. Among them came Lord Cardigan and Mr. Assheton Smith, both celebrated riders, and jealous of their reputation as such. I remember both at dinner on the day before the hunt glaring at one another as if they were mortal enemies about to fight the next day. Nor did they belie their looks, for they rode a regular race till both their horses were completely exhausted, Lord Cardigan's

going two or three hundred yards farther than Assheton Smith's, and he thus claiming the victory. There is a story of that impetuous Earl and of a Lord Alvanley—namely, that at the opening day at Melton, when they met on the field, the latter, with his hat off, said to Lord Cardigan: "I beg to apologise to you not only for any past offences, but for all that I may commit during the ensuing season."

May 4th.—Lord Alvanley fought a duel to-day with Morgan O'Connell. Lord Alvanley received three shots and only fired two. The cause of the duel was an impertinent letter which Morgan O'Connell sent to Lord Alvanley, in which he said that he had challenged his father knowing that he would not meet him. Lord Alvanley immediately sent Colonel Damer to make the necessary arrangements, and the duel took place that same afternoon in a field near the Barnet Road. Lord Alvanley showed great *sang froid* throughout, though Morgan O'Connell fired before the signal was given. Lord Alvanley agreed to consider it as a mistake, and they each fired two shots afterwards, Morgan O'Connell jumping back, very much startled. Colonel Hodges was his second. Mr. O'Connell saying he was satisfied after the last two shots, Colonel Damer withdrew Lord Alvanley from the field without his having made any apology or withdrawn what he had said respecting Mr. Daniel O'Connell. When Lord Alvanley paid the hackney coach which had brought him to the ground, he gave the coachman a sovereign, saying: "I give you that, not for taking me here, but for having brought me back."

It is said that Disraeli has called out Mr. Morgan

O'Connell this morning, in consequence of an abusive speech of his father at Dublin, in which he said that Mr. Disraeli is probably a descendant of the impenitent thief who was crucified with our Saviour.

May 6th.—Mr. Montague Parker has just beaten Lord John Russell by 674 for the county of Devon, which is the first turn of fortune for the Tories. Mr. Morgan O'Connell refused to fight Mr. Disraeli, who thereupon wrote a letter to Mr. Daniel O'Connell of rather questionable taste and language, although deserved.

Sir John Byng is to be made a peer (Lord Strafford). His eldest son is canvassing Poole, and with such managers as Messrs. Bonham and Ross, the Tory side will probably fail.

May 16th.—London is *en émoi* to-day on account of the elopement of Miss Colquhoun Grant with Mr. Brinsley Sheridan. The whole thing has been arranged for some time between the parties, through Mrs. Norton, for Sir Colquhoun Grant would not allow his daughter to speak to Mr. Sheridan. They could not find an opportunity till Sir Colquhoun Grant left London to canvass Poole. Mrs. Norton then called for Miss Grant and took her to her house, where Mr. Sheridan was waiting, and they started for Scotland.

May 17th.—We dined with the Sebastianis (the French Ambassador). He was employed by Napoleon I., both in the army and diplomacy, and has a high reputation. He has married Lady Tankerville's sister. He is extremely pompous and a boaster. After being beaten by the Duke of Wellington at Talavera, his

mother used to say of him, "Mon fils ressemble à un de ses tambours—plus il est battu, plus il fait du bruit." Sir Colquhoun has returned to London to consult his lawyer, and to prosecute the Sheridan family for conspiracy. His first step has been to shoot Miss Grant's favourite horse.*

Mrs. Norton came to Mme. Sebastiani's party, wishing, I suppose, to feel the world. She talked in a most extraordinary manner, and kicked Lord Melbourne's hat over her head. The whole *corps diplomatique* were amazed.

May 19th.—Mr. Spring Rice and Lord Wellesley have resigned, which must embarrass the Government considerably.

May 26th.—Went to the opera to see "I Puritani," a new opera by Bellini, which has been the rage at Paris the whole winter.

June 5th.—Poulett Thompson called to-day in great spirits. He assured us that Sir Robert Peel did not mean to oppose Municipal Reform, and that the bill would pass both Houses of Parliament without material alterations. I ventured to doubt the fact, and he offered to bet me 2 to 1 on it, which I accepted.

June 6th.—Upon reading Peel's speech, I am convinced that he does not intend to let the bill pass without great alteration, as he said he would not oppose its being brought in; but that he reserved to himself a right of objecting to it in detail.

June 19th.—Went to Sion. The Duke of Wellington came up to me whilst I was walking with Lady

* Sir C. Grant became completely reconciled to his son-in-law.

C. Herbert, and asked me if I had been at Lady Antrobus's concert the night before. I answered that I had not, upon which the Duke turned to Lady C. and said: "*You* were. Did we not send the French Ambassador to the right about?" alluding to the foolish conduct of Sebastiani, which was this:—The 18th of June being the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, the Duke, as usual, gave a great dinner, at which the King was present. After dinner the Duke came to Lady Antrobus's party, and the moment he entered the room everybody rose, and the singers struck up "Rule Britannia," set to Italian words, and alluding to him and his glorious victory. Marshal Sebastiani very foolishly chose to consider this as a personal affront, took his wife's arm and walked out of the house. It is a pity they should have done this, as they have made themselves ridiculous, and more unpopular than they are already. She is blind, he is dumb, and they give neither dinners nor parties—an unpardonable offence in their position.

June 20th.—Lady Tankerville called this morning, and says that Sebastiani is so angry at what he chooses to call an insult that he declares he never will set foot in Lady Antrobus's house again.

June 29th.—The papers to-day announce the death of the famous Carlist chief, Zumalacarregui, who was killed before Bilbao. This is an irreparable loss to the Carlist cause. The Duke of Wellington expressed a very high opinion of his military capacity.

July 30th.—News arrived yesterday of an attempt having been made to assassinate Louis Philippe by an

infernal machine on the 28th. Marshal Mortier was killed and many others severely wounded, but the King was untouched. The machine was placed at an open window on the first floor of a wine-shop on the Boulevards, and was composed of thirty pistols loaded with slugs and contrived so as to be all fired off at once. When the National Guard broke into the house, they found that the assassins were themselves wounded by the explosion, and arrested them. This reminds me that poor Marshal Mortier was once the victim of a clever robbery. He attended some great public dinner in a full marshal's uniform, which was very handsome, being highly embroidered and covered with medals. One of the waiters, apparently by accident, upset the contents of a whole sauce-boat over him, upon which another waiter offered, if he retired for a moment and took off his coat, to remedy the mishap. The Marshal did so, waited a long time, but never saw his coat again.

September 1st.—Yesterday the discussion on the Corporation Bill came on in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell made a temperate speech, willing to let the bill pass if the Peers would give up some of their amendments. The Radicals were, of course, for throwing it out at once, but the Conservatives mustered very strong, and the Radicals were not even listened to. Peel supported Lord John and threw over the House of Lords. He, however, would not consent to give up the clause preventing Dissenters from naming to livings in the gift of corporations.

September 5th.—There has been a meeting of Peers at the Duke of Wellington's, and they were unanimous

not to give up a single point and furious with Peel. I fear they will spoil all by too much obstinacy.

September 10*th*.—The Lords and Commons have had an interview and agreed to pass the Corporation Bill with the amendments of the Lords; Ministers were so afraid of losing their places if they insisted on the Lords giving up any important clause.

Jules de Polignac told me that he was not half as culpable as we supposed, and that the fatal ordinances were entirely Charles X.'s making, and that, in fact, he is guilty of nothing but of too blind obedience to his King, to whom he is quite devoted. When the Chambers voted the address to the King, praying him to dismiss his Ministers, Charles X., instead of doing so, dissolved the Chambers. When they met again, Polignac, finding that the same members had been re-elected and that he consequently could not hope to carry on a Government, begged the King to accept his resignation. Charles X. refused, upon which Polignac said, "Vous voulez donc ma tête, Sire?" The King answered most brutally, "Et pourquoi pas?"

1836.

January 1*st*.—My youngest brother Charles announced to me that he was engaged to be married to the youngest daughter of Sir Lucius O'Brien.* He has also determined on entering the Church.**

* Afterwards Lord Inchiquin. He was brother to the rebel.
** He died in 1874, Bishop of Gibraltar.

February 6th.—Lady Pembroke* and three daughters arrived at Heron Court. All in great beauty—Lady Mary and Lady Catherine as handsome women as can be seen. My father is their guardian, and has a great affection for the family.

June 22nd.—The trial of Lord Melbourne came on to-day, and in spite of strong evidence against him the jury gave their verdict in his favour. Mrs. Norton must consider herself very fortunate in being let off so easily. All the Whigs are in raptures, which provoked an old Tory to say that "he really couldn't see why Lord Melbourne should be so triumphant at the verdict given, as it had been proved that he had had more opportunities than any man ever had before, and had made no use of them."

July 25th.—The "appropriation clause" was carried yesterday in the House of Commons, by a majority of twenty-six only. Ministers expected a much larger majority, and could not disguise their annoyance.

Alibaud's execution took place at Paris perfectly quietly, probably owing to the immense quantity of troops under arms. He had improved upon the infernal machine of Fieschi, but was arrested before he could use it. The King goes about in a bullet-proof carriage.

The Constitution of 1812 has been proclaimed at Madrid, and the Queen forced to acquiesce. Colonel Evans, who commands the Westminster Legion in Spain, enrolled by Lord Palmerston in defiance of international law, to assist Christina against Don Carlos, is in a

* Afterwards Lady Ailesbury, Lady Dunmore, and Lady Shelburne.

miserable state—defeated, his men starving and destitute of clothing.

Lord Tankerville related to me to-day an anecdote respecting Sir Philip Francis, whom Wraxall conjectures to have been the author of "Junius," and which supposition was very well founded and corroborated by many facts. It was supposed that he intended his name to be disclosed after his death, and had left papers establishing his identity with "Junius," but they were destroyed by his son-in-law. He determined not to acknowledge himself as the author of those letters during his life-time, and disliked to be asked questions on the subject. One evening at Brooks's, the conversation having fallen on a book just published which proved Francis to be "Junius," Rogers, the poet, went up to him and said, "Sir Philip, will you allow me to ask you a question?" To which the other one replied very fiercely, "Yes, sir, at your peril." Upon which, Rogers turned round to someone near him and said, "If he *is* 'Junius,' he is Junius Brutus." Sir Philip used to say that he had written memoirs which he meant to be published after his death, which would be the ruin of every lady in society, and have the effect of destroying all filiation, as he clearly proved that not a single person was the son of his reputed father.

August 18*th*.—Hunted with the staghounds at Chillingham; at least two hundred horsemen out. After a run of several miles the stag was lost in a large wood. It is a fine country to ride across, but dangerous from the coal-pits.

1837.

February 2nd.—Address upon the King's speech moved in the Lords by Duke of Wellington, and by Sir Robert Peel in the Commons. They attacked Lord Palmerston's foreign policy with respect to Spain, but neither moved any amendment.

February 5th.—French very indignant at no mention of them in King's speech. Their Government paper calls the omission an insult. No doubt the Ministers are angry with Louis Philippe because he will not go the length they do about Spain.

February 9th.—Debate on Irish Corporation Bill. O'Connell made a signal failure. His presence of mind seems to have deserted him. Debate adjourned.

February 10th.—Debate resumed. Sir Robert Peel made a splendid speech. Bill read first time without a division, our party reserving themselves for second reading. Whig papers threaten to indict Lord Ranelagh for high treason for joining Carlist army, which is absurd, as England has never declared war against Don Carlos, and he has as much right to join him as General Evans has to fight for Christina. Espartero still remains in Bilbao.

February 23rd.—Another plot discovered against the life of Louis Philippe. The assassin, called Champion, had constructed a machine after the plan of Fieschi's, but improved, the barrels being arranged in a semicircle and in three rows. The discovery took place by means of a person who lodged in the same

house, and who, suspecting, from various circumstances, and also from some things told him by the maid (who was the mistress of Champion), that he was engaged in a plot against the King, wrote to Louis Philippe and to the police, and so the house was searched and the villain arrested, the machine being found nearly completed. He was taken to prison, where he contrived to hang himself with his neck-cloth, thus making it difficult to detect his accomplices.

February 24th.—I drove to Bournemouth to see the new buildings. It will be a large place some day.

Lord F. Egerton's amendment to the Irish Municipal Bill has been thrown out by a majority of 80, which I suppose puts an end to all idea of a dissolution.

February 25th.—A good deal of division exists amongst the Tories, who are very careless in their attendance, and who prefer their pleasures to their duties. Not so the Whigs, who are always ready to obey their leader's call, and never dream of thinking for themselves.

The King has declared that he won't dissolve for either party. Mrs. Norton made her *début* at Lady Minto's a few nights ago, and was very well received. Her reception had been made a party question; indeed, the whole business has been so from the beginning.

March 7th.—News from Spain very favourable to Carlists. Forcadel, a lieutenant of Cabrera's, has defeated near Valencia a corps of 3,000 Christinos. Their Brigadier, Aznar, with forty officers, were taken pri-

soners and shot after the engagement. Four of Evans's men have been taken prisoners and shot by the Carlists. These poor Englishmen are the more to be pitied as they had been forced to remain in the service against their will. At the expiration of a year, which was the term for which they had enlisted, they applied to General Evans to be sent home, but he refused their request. They belonged to a Scotch regiment, and their fate has produced a great sensation at St. Sebastian. Evans must bitterly reproach himself for his conduct to these poor soldiers, for the only way in which he could have obliged them to remain in Spain was by refusing to give them the pay due for their year's service, which would have enabled them to return to England. General "Lazy" Evans, as his soldiers now call him (his name being Lacy), after a great deal of blustering, threatening, and issuing ridiculous proclamations to the Basques, remains at St. Sebastian, as he has done for the last six months, and Espartero is inactive at Bilbao.

March 16th.—I published my pamphlet on the Basque War, which was an answer to one that came from our Embassy at Madrid.*

March 17th.—The attack on the Carlists has at last begun. Evans left St. Sebastian on the 10th with 12,000 men, and after several hours' hard fighting and great loss on both sides, succeeded in taking the heights of Asurzegana, the Carlists retreating to Hernani, where they intend to make a stand.

The Abolition of Church Rates Bill passed first

* The late Lord Carnarvon wrote a very interesting work on the Basque War and the *fueros*.

reading, House of Commons, on the 15th, by a majority of only 23, which was considered a defeat.

March 19th.—Ministers, with the exception of Mr. Spring Rice, all voted for Mr. Clay's motion to abolish the Corn Laws. The motion was negatived in spite of the support of the Government.

March 21st.—Evans has been totally defeated; a heavy fall of snow having made the mountain roads impassable, obliged Saarsfeld to retreat towards Pampelona. Don Sebastian immediately marched upon Evans, and after a severe engagement drove him and his whole army into St. Sebastian.

March 24th.—The heavy loss which Evans suffered would have been still greater if it had not been for the gallant conduct of our Marines, who, though not more than four or five hundred in number, withstood the attack of the whole Carlist army and protected his retreat, or, more properly speaking, his flight. His left flank had been turned, and his men offered hardly any resistance. The employment of our Marines by Lord Palmerston against a people who were fighting for their liberties, and with whom we were not at war, is another example of his contempt for international law.

I shall quote nothing more from my diary about the Carlist War, of which there is a great deal. Everyone knows how it ended. After an heroic defence of their *fueros*, the Basques were sold by their General, Marotto, and after a desultory resistance by Cabrera, who actually reached the gates of Madrid, the Northern provinces were subdued. Cabrera came to England

and, under the auspices of the Duchess of Inverness, married Miss Richards, a considerable heiress, which marriage turned out very well till his death. He had been a sacristan in Andalusia. General Sir de Lacy Evans afterwards commanded a division in the Crimean War, and was esteemed a good officer; but Marshal Pélissier told me that when a council of war was held after the battle of Inkerman to consider the necessity of abandoning the Crimea, he was the first to recommend it. The Marshal gave a very graphic description of the scene. He described Lord Raglan, as Commander-in-Chief, being the last to speak, in unusual agitation moving the stump of his lost arm convulsively, and when Pélissier voted for remaining, rushing up to him to shake hands, declaring that nothing would make him stir.

April 8th.—Received a requisition from Portsmouth. Met Count Pozzo di Borgo, Russian Ambassador at the Tuileries, and was struck with a remark he made as rather undiplomatic. I happened to say that I had been present at the opening of the House of Lords after the sudden dissolution of Parliament upon the rejection of the Reform Bill, when the King was nearly coming in a hackney coach to the House of Lords. Upon this he replied, "Quand il a jeté sa couronne dans la poussière." He is one of the cleverest of living diplomatists.

April 19th.—Lady Fitzharris and I started from London by steamer to Boulogne on our way to Paris.

April 23rd.—Reached Paris, and went to the Hôtel

de Londres, Place Vendôme, Excellent apartments for forty francs a day.

April 27th.—We went with Lady Pembroke and Lady Mary Herbert (who was engaged to Lord Bruce) to the Champ de Mars races. Lord Pembroke famous for his turn out. I never saw a handsomer equipage. His groom being asked by him whether he had exercised the horses, said: "Yes, my Lord, I have walked them twenty times round Wyndham Place"—meaning Place Vendôme.

Lord Pembroke lives in great state at Paris, and is as famous for his cook as for his horses. He is a very handsome man.

Dined at Lord Granville's, our Ambassador. Lady Granville has made a rule to present no English at Court, so Lady Fitzharris will be presented by her aunt, the Duchesse de Gramont.

May 3rd.—Madame Sebastiani took us to the Tuileries to present us. We entered by the Pavillon de Flore, which is a private entrance. After passing through several magnificent apartments, the Queen received us. She was sitting at a round table with Madame Adelaide and the Princess de Lieven. We were asked to sit down by the Queen, who talked a great deal to Lady Fitzharris. It was altogether the most formal business. Nothing could be kinder than the manner of the Queen and Madame Adelaide to both of us; but I thought they behaved very coldly to Madame de Lieven, and appeared much more at their ease when she left. Madame de Lieven, after she had been ambassadress or rather ambassador in London, went to Paris, and her *salon* is one of the most agree-

able, not only for fashion, but is one to which all the cleverest statesmen of the time resort. Guizot is never missing, and Molé generally there. Mademoiselle de Mensingen—a very handsome *chanoinesse*—presides at the tea-table, to which those who are young and careless of politics congregate. The other evening a very good-looking and smart gentleman was announced. The Princess stared at him, saying: "Monsieur, je ne vous connais pas." The poor man, looking very foolish, exclaimed, "Comment, Madame! Ne vous rappelez-vous pas, à Ems?" "Non, Monsieur"—and she bowed him out. I never saw anything so cool; but it was clear to the company, who could not conceal their smiles, that a gentleman who may be useful at Ems may be *de trop* at Paris.

May 21st.—I left Paris. It is high time I should look after Portsmouth. Nothing is talked of but the marriage of the Duke of Orleans. The Duchess is said to be plain. Palmyre, her dressmaker, has been ordered to make her gowns different from any that have ever been worn, and has accordingly invented one.

May 24th.—London. The Church-Rate Bill has passed by 287 to 282.

May 27th.—Finding it useless to go to Portsmouth till I can canvass the whole borough, I shall wait for the July registration, so returned to Paris, and found on arriving that my butler, named Stephens, whom I had taken from Madame Visconti, had gone off with a considerable quantity of property belonging to Lady Fitzharris and me, of which he had the care. I sent for the Commissary of Police, who, after listening to

the case, very coolly stated that as Stephens had been gone for two days he should probably not catch him, and in consequence of a book of poetry found in his room (I believe "Byron"), that he was probably of a romantic nature, and had drowned himself in the Seine! The next morning he called to say that the thief was not to be found. I expected this from his former manner—evidently showing that he never meant to take him. The next day the Lady Fitzharris's maid received a pathetic note from Stephens, praying her to save his life by bringing him that night his passport, which he had forgotten, to a certain bench in the Champs Elysées. I persuaded the girl with some difficulty to go, and I followed close behind her. It was a dark night, and when she came up to the seat I went round it, collared, and threw him. He made no resistance, and I brought him to our house. I sent again for the Commissary, and, showing him Stephens, I said, "Je suis obligé, Monsieur, de faire votre besogne." He was furious, but walked out of the room with his prisoner, who I afterwards ascertained was one of the principal and regular *mouchards* of the police. Hence the attempt to save him.*

June 11*th*.—Having been invited to the *fêtes* at Versailles for the Duke of Orleans' marriage, we went to the Gramonts, who have a house there. On presenting my ticket at the *Musée*, I was told that foreigners were not to be admitted. On appealing to Madame de Flahault, she said that a mistake had been made. It was first intended to invite them, but it turned out

* Stephens was tried and condemned to two years' imprisonment.

that there was not sufficient room, as one hundred more people had been asked than could be accommodated at the dinner, and of course they had to give way to the heroes of July.

In the evening we were admitted to the presence of the Royal Family. The Duchess of Orleans is not pretty, but graceful, and looks very young. We then all went to the theatre, where there was plenty of room. A great many more might have been invited, yet the *coup d'œil* was splendid—the theatre being nearly as large as Drury Lane, and every one in full dress—the ladies covered with diamonds, the gentlemen in uniform.

The company invited to dinner sat on the *balcon*. In the seats behind were ladies, the Chamber of Peers and Deputies, and above were all the foreigners. Half the pit was appropriated to the Royal Family and their suite. The performance began by the "Misanthrope," which, though beautifully acted, was a terrible bore. Mademoiselle Mars was perfect. Afterwards two acts of "Robert le Diable," in which Dupré, the tenor, sang splendidly. The whole concluded with a ballet, in which one scene represented Versailles as it was in Louis XIV.'s time, giving a most complete idea of the magnificence of those glorious days of France when the King himself danced in a ballet!

June 12*th*.—Returned to Paris and heard a very bad account of our King.

June 15*th*.—No hope of our King's recovery. A horrible accident has happened in the Champ de Mars during the military representation of storming a fort; and the ball at the Palace is put off in consequence

of thirty people having been crushed to death. It made a serious impression on the Duchess of Orleans, who looked on it as a bad omen at her marriage. The Duke is extemely kind and civil to me, and asked me to hunt at Chantilly. The stag broke away from the forest, and took us nearly to Beauvais. His Royal Highness presented me with the foot, which the artist Susse has turned into a pen-rack. The Duke also gave me the buttons of his hunt. The costume is dark blue with a red collar, his crown and initials on silver buttons.

June 21st.—Our King died yesterday between two and three o'clock. Everybody regretted him, for he was a good man, though not a great king. He showed much firmness and composure in his last moments, and it is said that, two days before he died, being the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington had sent him, according to custom, the banner by which he holds his estates. Lord Munster, thinking to please him, brought it to him, when the poor King, though almost expiring, raised himself up, seized the folds of the flag in his hand, and exclaimed, "Ah! that was a glorious day for England." These were his last words, and well worthy of an English king.

June 22nd.—Left Paris for Portsmouth.

I repaired to Portsmouth, in consequence of a requisition, and stood for the seat in conjunction with the celebrated Admiral Sir George Cockburn; his nephew, Mr. Cockburn,* being our legal agent. We canvassed Portsmouth for three weeks during the hottest

* Afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England.

July I ever remember, and at the election were deserted and thrown over by many of the very men who had signed the requisition. Almost immediately afterwards I received one from Christchurch, which I declined. A sharp contest took place there between Sir George Rose (Tory) and Colonel Cameron, a Liberal, in which the latter was defeated. Since that time, another Reform Bill has added the new town of Bournemouth to the borough of Christchurch, which has completely swamped it. My brother, Capt. Harris, R.N., sat for it for eight years.

September 18*th*.—Arrived at Chillingham, where Lord and Lady Stanley came, and I made his acquaintance for the first time. He is very amusing, and with his high spirits and cleverness kept a large party in roars of laughter.

Poulett Thompson, who was there, was the victim of his jokes, but all made so good-humouredly that it was impossible to be angry.

September 21*st*.—Went out partridge shooting with Lord Stanley, and I think we have taken a decided liking to one another. The Stanleys leave to-morrow, and we are to pay them a visit at Knowsley on our way South.

October 19*th*.—Left Chillingham for Howick. Found Poulett Thompson and Bear Ellice and the family. Lord Grey bitter against the present Government. I asked P. Thompson what the Earl's politics were at present, and his answer was: "What they always have been—Charles Lord Grey." The evening was formal, but all

the family very kind. Lord Clanricarde was one of the party.

November 1*st*.—Dined with Sebastiani, where we met the Duke and Duchess of Terceira. She is the daughter of the unfortunate Marquis de Loulé, who was murdered by Don Miguel.

November 17*th*.—Took the Duke and Duchess of Terceira to the House of Lords to hear the Queen's speech—her first one—which Her Majesty delivered in a very clear and distinct voice.

November 20*th*.—Parliament is only to be prorogued to January 16, instead of to February 1, in consequence of the bad news that has been received from Canada. The long-expected insurrection has broken out, and the English troops have been defeated at St. Denis. The whole number of troops in that province does not amount to 4,000 men, and the insurgents include nine-tenths of the population. Constant defeat must therefore be expected, for it will be impossible to send reinforcements to Canada for five months to come. Ministers are terribly frightened. They will have great difficulty in finding excuses for their culpable negligence, as they have been repeatedly warned of what was likely to happen if they delayed any longer in taking decided steps for the safety of the Colony.

November 27*th*.—The news from Canada is better to-day, although there is no doubt that Colonel Gore's detachment was beaten at St. Denis. The affair was of very little importance, the number of troops engaged not amounting to more than 200, and Col. Wetherell, who commanded another party, in attacking St. Charles

gained a complete victory, and made a great slaughter of the rebels.

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January 1*st*.—For the last few days the news from Canada has been very good. The insurrection seems to be nearly suppressed. Papineau has fled, and it is said that Colonel Browne has been murdered by his own party for cowardice. Troops are, however, going out to Canada as soon as possible, and, in order that their arrival should be more certain and speedy, they are to be sent out in frigates instead of transports.

January 25*st*.—The news from Canada continues very favourable. Sir George Colborne has been perfectly successful in his attack upon St. Eustache and Grand Bulé; both of which places he has taken and burned with very little loss on his side.

January 26*th*.—I killed five white-fronted geese to-day, stalking them with a pony, which is the only way of getting near them.

January 29*th*.—Sir Robert Peel having obliged the Government to consent to adopt his amendment to their Canada Bill, they did it with enough ill grace to show that their doing so was compulsory.

January 31*st*, *February* 1*st*, 2*nd*, and 3*rd*.—The American radical papers are in a state of the greatest fury with this country, and are doing all they can to incite their countrymen to a war, because a party of Canadians attacked and captured a steamboat, the "Carolina," belonging to the rebels at Navy Island,

which they had bought for the purpose of transporting men and arms to the island. Even if it had belonged to the Americans, the Royalists had a perfect right to take it, as it was employed against them, by every law of neutrality. The American papers are making themselves very ridiculous, threatening vengeance, and writing the most absurd tirades.

February 4th.—The news from Canada continues very satisfactory, the American Government being evidently averse to war with England, and anxious to preserve neutrality by all the means in their power. The President even goes so far as to demand additional power to be vested in the executive force in order to compel the population on the frontiers to abstain from any acts of aggression. The news of the capture and burning of the "Caroline" had reached the Government; there had been a debate in Congress on the subject, and the almost universal feeling seemed to be that we were justified in our attack upon that vessel, as the Americans had been themselves the first to infringe the neutrality laws. The destruction of the Emperor of Russia's Winter Palace of St. Petersburg by fire has occurred; then the Italian Opera House in Paris; and within the next few days the palace of the Duke of Würtemberg, which the Duchess (a daughter of Louis Philippe) was supposed to have caused, as it was in her room the fire originated. The Duchess had lost all her jewels and *trousseau.*

February 5th.—I killed four wild swans to-day.*

* I shot thirty-two of these splendid birds during this severe winter, some of which were of a smaller species, called Bewick's Swan, weighing about 10 lbs., whilst the Hoopers reached 25 lbs.

An immense flight—I counted sixty—passed over my head, and a beautiful sight it was. They alighted a long way up the river Avon. I followed them, when, after waiting for some time longer, I saw the whole flight get up again and fly backwards and forwards, dividing into several parties, then unite again, some ending by alighting again in the Avon, but further down, and the others in the direction of the Moor's River, screaming like a pack in full cry. The cold was intense. The river was choked with mountains of ice and snow, so the scene was very striking. Hundreds of wildfowl were flying about, seeking for a resting-place where the water was open—some very rare species.

February 14th, 15th, and *16th.*—News has been received of the evacuation of Navy Island by the rebels, on the evening of January 14; and of the returning of the cannon to General Eyre, the American officer in command of the frontier. The American Government seems sincere in its professions of neutrality, but the citizens have behaved infamously.

February 26th.—Lord Maidstone brought forward his motion to-day against O'Connell, and carried it by a majority of nine in a House of over five hundred members. He then moved that O'Connell should be reprimanded by the Speaker, upon which Lord John Russell got up in a passion, and said such a course was a most shabby ending to the proceedings of the Conservatives. This greatly disappointed O'Connell and his party, who had made up their minds to be sent to the Tower in a body, and thereby to excite a popular cry in their favour, as in the case of Sir

Francis Burdett, who was escorted to the Tower by all the ragamuffins in London. The Conservatives observed a firm front, and the Government, seeing that they would be beaten, moved the adjournment of the House. Two divisions took place, and, although the Government were beaten each time, Sir Pobert Peel, seeing that they were determined to continue dividing, agreed to postpone the discussion on Lord Maidstone's resolution until the following day.

February 27th.—The Government brought down to-day every man they could muster—sick, halt, and blind—but notwithstanding all their exertions were beaten by a larger majority than last night. In the first division the Conservatives had a majority of 24, and in the second 29, upon which the Ministers, seeing that they were losing by continuing to divide the House, gave up the point.

February 28th.—I went to Mr. Landseer's, to whom Lady Fitzharris gave a sitting of two hours. He is very anxious to finish her picture for the Exhibition. It has been very much admired, and Lord Conyngham, amongst others, was so pleased with it that he mentioned it to the Queen, who desired that we should send it to her as soon as finished, so that I have no doubt his vanity and self-interest will stimulate Mr. Landseer to exert himself to do his best.

March 9th.—Left London at 11 A.M., and arrived at Dover at 7.30 in the evening, although coming all the way with four horses. We went to the York Hotel, which we found very comfortable and particularly quiet.

March 10*th*.—Embarked at 8 A.M. on board the "Duke of Wellington" steamer for Boulogne. There were not more than five or six passengers besides ourselves.

March 18*th*.—The first people I met at Paris were Count Pahlen, and then the eternal M. de Bonneval, whom I can never see without thinking of the Duc de Richelieu's observation about his success at masquerades:—"Bonneval a toujours un succès fou aux bals masqués, car il est si bête que tout le monde s'adresse à lui, étant bien sûr de n'être pas reconnu." Mme. le Hon, who is said to be M. de Morny's *belle*, is a handsome fair woman, and at the head of all the fashion. Went to a *tableau* given by Mrs. Locke. It was not begun when we arrived, but we were not kept waiting long before being admitted into the room where the stage was erected. The first *tableau* represented a scene in "Les Brigands," in which Lady Wallscourt, Mrs. Locke's little girl, Mademoiselle Dentici, an Italian, and M. Antonin de Noailles performed. There were three *tableaux*, all pretty, particularly the last, which was taken from Lord Byron's "Parisina." Lord Douglas represented Hugo, looking very handsome; Miss Raikes was Parisina, and did it remarkably well. Count Zichy acted the part of the husband, and M. Antonin de Noailles that of the executioner, but all with the exception of Miss Raikes were seized with an unfortunate fit of laughter as soon as the curtain was drawn, occasioned by the Duchesse de Poix exclaiming, "Ah! le bel homme!"—a remark which she applied to Count Zichy, who laughed to that degree that he rolled in his chair, which was peculiarly unlucky

as he ought to have looked the stern and unbending tyrant. The curtain was closed for a few minutes to give them time to recover, and when they had regained their composure they went through their parts with great effect. I also saw the famous Madame Martinetti, who was mistress to Napoleon in his first campaign in Italy. She is now sixty-five, but does not appear to be more than forty, her face being still very handsome, and her figure like that of a young woman.

March 24th.—We went to Princess Lieven's, where there was rather a pleasant party. I saw M. Guizot for the first time. He is a very remarkable-looking man, ugly, but with a very sharp, clever countenance, though with the expression of the old Puritans.

April 7th.—Lady Fitzharris went to see her cousin Adèle, Superior of the Convent of the Sacré Cœur, who made a violent attack upon her Protestant religion. To make up for all the harsh things she said, she proposed to her to go and see the corpse of the Archbishop of Toulouse, who had died in the convent a day before. She assured her he was "dressed," and not at all a disagreeable object; notwithstanding which we made our escape as quick as possible, determined not to return to the convent until he is buried, as Adèle is quite capable of having him brought to us, if we don't go to him. Went to Princess Lieven's in the evening and found M. Guizot there; M. Berryer, the famous Royalist lawyer, and Lord Brougham, who kept everyone in a roar of laughter by the absurd things he said in his bad French. Amongst others, talking of the Princess Charlotte having run away from her nurse

to her mother, he said: "Dans ce temps-là j'ai passé un nuit avec Madame de Flahault—un nuit très agréable entre elle et la fille du Roi." Everybody was amazed at this speech: poor Madame de Flahault looked perfectly horrified. Madame de Lieven, with all her good breeding, could not keep from laughing, and of course the rest followed her example. It is quite decided that M. de Flahault is not to go to England as ambassador, and the King has named Marshal Soult, and Soult thanked him for his appointment. The King said: "You must not thank me; it is the young Queen of England who has asked for you." Madame Graham came up to Lady Fitzharris in the evening, when she was sitting by Madame de Lieven, and said: "Eh bien, miladi, quel est l'amoureux que vous voulez que je vous amène — choisissez?" Mr. Raikes, who heard this wonderful speech, said, alluding to the report that Madame Graham was formerly a milliner, "Cela est plus modiste que modeste."

April 27th.—Dined with the Sebastianis; the Marshal in a bad humour, and dinner went off heavily.

May 1st.—Nobody at Madame de Lieven's this evening except the faithful M. Guizot, so we went on to Madame de Ségur. I hear the Duke de Valenciennes will not go to England with Marshal Soult, as he does not like that M. Airgues, who is appointed Secretary to the Embassy, should have the *pas* over him. This would not have been the case under the old *régime*, as gentlemen who accompanied an Ambassador Extraordinary were never designated as Attachés, but simply as *gentilshommes*, which left them precedence according to their rank. Now the appella-

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tion of *gentilhomme* is prohibited, and all who accompany the Ambassador must go as Attachés, which of course places them below the Secretary to the Embassy. We went to the reception at the Tuileries this evening at eight o'clock with Madame Sebastiani, but notwithstanding that we started so early, all the seats were taken, and we had to stand the whole time. It was a very fine sight, and, though a great fatigue, we are glad we went. The crowd was very great, but the apartments were so large that we suffered no inconvenience, except not getting seats, for there was no pushing and scrambling such as I saw at the Queen's Drawing Rooms in England. The reception also took place in the evening, and it was very pretty, owing to the effect on both the complexions and the dresses of the ladies, which look much better by candlelight.

May 9th.—Dined at home with Lord Douglas. We went at eight to the Russian Ambassador's to fetch the Sebastianis, and from thence to the Tuileries, where there were a good many people. All the chairs were occupied; but the Queen ordered Lady Fitzharris to be placed next to her, and talked to her the greatest part of the time we remained.

May 12th.—We dined at the Tuileries, and I was introduced to the Duchess of Orleans. The King came in soon after six, and immediately led the Duchess of Orleans to dinner. The Queen followed with the Duke of Würtemberg, the Duke of Nemours with the Duchess of Würtemberg, the Duke of Orleans with the Princess Clementina, and one of the unknown Bavarians fell to Lady Fitzharris. The dinner was in the Galerie de Diane, and everything of course was

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very handsome in the way of plate; but the dinner itself was execrable, and the wine the same. The attendance was very perfect, every person at table having a servant behind their chair, whose sole duty it was to wait upon them. The dinner lasted very little more than an hour. We all returned to the room where the Queen received, and everybody remained standing while coffee was served. I was near Mme. Sebastiani, to whom the King was talking, and I overheard her say "Oui, Monseigneur," and very foolishly, instead of letting it pass as a slip of the tongue, said: "Ah, pardon, sire; c'est sire que je voulais dire." The King answered: "Mais, vous n'avez pas d'excuses à me faire; c'est bien naturel que vous m'appeliez 'Monseigneur;' il y a beaucoup de personnes qui le font, c'est une méprise bien excusable." She then tried to get out of it by saying that, having sat at dinner next to the Duke of Orleans, she had got into the habit of saying it, and forgot that she was no longer talking to him. The King again repeated: "C'est très excusable; vous avez été habituée pendant si longtemps à m'appeler 'Monseigneur,' que la méprise est bien naturelle."

May 16th.—I went to Chantilly, where the Duke of Orleans entertained a party very handsomely.

May 21st.—I returned from Chantilly. The Duke of Orleans was extremely kind and civil, and on the day of the hunt, having arrived before the other foreigners at the taking of the stag, he gave me the foot as a souvenir of himself and of Chantilly. We dined afterwards at the Rothschilds, where we met the Sebastianis, the Apponyis, Lord Granville, Marshal Soult, &c.

May 22nd.—Prince Talleyrand's funeral took place this morning at the Church of the Assumption. There was a great crowd collected to see the procession, and of course a large military force to prevent any disturbance. He died on the 17th, having received the sacraments, although during his life he was supposed to have been an unbeliever, and in fact did not deny it. His memoirs, which must be most curious, are not to be published for twenty years.* He received the sacraments from M. Dupanloup.

June 7th.—I hear there have been dreadful riots in Kent. The country people had been persuaded by a madman calling himself Sir William Courtney that he and they were invulnerable, and accordingly they fought desperately, and, in spite of their inferiority in numbers and arms to their opponents, would not give in until Courtney and eight or nine of their side had been killed. Lieutenant Bennett was killed by Courtney in the act of rushing upon him. Courtney was immediately shot by the soldiers, after which the rioters attacked them with such ferocity that they were obliged to fire in self-defence. This morning Louis Philippe had a review of the troops of the Line garrisoned at Paris. He stationed himself near the Obelisk at the Place Louis Quinze, and they all passed by *en grande tenue.* Before the attempts were made to murder the King, the reviews used to take place on the Boulevards; now they are always in the Place Louis Quinze, where he is as safe as in his palace, for not a single carriage or foot passenger is allowed to approach him, and guards are placed in all the streets

* They are not published yet, 1884.

leading to the Place, who stop everybody without any exception. The Gardens of the Tuileries are closed, so that the road from the Palace along the Quays is quite safe, the river being on one side and the empty gardens on the other.

June 14th.—We left Paris at twelve, stopped for an hour at Beauvais to dinner, and reached Grandvilliers at nine.

June 15th.—Reached Montreuil at seven; got along very slowly, as there was much travelling on the road and a deficiency of postboys.

June 16th.—Reached Calais at four.

June 17th.—Embarked on board the "Ocean," a large steamer with bad accommodation. The sea was smooth. Amongst the passengers there was a man who said he was returning for the coronation, which he was to attend as a page. He talked of nothing but Italy, himself, and his travels, telling many marvellous stories which his audience swallowed with the greatest readiness.

June 18th.—Found London occupied by the duel which had just taken place between Lord Castlereagh and M. de Melcy, Grisi's husband, in which the former was wounded in the wrist. It is said M. de Melcy intercepted a letter from Lord Castlereagh to his wife, and immediately called him out.

June 27th.—Owing to the Queen's coronation, I never saw anything like the state of the streets to-day. It was nearly impossible to move along them for postboys and strings of carriages going at a foot's pace.

They are stopped up at every turn by carts carrying planks for the scaffoldings that are being erected along the line of the Coronation procession.

June 28th.—The coronation took place to-day. We called for Poulett Thompson, who accompanied us to the Board of Trade. The Government, or rather Lord John Russell, had given no orders to the police to make carriages keep the line, and there was in consequence a good deal of confusion, coachmen cutting in, &c. But the day was so very fine, and the appearance of the streets so new to us, as we had never been in London during a coronation, that we were in no hurry to arrive. The crowd was in perfect good humour, and behaved very quietly. We reached the Board of Trade at ten, when the firing of cannon announced that the Queen had left the Palace, and at about eleven the procession appeared in sight. It was a magnificent show, though we had to thank the foreign ambassadors for a great part of its splendour, as without them the procession would have been very little more brilliant than when the Queen goes down to the House of Lords to open Parliament. The only people cheered besides the Queen were the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and Marshal Soult. The latter was quite overcome by his reception, which was entirely unexpected by him, and he said it was a most noble trait in the English character to receive an old enemy so enthusiastically, for the cheering proceeded from all classes.

August 4th.—I started for the Isle of Skye with Mr. Compton, M.P. for South Hants, and arrived at

Oban on the 10th. I found the state of the population rather deteriorated than otherwise since my last visit. The crofters seem to have entirely worked out their little plots and have no manure to refresh them. Lord Macdonald has done all he could to improve their position by building new and clean cottages; but so fond are they of their old state of dirt, that they pulled up the planks of the floor, preferring to lie on the bare ground. What is to be done with these Celts?

August 29th.—I returned to Chillingham Castle.

October 4th.—At a great agricultural dinner at Wooler; from thence I went to Cornhill to fish for salmon in the Tweed. I killed seventeen in one day.

October 20th.—The papers to-day announce Lord Durham's resignation of the Governorship of Canada. Mr. Poulett Thompson, who was staying at Chillingham, shot one of the wild bulls in the park, which is considered high treason by Lord Tankerville. Mr. Thompson, thinking it was not known, was thunderstruck at seeing a long account of his performance in the "Newcastle Journal," which his host read out at breakfast and covered him with confusion.

November 8th.—I left Chillingham for London. This is a journey of four days, with four horses and well-paid postboys. The inns on the road are most of them as comfortable as one's own house, quiet and very well served, with generally good wine, and the landlord attending in person. Horses are changed in four minutes, as the relays stood at the door, with the postboy ready mounted.

December 3rd.—Another insurrection has broken out in Canada, and Sir John Colborne has proclaimed martial law—a vigorous measure, which Lord Durham never would have dared to resort to.

December 5th.—Good news from Canada. There has been an engagement between the rebels and the volunteer forces commanded by Colonel Taylor, which ended in the total defeat of the former after two hours' hard fighting. Mr. Ellice and some other gentlemen who had been taken prisoners made their escape; those who had been left to guard them having run away. Sir John Colborne marched against the rebels, but they did not wait for him. The insurrection is at an end. Lord Durham has arrived in London and looks quite subdued. He must be greatly vexed, now that he hears how easily the rebellion in Canada has been quelled, that he did not remain, for he would have got all the credit Colborne has obtained, and without any risk whatever; Quebec and Montreal having remained perfectly quiet.

December 23rd.—We went to Wilton. There is a very large party now staying in the house; among them being the Count and Countess Woronzow. Madame Woronzow is now old. She is clever and agreeable, but evidently very much afraid of Lady Pembroke, before whom she is silent and reserved. Count Woronzow is still a very handsome man, and quite the Russian grandee. The whole party is occupied in rehearsing a play that is to be acted next week.

December 27th.—We left Wilton for Savernake, a charming villa belonging to Lord Bruce in the Park at

Tottenham, and I should think much preferable as a residence to the great house.

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February 5th.—Parliament opens to-day.

February 6th.—The Queen's speech was a very poor composition as usual. The Ministers dare not make any allusion to the Corn Laws. Nothing is said respecting the dreadful state of Ireland; very little about Canada, and that little evidently framed to avoid giving offence to Lord Durham, attributing the suppression of the disturbance to the valour of the troops and the loyalty of the inhabitants. Not a word in praise of Sir John Colborne.*

February 7th.—The debate yesterday on the Address was a triumphant one for the Opposition. Peel made a splendid speech in favour of the Corn Laws, turning Mr. Wood, the seconder of the Address, into ridicule. Mr. Heathcote, hitherto a supporter of the Government, declared in favour of the present system of the Corn Laws, and none of our side, with the exception of Peel, said a word. Tommy Duncombe proposed an amendment to the effect that the Reform Bill didn't go far enough. It was opposed by the Government, and thrown out on a division by a majority of 426 to 86. The debate in the House of Lords was equally in our favour. The Duke of Wellington made an excellent speech, and Lord Brougham a very eloquent

* Sir J. Colborne commanded the celebrated 52nd Regiment in the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

one, in which he inveighed against O'Connell in the strongest terms. A meeting took place at Sir Robert Peel's two days before, at which he implored the Conservatives to be united and not to split upon minor differences *with respect to the Corn Laws, declaring himself in favour of the present system, against fixed duty or any alteration whatever.* My father received to-day a letter from Milan, which makes it necessary that I should proceed there immediately. I shall have a very fatiguing and tiresome journey at this time of year, as the weather is as bad as possible.

February 22nd.—I arrived at Paris with my uncle, Admiral Dashwood, on the 19th, after a very tedious journey, the roads being hardly passable and like nothing except a ploughed field. Lord Ebrington has been appointed to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. It is the old story of the mountain and the mouse, for, judging by the boasting language of Poulett Thompson, that their only difficulty was *embarras de richesses*, I expected at least the Duke of Sussex or the Duke of Sutherland. Lord Ebrington is to be called up to the House of Lords by the title of Baron Fortescue, which will make a vacancy in the representation of North Devon, and there is no doubt that the Opposition will gain the seat.

March 11th.—Reached Milan to-day. The debate on Mr. Villiers' motion terminated by a triumph for the Conservatives; 195 voted for the motion and 342 against, giving a majority of 147.

March 25th.—I returned to England, having succeeded in the object of my journey, through deep snow.

April 7th.—Lord Ossulston arrived from Paris, and amused us very much with the accounts of his journey. He travelled in company with Lord Brougham and Mr. Leader; the former going under the name of Mr. Edmunds and Lord Ossulston, and Mr. Leader as the young Edmunds. At every inn they stopped at, if it was only for a few minutes, Lord Brougham got out to write a letter to some lady or other. He is more mad than ever.

April 15th.—Lord John Russell brought forward this afternoon his motion in support of the Irish policy of the Government. I went to Lord Clanwilliam's, where there was a large concourse of Herberts and Woronzows assembled to see a conjurer. I sat by the great heiress, the young Countess Potocka, who was rather good-looking—one may say beautiful, considering that she has above forty thousand a year.

May 7th.—The division on the Jamaica Bill took place this morning. The Ministers had only a majority of five against Peel's amendment. A Cabinet Council was held a few hours afterwards, at which the Ministers decided to tender their resignations to the Queen. Poulett Thompson wrote me a note at half-past two from the Council announcing the news. Lord Melbourne had announced his resignation in the House of Lords, and added that the Queen had accepted it. Lord John Russell made the same announcement in the Commons, omitting the last important fact. I afterwards met Thompson, who said that the Queen had sent for Lord Spencer, who would of course advise her to send for Peel, as none but a Tory Government could stand.

May 8th.—The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were sent for to-day by the Queen, who received them most graciously, and gave the latter a *carte blanche* to form an administration.

May 9th.—Sir Robert Peel had an audience with the Queen yesterday, lasting for three hours. She received him very kindly, and said she would not conceal from him that she was much grieved at parting with her old Government, but she felt it was necessary, and the good of the country was her first object, superseding every other consideration whatever; she had perfect confidence in him, and would act fairly towards him, and give him every assistance in her power to carry on the Government. The list of the Cabinet is to be out to-night.

May 10th.—Sir Robert Peel has resigned in consequence of the Queen refusing to change her ladies. Went to the Queen's Ball. The Queen danced a quadrille with the Grand Duke of Russia. He is far from being handsome—has a great deal of the Calmuck in his features, and, though of a fine height, he stoops, which gives him an awkward appearance. I talked for some time to Pozzo di Borgo, who is in a terrible state about Sir Robert Peel's resignation. The Duke of Wellington came downstairs as we were waiting for the carriage, and spoke most affectionately to us. Everybody at the ball seemed anxious and preoccupied. The men, instead of making themselves agreeable to the ladies, were assembled in groups all over the rooms talking earnestly; and people disseminated every sort of fabrication—saying that Peel wanted to turn away the Baroness Lehzen, &. Lord

Normanby had said openly at the dinner which Lord Palmerston gave the day Peel accepted office that he was determined his wife should not be dismissed, and that he would take good care she was not.

May 13th.—Sir Robert Peel made his explanation to the House of Commons, which was perfectly satisfactory to his party, proving his conduct to have been most honourable, his demands very moderate, and their rejection by the Queen perfectly inconceivable, except under the supposition, which now amounts almost to a certainty, that she has been misled by a party, and that she was told to refuse to give up *any of her ladies*, which Lord Melbourne and his colleagues knew that Peel would not agree to, and that he would therefore be obliged to resign, as has been the case. The House was very crowded, and Peel loudly cheered by the whole of his party when at the termination of his speech he appealed to them for an approval of his conduct. The Ministers looked in very good spirits before he began, but as he proceeded, the clearness of his statement and the strong case he made out in favour of the extreme moderation of his demands, produced a sensible change in his opponents' countenances. It turns out that, far from having required "the dismissal of the whole of the household and the friends who had surrounded the Queen from childhood"—meaning the Baroness Lehzen—Peel only wished to dismiss the wives and sisters of the Cabinet Ministers, and only those who were of the rank of ladies of the bedchamber and above that rank, but none below. The number dismissed would not therefore have exceeded three or four. The opinion that

Lord Melbourne's resignation was a sham gains ground every day. Even Lord John Russell's reply to Peel confirms it, as he admits that a Cabinet Council was held on the Thursday, at which Lord Melbourne and his colleagues agreed that the Queen ought not to give up her ladies, and drew up a paper to that effect. Lord Melbourne also wrote a letter to Peel, informing him of her determination not to do so, in consequence of which he sent her his resignation on Friday. The Ministers are, therefore, proved by their own evidence to have given this advice after they were no longer responsible, or in other words by an intrigue on their part.

May 27th.—The House of Commons met to-day for the first time since the holidays, and chose Mr. Shaw-Lefevre as Speaker by a majority of 18 votes against Mr. Goulburn, the Tory candidate.

May 31st.—Lord Brougham has made a very clever and bitter speech against the Government. He reproached them with having given the Queen treacherous and unconstitutional advice, and with having circulated lies all over the country, which, though they were contradicted by Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, were repeated by their friends. He attacked O'Connell, and said if the Government leaned upon him for support they deserved the contempt of the country, but if they raised him to the Bench they deserved to be impeached. His speech was the most damaging to the Government of any made this session. Lord Melbourne bore it good-humouredly, and made a Conservative declaration which will probably lead to his again resigning, as the Radicals are almost sure to throw him over.

June 7th.—We went to the Opera. Heard Mario di Candia, an officer in the Piedmontese army, of noble family, who has taken to the stage. He has a beautiful-toned voice, but not strong enough to fill the theatre, and his style and execution are unfinished; but as he is still very young he will probably improve both in his acting and singing.

June 18th.—Mr. Grote's motion for the ballot was negatived by a majority of 333 votes to 215. Lord John Russell and Lord Howick both voted against the motion.

July 4th.—Lady Flora Hastings is dying, and the dinner at the Palace put off in consequence. The Ministers are becoming more unpopular every day; even the Duke of Wellington is losing all patience, and made a violent speech on the subject of the late riots at Birmingham. He said, alluding to the mob having plundered several houses and burned the property in the streets, "I have often been present at the sacking of towns, but I have never seen any town treated like Birmingham." He accused the Government of not having taken proper precautions to prevent these outrages, for they knew the town had been in a state of insurrection for the last ten days. He also said the conduct of the magistrates—most of whom had been appointed by Lord John Russell, and some illegally, not having been submitted for the approbation of the Queen or recommended by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county—was most reprehensible, and ought to be inquired into. This put Lord Melbourne on his mettle, and he made a very angry speech, to which the Duke alluding the following day, I believe, said:

"The noble lord ought not to get into those towering passions."

June 27th.—The Capitan Pasha has revolted against the Turkish Government, and has sailed with the whole of the fleet to join the Egyptians, who, it is believed, will march upon Constantinople, unless the European Powers interpose.

August 9th.—The House of Lords have passed the Penny Postage Bill without a division.

August 14th.—We sailed for Dundee from Wapping, and arrived there after a very rough passage; from thence to Lord Kinnaird's country seat—Rossie.

August 30th.—Poulett Thompson is going as Governor to Canada.

September 4th.—I am just returned from Lord Eglinton's Grand Tournament, given at his castle, in Ayrshire. Nothing equal to it has occurred for many years, and the expense to him must have been enormous. Besides filling his castle with all the rank and fashion of the day, he quartered an immense number of guests at his farm-houses. It may be said all London, if not all England, was there. The actors in the pageant were chosen from the finest young men in society, and the women from the greatest beauties of the day. Lady Seymour was elected Queen of Beauty, and certainly deserved her throne. The horses mounted by the knights and their attendants were all picked animals, and nothing could exceed their gorgeous trappings and the arms of their masters. Two banquets were given in the great hall, and balls afterwards, but the badness of the weather, as it rained two out of the

three days, injured the show. The principal knights who performed in the lists were Prince Louis Napoleon, then in exile, and his faithful squire, Persigny, Lord Waterford and his stalwart brothers, Mr. Gilmour, the celebrated horseman, and Lord Eglinton himself, in a cuirass entirely inlaid with gold. I never saw a more general display of gaiety and enjoyment than that which prevailed during the whole of this splendid pageant, given by one of the most generous and popular men in Great Britain.

November 22nd.—The Queen's marriage is to be announced to-morrow. The Duke of Wellington has been ill—report says, alarmingly—but I hope it is exaggerated. His illness seems to have been occasioned by over-fatigue.

November 24th.—The Queen's Speech announcing her marriage is as follows:—"I have caused you to be summoned at the present time that I may acquaint you with my resolution in a matter which deeply concerns the welfare of my people and the happiness of my future life. It is my intention to ally myself in marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. I have thought fit to make this resolution known to you at this early period in order that you may be fully apprised of a matter so highly important to me and my kingdom, and which I persuade myself will be most acceptable to my loving subjects." The announcement was received with great enthusiasm.

1840.

January 7th.—The accounts from Algiers are most unfavourable to the French. Though not positively defeated by Abd-el-Kader, they are completely hemmed in by his army, obliging them to abandon all their camps and out-posts, and take refuge within the walls of the town. Accounts have arrived of an affray at Macao between the English and the Chinese, which ended in the former being expelled from China. We must, of course, go to war with them; but for the present there is an end of our trade, and tea will soon become extremely scarce, if it does not altogether fail. In the Queen's Address announcing her marriage, she made no allusion to Prince Albert being a Protestant. The Duke of Wellington proposed an amendment to insert the word "Protestant" before that of "Prince," and, notwithstanding the opposition of Lord Melbourne, the amendment was carried without a division. Peel proposed no amendment to the Address in the Commons, but Sir J. Buller gave notice of a motion of want of confidence in the Ministers for the 28th. A meeting had been held at Sir Robert Peel's house, where this motion had been decided on, and the announcement of it by Peel was greatly cheered.

There is a report that the Chartists meant to set fire to London on the night of the 14th or 15th, in consequence of which troops are kept under arms all night, and the police and fire brigade ordered to be in readiness to act at a moment's warning. The riots at Sheffield have been of an alarming character. The intention of the Chartists was to fire and plunder the

town, and there is little doubt they would have succeeded in their plans, as they were well arranged, and they had a clever leader of the name of Holdbury, but fortunately their delegate at Rotherham got frightened and disclosed the whole plot to Lord Howard. Troops were stationed at all the entrances to the town, and the rioters, seeing their plans discovered, ran away after firing a few shots. Several were arrested.

January 18th.—It is curious that no mention has yet been made of the settlement for the Queen's marriage. It is the more extraordinary as Parliament has been assembled a fortnight earlier than usual for that purpose. It formed the first paragraph in the Queen's Speech, and it looks rather as if the Ministers feared the result of the division on Buller's motion, and foreseeing the possibility of being forced to resign, intend to leave the trouble to the Tories of making all the arrangements. Frost, Williams, and Jones are sentenced to death for leading the riots in Wales, at Newport; and several others to confinement and transportation.

January 23rd.—Prince Albert's Naturalisation Bill has passed the House of Lords without discussion. Lord John Russell has given notice that Ministers intend to ask the House of Commons to grant 50,000*l.* per annum, and Hume immediately intimated that he would move an amendment to the effect that 21,000*l.* would be sufficient.

January 24th.—Lord Stanley writes to me a few lines at Heron Court, and says that the Ministers expect a majority of nineteen on the 28th, but that must

depend upon the elections this week and also how the extreme Radicals mean to vote. Went out shooting with Lord Canning.

January 25th.—Mr. Wood, the Ministerial candidate, has been returned by a majority of 524 for Southwark.

January 26th.—Mr. Tufnell has been returned for Devonport by a majority of 332; and the Solicitor-General by one of 9 for Newark. In the latter town serious riots occurred, and the authorities were obliged to call out the military. Mr. Thesiger was beaten. At Birmingham Mr. Muntz has been returned over Sir Charles Wetherell.

January 27th.—Lord John Russell has admitted that the expense of Prince Albert's household would not exceed 7,000*l.* or 8,000*l.*; such a large sum, therefore, as 50,000*l.* is unnecessary.

January 28th.—Left Heron Court this morning for London, where I shall remain till after the division on Sir John Buller's motion; and if by any chance, which is I fear very unlikely, the Government should have a majority under ten, I shall probably remain a few days longer to see the event, which must be either a dissolution or resignation.

January 29th.—On Monday last the House of Commons went into committee in consideration of the proposed settlement on Prince Albert. Mr. Hume made a long speech, and moved that the grant should be reduced from 50,000*l.* to 21,000., the amount allowed to the Royal Dukes. On a division the motion was negatived by a majority of 267—the numbers being

38 for and 305 against the proposed reduction. Colonel Sibthorp then moved that the allowance should be 30,000*l.*, and Russell, in supporting the original proposition, insinuated that the opposition to it evinced a want of respect for the Queen. Lord Eliot and Sir James Gordon denied this; Hume advocated the smallest grant and O'Connell the largest. Sir Robert Peel expressed his astonishment at the insinuation that had been thrown out of the want of loyalty on his side of the House, and said it was unworthy of Lord John Russell's position as a Minister. He himself had nothing in view but to support the honour and dignity of the Crown by guarding it against the unpopularity that would follow this grant. Peel concluded by saying that he was resolved not to enter into a party contest of who should go farthest to please the Court; that he had no difficulties to reconcile on the subject of his loyalty; that he had never made the Sovereign's political support a condition of his allegiance; and that he had never been guilty of disrespect either to the Queen or Royal Family, and could afford to take his own straightforward course without needless professions of the loyalty he felt. The House divided on the resolution, and there was a majority of 104 in favour of 30,000*l.*—the numbers for the proposal of the Government being 158, and against it 262. In the House of Lords the Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the Prince Albert Naturalisation Bill, observing that one of the objects of the bill was to give Prince Albert precedence next after the Queen. The bill was framed on the precedent of Mary and Philip, but the Duke of Wellington condemned the proposals of the bill, particularly the precedence clause, and after some con-

versation the second reading was postponed until Friday next, the 31st.

February 2nd.—The division on Sir John Buller's motion took place yesterday, and the Ministers had a majority of 21—287 for the motion, 308 against. Sir Robert Peel's speech was very fine, lasting three hours, but it was not so effective as Lord Stanley's. In the House of Lords the Lord Chancellor, in answer to a question, said he intended to introduce a clause in the Naturalisation Bill giving Prince Albert precedence after the heir-apparent to the throne. After some discussion the bill was read a second time and ordered to be committed on the 3rd. General Sebastiani is recalled.

February 5th.—In the House of Lords yesterday Lord Melbourne said he was so anxious to get the Naturalisation Bill passed, that, to prevent opposition, he would withdraw the precedence clause; and added, in answer to Lord Brougham, that it was not intended to withdraw it altogether, but only for the present. Lord Brougham asked whether the Crown intended to make any attempt to give precedence to Prince Albert without an Act of Parliament, but no answer was given. The Bill was then read a third time and passed. Colonel Sibthorp in the Commons moved that the annuity granted to Prince Albert should cease in the event of his surviving the Queen and not residing six months in every year in England (this in consequence of Prince Leopold's re-marriage and compensation), or in case he married a Catholic or ceased to profess the Protestant religion as by law established in these realms. Sir Robert Peel opposed the motion, and persuaded

him to withdraw it. The French papers give as the reason for Sebastiani's recall that, connected as he had been with the Bonaparte family, he would not keep as active a surveillance over Prince Louis Bonaparte, now in England, as was desired by the French Government.

February 10*th*.—The marriage of the Queen with Prince Albert took place to-day. The title of Royal Highness has been conferred upon him. The Duke of Sussex gave her away, and the "John Bull" says that he is always ready to give away what does not belong to him. There were only two Tories present at the ceremony, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Liverpool. The Queen was very much cheered by the mob on her way to and from the chapel. They left Buckingham Palace for Windsor.

February 18*th*.—The Duke of Wellington has been ill, but is much better. A large number of Peers and members of the House of Commons went to Windsor with the Address congratulating the Queen on her marriage.

February 23*rd*.—The French Chamber has rejected the Duke de Nemours' Dotation Bill. M. Guizot was to have set out to-morrow for London, but this event may probably delay his departure. Louis Philippe has not yet formed a Ministry. It is not known whether he has accepted the resignation of Soult and his colleagues.

March 3*rd*.—Prince Louis Bonaparte was to have fought this morning with Count Léon, who has been sent over here by the French police, either to get rid

of him or to get him expelled the country by inducing him to infringe the laws. This villainous project was defeated by the interposition of our police, who took all the parties before a magistrate, and they were bound over to keep the peace for a year under a penalty of 500*l*. Count d'Orsay was to have been second to the Prince.

March 30th.—We dined at the Palace. The Queen entered the room at eight, shaking hands with all the ladies, and then went into the dining-room with the Prince. After dinner the Queen and the Duchess of Kent went into the gallery, where the rest of the company were assembled. The Queen danced the first dance with the Duke of Devonshire, and valsed afterwards with Prince Albert, but the band played so fast and out of time that she only took one turn and then sat down, looking annoyed. We remained till the Queen retired, which was about 1.30.

April 2nd.—The debate upon the Corn Laws was adjourned, and it is supposed will last two nights longer at least, and it is said will be adjourned again, as the Government hope to get rid of the China question, which would come on if it were not.

April 4th.—The Corn Laws debate has terminated in the most unexpected and absurd manner. As soon as Sir Robert Peel had sat down, having made a splendid speech, Mr. Warburton, fearing probably the result of an immediate division, rose and moved the adjournment of the debate till Monday next, when there voted for 129, and against 245, giving a majority of 116. Mr. Warburton then moved the adjournment of

the House, the Speaker put the question, and the Conservatives, amidst loud laughter, shouted "Aye," and the motion was carried. The Corn Law question is therefore at an end for this year.

April 9th.—Went to the Drawing Room. Amongst the company was Mrs. Lushington, *veuve* Carnac, who last year married a man young enough to be her grandson. They are now separated, and she was presented this year in her former name of Mrs. Carnac. She was Indian, and very rich. Left London for Cassiobury.

May 1st.—There was a tremendous row last night at the Opera to force Laporte to engage Tamburini. He came forward five or six times to explain, but the audience would not listen, and he was obliged to retire amidst the groans of almost everybody present. The occupants of the boxes and stalls were the most active in the disturbance, especially gentlemen in the dandy and stage boxes. The row began immediately after the opera was over, and lasted till one o'clock. The ballet would begin, but would not be allowed to proceed, as every time the orchestra attempted to play, and the dancers came forward, they were assailed with such a chorus of cries that they were obliged to give up the attempt. They, however, enjoyed the treatment which was conferred on their manager, and they were all laughing, and seemed much amused at the treatment he received. The gentlemen in the stage-boxes, who had been the ringleaders throughout the evening, sprang upon the stage and lowered the curtain. They were not, however, quick enough to get beyond it before it fell, and were therefore obliged to cross the

stage to gain the scenes, amidst the applause of the rest of the audience.

May 6th.—All London is in a state of consternation that I never saw equalled, Lord William Russell, brother to the late Duke of Bedford, and father to Mrs. Bennett, having been found murdered in his bed this morning. It appears that the housemaid went downstairs at half-past seven to her work, and found everything in great confusion—plate, clothes, and furniture scattered about the staircase and hall, doors broken open, &c. She immediately called the valet, who slept in a room adjoining that which she and the cook occupied, and acquainted him with her suspicions, upon which he accompanied her into Lord William Russell's bedroom, whom, on opening the shutters, they saw lying dead in bed with his throat cut in such a dreadful manner that his head was nearly severed from the body. They then came downstairs and gave the alarm, and the police and surgeon were sent for. The latter declared Lord William must have been dead for three or four hours; and, from the nature of the wound and the fact of no instrument being found with which it could have been inflicted, it was clear he had not committed suicide, but had been murdered. The police examined the house, but could not find any appearance of anyone having forced an entrance, as the marks on the back door had evidently been done from the inside, and they thought as a blind. The way also in which the different things were strewn about looked more like design than the confusion that would have prevailed after thieves had been disturbed. A chisel corresponding exactly with the marks on the drawers

which had been forced open was found in the valet's box, and though the police say they are sure he is guilty, the evidence is not strong enough to convict him, and the coroner's jury therefore returned a verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown. The police are to keep a strict watch over him, and, if he is guilty, as they suppose, they hope by allowing him to remain at large he may do something to criminate himself. It is supposed from different circumstances that the murder must have been committed at about two in the morning.

May 8th.—Lord William Russell's house was searched again this morning. One of the two bank notes that the valet mentioned as having seen in a box at the head of his master's bed, for 10*l.*, was found behind the skirting-board in the pantry. The valet, whose name is Courvoisier, showed the greatest uneasiness when it was proposed to search the pantry, which of course made the police more particular in their investigation, and when the fact of the note having been found was mentioned to him he became quite ill.

May 21st.—The division upon Lord Stanley's bill* took place this morning, and the result was a majority of three in favour of the motion "That the Speaker do leave the chair"—the numbers being 301 for and 298 against. Lord Howick and Mr. Charles Wood voted with Lord Stanley.

May 22nd.—Courvoisier was again examined to-day, and a good deal more evidence was brought for-

* The Irish Registration Bill.

ward as to the extreme agitation of his manner after the discovery of the murder. The instrument has not been found, but a pair of gloves spotted with blood were discovered in his portmanteau, which must have been placed there by him after the search had been made by the police, for everything in the portmanteau was turned out, and they were not there. But as Courvoisier was allowed to sleep alone two nights after the murder he might have placed them there, thinking that as he had been already searched it was the safest place.

May 23rd.—The Cambridge and Ludlow elections have ended in a triumph for the Conservative candidates. The examination of Courvoisier was resumed to-day, but, with the exception of two handkerchiefs stained with blood, both marked with the initials of Lord William Russell, nothing of any great importance came out. It is quite evident that no one could have broken into the house, and this of course implicates those inside, as they must have either done it themselves or permitted others to enter for that purpose. The different things that have been found belonging to Lord William Russell must also have been concealed by some one constantly in the house; as they were concealed with so much care, it is evident the different hiding-places had been prepared beforehand. The boards of the pantry were taken up, and a sovereign was found under one of them which could not have slipped in between the crevices, as the boards fitted quite close. It is evident the boards under which it was placed must have been lifted and then fastened down again, for it was found necessary to have regular workmen to take them up. A locket was also found

under the hearthstone in the pantry. The prisoner is remanded until next Wednesday, the 27th.

May 26th.—Mr. Villiers's motion for a Committee on the Corn Laws was defeated by a majority of 300 to 177.

May 27th.—Courvoisier was again examined to-day, and committed to take his trial. No further evidence was produced, and it is said if no more can be procured he can't be hanged, as, though no doubt can exist of his guilt, there is not sufficient legal evidence to convict him.

June 10th.—Mr. Smythe rode up to me in the Park and said the Queen had just been fired at as she was leaving Buckingham Palace to take a drive. The man who fired did not attempt to escape. The Queen showed great courage, as she always does, and went immediately to the Duchess of Kent to inform her of her safety.

June 12th.—The House of Commons divided last night on the amendment proposed by Mr. Charles Wood,* and the motion for the Speaker to leave the chair on Lord Stanley's bill—having for its object to postpone the Irish Registration Bill of Lord Stanley, and to give precedence to the sham measures of the Irish Solicitor-General and Lord John Russell—was supported by the whole strength of the Administration, the numbers being, for the Ministerial amendment 195, against 206; giving a majority of 11 against the Ministers. The Corn Laws were discussed in the House of Lords, and Lord Fitzwilliam's motion for an inquiry

* Afterwards Viscount Halifax.

rejected. The missing spoons in Lord William Russell's house and two gold and silver ear-trumpets have been discovered. It appears that Courvoisier left a parcel a week or a fortnight before the murder in the care of Charlotte Piolini, who keeps the Hôtel de Dieppe, in Leicester Square, desiring her to take charge of it for a few days. He never returned, and the day before yesterday she sent the parcel to her solicitor, who opened it in her presence and in that of some other persons, and it was found that it was the missing property that had been advertised by the police. She also identified Courvoisier as the person who had left it. Although under a different name, he had lived in her service about a month four years ago, and since that she had not seen him.

June 20th.—Courvoisier's trial concluded to-day. He was found guilty of the murder and sentenced to death. He confessed afterwards having committed the crime because Lord William Russell found him stealing. He did it with a carving-knife.

June 21st.—Courvoisier was induced to confess his crime in consequence of the discovery of the plate, for as soon as he had seen Mrs. Piolini, who identified him as the person who had left it at her house, he sent for Mr. Phillips, his counsel, and confessed his guilt. He said Lord William had been taken suddenly ill after he went to bed, and in going downstairs caught him packing up the plate. He taxed him with intending a robbery, and threatened to call in the police, but on begging his pardon he after some altercation forgave him, and promised not to prosecute him, but told him to leave his service the following day.

The villain added: "His Lordship and I then parted quite comfortably," and Lord William went to bed unsuspicious of the fate that awaited him. Courvoisier waited an hour at his door until he was sure he was asleep; then he went gently into the room and cut his throat while he slept. He says Lord William never awoke, and must have died with little or no pain, as he did not struggle at all, and there was only a slight tremulous motion of the right hand, which he raised almost involuntarily.

June 25th.—Lord Stanley has gained another victory over the Government, Lord Morpeth having proposed an amendment to the Irish Registration Bill, and when a division took place he was beaten by a majority of four.

July 6th.—Courvoisier was hanged this morning. I went to see the execution, and was admitted into the condemned cell, where he was praying with the clergyman, and I followed the procession to the scaffold, which was erected on the outside of the prison. He showed great firmness, and though very pale seemed perfectly composed even to the last moment. Several of the City authorities were assembled in the room of the prison, and I was not a little shocked to see punch, or some beverage of that sort, handed round, as if it was a pleasant festivity. It seems to be the custom, and the sooner it is abolished the better.

July 7th.—Lord Stanley has given up his Irish Registration Bill, but announced that he will bring it on next year at an early period of the session, upon which Lord John Russell withdrew his sham measures

for the Irish and English Registrations amidst the laughter of the House.

August 1st—The French are very indignant with this country, and threaten us with war because Lord Palmerston, finding that he could not induce them to take any steps towards a settlement of the Eastern Question, has signed a treaty with Russia, Prussia, and Austria, leaving out France altogether.

August 7th.—News arrived this morning of Louis Napoleon having landed yesterday morning at Boulogne with fifty followers. None of the soldiers, however, having joined him, the attempt totally failed, and he and most of those who accompanied him were taken. This explains an expression he used to me two evenings ago. He was standing on the steps of Lady Blessington's house after a party, wrapped up in a cloak, with Persigny by him, and I observed to them, "You look like two conspirators," upon which he answered, "You may be nearer right than you think."

August 8th.—The mad attempt of Prince Louis Napoleon at Boulogne is confirmed. He had hired a steamer from the Commercial Company, called the "Edinburgh Castle," for a fortnight. He embarked at London on the 5th; and on Thursday, the 6th, landed at Vimereux, a mile from Boulogne, with fifty followers. He marched to the barracks, and tried to seduce the soldiers from their allegiance, but having failed in consequence of the accidental absence of the officer on guard, who was in the plot, the soldiers at the barracks remained faithful, and the National Guard being called out, the Prince and his followers were obliged

to fly. They had taken possession of the life-boat, which was swamped, and the Prince was picked up by a steamer while clinging to a buoy a short distance from the shore. The Custom-House officers, fortunately for him, had seized the vessel whilst the disturbance was proceeding on shore, and were bringing her into the harbour, by which means his life was preserved. Some of the party made their escape by taking forcible possession of horses belonging to some English gentlemen, but were pursued and most of them taken. Some were killed by the soldiers after they had surrendered. The Prince had issued a proclamation to the French nation appointing Marshal Clausel chief of the troops at Paris, General Pajol and other officers and sub-officers to military appointments, and promising many recompenses. Ever since I knew the Prince he has a fixed notion, which nothing can eradicate, that he will some day govern France; and so strongly is he impressed with this idea that it is the only way to account for his repeated attempts under what appeared to be hopeless circumstances.

August 21st.—Received a letter from my father to say that Lady Pembroke had given the living of Wilton to my younger brother Charles, and that he has accepted it.

September 2nd.—Lady Pembroke and her daughters visited us at Heron Court. We went out with Mr. Grantley Berkeley's otter-hounds, which, although we did not kill, was very amusing in that wild country.

September 7th and *8th.*—News is in that an insurrection has broken out at Madrid, Lisbon, and also at

Paris—the latter not serious. The French papers are very warlike in their tone, and if the news from the East be true, it will be very difficult to preserve peace. Commodore Napier has issued a proclamation inciting the Syrians to rebellion, and has also taken twelve or fifteen small vessels belonging to the Pasha of Egypt, old Mehemet Ali. The latter is very firm in his refusal to accede to the Quadruple Treaty, being, it is supposed, supported by France. Orders have been sent to Admiral Hugon, who commands the French fleet, which, if acted upon, a collision must occur, and war then becomes inevitable. News may soon be expected from China, if Mehemet Ali does not stop the mails, which he threatens to do.

September 11*th*.—The French papers continue very warlike, and the English Ministerial papers are the same. I think that peace will be preserved, as Louis Philippe is very much against any wars.

September 17*th*.—The blockade commenced at Alexandria on the 1st, by Admiral Stopford. Several of the Pasha's vessels had been sequestered by the British naval authorities. His fleet, both Egyptian and Turkish, was drawn up in order of battle in the roads of Alexandria, and Admiral Hugon took command of the French fleet on the 26th. It appears that the blockade has been commenced before the expiration of the time allowed by the Treaty of London to the Pasha to refuse or accept the Ultimatum of the Powers. Count Walewski, who had been sent by France on a mission to Mehemet Ali, had left him to return to France. It is reported that he succeeded in persuading the Pasha to accept the terms offered by France.

September 27th.—There is no news from the East, and the report which was current on the 22nd that Mehemet Ali had agreed to the terms proposed by France, not being confirmed or alluded to in any way, is probably false. The tone of the French papers is more warlike than ever; great preparations are being made in all the ports of France, the fortification of Paris is begun, and the different fortresses are being put in a state of defence. The telegraph at the North Foreland says the Russian fleet of eighteen sail was off the Graveline Sands.

October 2nd.—Prince Louis Napoleon's trial is begun and excites no interest whatever. It is thought that the sentence will be confinement for life.

October 3rd.—The following important news has arrived from the East through France. The "Prometheus," which arrived at Beyrout on the 20th, announced that, after a bombardment of nine days, which reduced the town to ashes, it was evacuated by the Egyptians in the night, and the Allies took possession. The "Oriental," which quitted Alexandria on the 24th, makes known that the firman deposing Mehemet Ali had been communicated to him on the 21st, as well as to the Generals of the four Powers, who instantly struck their flags and retired on board their shipping. An attempt has been made to fire Sheerness Dockyard. H.M.S. "Camperdown," 120 guns, was set fire to in the basin by some incendiary. It was first discovered in a midshipman's berth, but it was extinguished after burning a locker. On a further search a well-laid train was discovered in the warrant officers' storerooms, consisting of resin, oakum, and lucifer matches.

The inquiry respecting the fire at Plymouth is still going on. The King of Holland has announced his intention of abdicating in favour of his son.

October 5th.—Three persons named Wright, Grigg, and Britt have been taken up on suspicion of attempting to fire the "Camperdown." The preservation of the ship as well as the dockyard, and probably the town, is entirely owing to an accidental circumstance. The ship had been visited as usual and reported "all safe," when just as the officers were leaving the yard, Mr. Henty, the ship's carpenter, remembered that he had left his umbrella behind. He returned to the ship, and on going down to the lower deck he perceived a thick smoke issuing from the cockpit, and at the same time heard heavy footsteps, although it was too dark for him to see the person. He instantly gave the alarm, and one of the firemen of the yard came immediately, and by his exertions and those of Mr. Henty, the fire was extinguished before it had done any serious damage, the fire casks and buckets being close at hand. It is said the Albanians are deserting fast from the Pasha's army and the Druses are arming. This attack upon Beyrout seems to have been solely for the purpose of keeping up communication with the insurgents in Syria, for the possession of such a miserable place could not have been of any other advantage to the English. A list of the fleet is given, which, including English, Austrian, and Turks, consists of twenty-eight sail, of which twenty-three are English. It is reported that the terms offered by the Sultan to the leaders of Mehemet Ali are as follows:—To Soliman Pasha (Colonel Selves) and his son the island of

Cyprus for inheritance as a Pashalik; to Mahmoud Pasha the Pashalik of Tripoli; also an hereditary fief; and, lastly, to Sherif Pasha the remainder of Syria on a similar tenure—but that they have all refused and acquainted Mehemet with the proposals made to them. The French are perfectly frantic at the news of the burning of Beyrout, and threaten immediate war.

October 16*th*.—A reinforcement of a thousand Turks has arrived in two Austrian steamers with the newly-appointed Pasha of Syria. The only loss we have sustained is at Ghebal, whence the Marines were driven back by a most unexpected fire, having four men killed and thirteen wounded. When we took possession of the fort next morning the Albanians had evacuated it. It was a very strong fort, bomb-proof, and commands the road to Tripoli.

October 8*th*.—The rage of the French at our proceedings has not in the least abated. A schism has broken out in the French Cabinet on the question of war; four Ministers, with Thiers at their head, are for it, and four are against it. It is said that M. Thiers tendered his resignation to the King, who accepted it. Izzett Mahomet Pasha has been appointed Pasha of Egypt in place of Mehemet Ali.

October 11*th*.—The bombardment of Beyrout has been exaggerated. Not a shot was fired into the town, but only at the citadel. Ibrahim Pasha is in the neighbourhood of the camp and reconnoitred it on the 14th. His force amounts to fifteen thousand men, but the English have fortified their lines with cannon, and are, therefore, a match for him, though inferior in numbers.

October 16*th*. — Mehemet Ali has replied with moderation to the action of deposition, but was preparing to oppose an energetic resistance. He received the news with great *sang froid*, observing that such denunciations were nothing new to him; that this was the fourth, and he hoped to get over it as he had done the other three, with the help of God and the Prophet. He then ordered both his fleets to get ready to put out to sea, but the French Consul dissuaded him from committing such an imprudent act.

October 19*th*.—The Queen-Regent of Spain abdicated on the 12th. This is the second royal abdication within one month, and it is probable that this event will add to the difficulties that already existed towards the settlement of peace between England and France, as Lord Palmerston and M. Thiers are sure to take opposite views on this question as well as that of the East. The general opinion in Paris is that the Ministry will resign at the beginning of the session, and that M. Thiers will join the ranks of the *Gauche*, or ultra-Radical party. M. Guizot's arrival is anxiously expected, and he holds in his hands the fate of the Cabinet. The deposition of Mehemet Ali having been made known at Alexandria, the Turkish officers refused to remain in his service.

October 25*th*.—The cause of quarrel between the King and Thiers arose from a paragraph that the latter wished to insert in the King's Speech, and which Louis Philippe objected to on account of its hostile tone, observing that it would he highly inexpedient to introduce into the discourse expressions calculated to alter the pacific character that the Eastern Question had

within a few days assumed. Discussion on this point had been going on for some days, but at twelve last night the difference came to such a height that the Ministers resigned in a body and the King accepted their resignation. An attack had been made upon Ibrahim Pasha's advanced position, which was perfectly successful. The Syrians were coming in, and great desertion was taking place amongst the Egyptians. Sidon has been taken and the garrison made prisoners. From all appearances the affairs of Syria will soon be terminated; the insurrection makes progress, and fourteen thousand mountaineers have joined the insurgents. The Turks behaved nobly. Tyre and Tripoli have been taken. Sidon was defended by three thousand men, and capitulated after a battle of ten hours.

October 30th.—M. Guizot has accepted the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

November 1st.—The Allies have gained an important victory over Ibrahim Pasha, and are in possession of the greater part of the coast.

November 6th.—The speech of Louis Philippe on opening the Chambers is extremely pacific, and, therefore, cannot please the French. We dined yesterday with the Tankervilles, and met Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Smythe, Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli, and Count d'Orsay. Much struck by Mrs. Disraeli, who is a most extraordinary woman both in appearance and in her conversation. She was a widow with a large jointure and twenty years older than him, but he seems much attached to her.

November 8th.—News has been received from China,

aud gives an account of the capture of the island of Chusan by General Burrell.

November 17th.—The Sultan refused to revoke the *déchéance* of Mehemet Ali.

November 18th.—The ashes of Napoleon having been brought from St. Helena to Paris, their funeral took place on the 15th. It went off quietly. The procession must have been magnificent. The King was present, but made himself as little conspicuous as possible, and hardly anybody saw him, as he took no part in the procession and contented himself with receiving the body at the entrance to the church, after which he hid himself in a corner. The medical and law students followed the procession to the number of two thousand, singing the *Marseillaise* and shouting "Guizot à la lanterne!" None of the Foreign Ambassadors were present, as Lord Granville refused, and all the others followed his example.

1841.

January 27th.—The Queen opened Parliament in person, and was very well received on her way. Syria is spoken of, but not as settled, and the hope only expressed that its affairs will soon be terminated.

January 28th.—The Address was carried in both Houses without a division. Mr. Hume proposed an amendment censuring the Government for forming an alliance with the four Powers to the exclusion of France, but was not supported.

February 18th.—Lord Cardigan's trial in the House of Lords for fighting a duel with and wounding Captain Tuckett has ended in his acquittal, there not being sufficient evidence to prove the identity of the Captain.

February 20th.—It is said that Poulett Thompson has had a quarrel with Sir John Harvey, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, in consequence of which the latter has been recalled. The difference arose from a dispute respecting the disposal of some troops along the frontier, and as Poulett Thompson is not a military man the probability is that he was quite wrong.

February 24th.—The debate upon Lord Morpeth's* Irish Registration Bill began the day before yesterday. Lord Stanley made a splendid speech opposing the second reading, and the House adjourned.

February 25th.—Debate again adjourned.

February 27th.—The second reading of Lord Morpeth's bill was carried.

March 12th.—News from America is very warlike. It is said that ten sail of the line are to be sent there immediately. The news from the East is also unfavourable, the Sultan being apparently disposed not to keep faith with Mehemet Ali. Affairs in China are not more prosperous. Great sickness and mortality amongst the troops at Chusan. Admiral Elliot has resigned his command.

April 10th.—The news from China is better. Admiral Elliot has concluded a treaty with the Chinese, after battering down the forts, which cannot be considered

* Lord Morpeth was Secretary for Ireland.

satisfactory, as he only stipulates for six millions of dollars as an indemnity for the opium dispute, which is equal only to a million sterling, whereas our first claim was three millions. He also consents to allow the Chinese six years for the payment of this sum.

April 14*th*.—Ministers will neither resign nor dissolve, in which case the Tories must propose a vote of want of confidence. The Chancellor, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Duncannon wish to resign, the others to dissolve or stay in. There is great excitement.

April 16*th*.—At this moment there is a meeting at Lord Aberdeen's, which is attended by Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Henry Hardinge.

April 19*th*.—The long-expected division on* Lord Sandon's amendment took place this morning, and the result has surpassed our expectations; the Ministers being defeated by a majority of 36. There is very little chance of their resigning, as Lord John Russell, before the House divided, talked of discussing the question of the Corn Laws more fully.

April 20*th*.—Lord John Russell declared this afternoon in the House of Commons that the Government intend to go on as long as they can. The discussion on the Corn Laws is put off to June 3. They think that will carry them on to the middle of the month. They would then probably dissolve; and as Parliament could not meet before the end of July, they will prorogue it immediately, and thereby keep office till next

* The present Earl of Harrowby.

session. This is supposed to be their plan, but some say that Lord Melbourne will resign, not being prepared to go so far as Lord John Russell, in which case the latter will be Premier. It may be, indeed, that Lord John Russell is intriguing to turn out Lord Melbourne in the same way as Lord Grey was pushed out by his colleagues some years ago.

April 24th.—Sir Robert Peel gave notice this evening that on Thursday next he would move: "That Her Majesty's Ministers do not sufficiently possess the confidence of the House of Commons to enable them to carry through that House the measures which they deem to be of essential importance to the public welfare, and that their continuance in office under such circumstances is at variance with the spirit of the Constitution." It is said that the Ministers are determined not to resign even if beaten on Peel's motion next Thursday, but to proceed with the Corn Laws and then dissolve.

April 26th.—I went to the Derby, and to a party given by Lady Salisbury, to hear Mademoiselle Rachel recite some scenes out of Racine and Corneille, and was much pleased with her. Her style is completely French, and therefore not very natural, but is the perfection of art. She is not handsome, but is very pleasing in her appearance and manners.

June 5th.—The Ministers have been defeated upon Sir Robert Peel's motion of want of confidence. The Opposition did not expect such a victory, but their majority is only one. The division took place at a quarter before three this morning, the numbers being

312 in favour and 311 against the motion. The announcement of the numbers was received with deafening cheers by the Conservatives, and the Ministers looked completely overcome. Lord John Russell grew very pale and nervous. When the division was over he gave notice that next Monday he would move for a vote of supplies to meet the present wants of the country, but said nothing about the Corn Laws, resignation, or dissolution. The news from China is favourable. Bogue Fort was taken on February 25, and Canton in March. The Chinese fought better than could be expected in defence of the town, which was taken by storm, with 400 Chinese killed or wounded.

June 6th.—Went to hear the school children of Mr. Compton catechised. Some of the answers were very amusing. "Who was Adam?"—"The eldest son of Abraham." "What countries are there in Europe besides England?"—"America and Asia." "What difference is there between town and country?"—"None." "What is an island?"—"Plenty of water." "Of what religion was St. Paul before he became a Christian?" —"A Roman Catholic."

June 9th.—Lord John Russell announced the day before yesterday that the Government intended to dissolve Parliament immediately, proposing merely to take such estimates as were essential for the public service. Sir Robert Peel then rose and said he would oppose the granting of the supplies demanded unless Lord John Russell would declare that Ministers intended to advise the convocation of the new Parliament at once. Lord John Russell replied that the intention of Ministers was to advise the immediate

summoning of the new Parliament, with which Sir Robert expressed himself satisfied.

June 16th.—I received a letter from Sidney Herbert desiring me to start immediately as a candidate for the borough of Wilton. He says that he has consulted precedents, but cannot find that in the memory of man anybody has ever put out an address for that borough, but that I must canvass it as exactly as if it were Birmingham, and I had Lord John Russell standing against me. Accordingly I shall start for Wilton to-morrow.

June 19th.—I completed a most tiresome and uninteresting canvass, there being no opposition to me; but it is an extensive borough, entirely agricultural, and necessitated long drives from one point to another.

June 22nd.—Parliament is to be prorogued to-day by the Queen.

June 23rd.—I received alarming accounts of my father's health.

June 25th.—The Proclamation dissolving Parliament appeared in the "Gazette."

June 26th.—I must attend Christchurch election in support of Sir George Rose; having previously declined the request of the electors to offer myself as a candidate.

June 29th.—I went straight to Christchurch, and arrived in time for the election proceedings. Sir George Rose was elected by a large majority. The City of London has returned two Conservatives and two Whigs.

Lord Sydenham to Lord Fitzharris.

Government House, Kingston:
July 13, 1841.

My dear Fitzharris,—I am in your debt for a letter, but it is so long ago that I cannot pretend to pay it. If I remember right, it was written shortly after *your friends* had made so unwise a move last year by the opening of the session, and by the rejection of their want of confidence vote fixed *mine* in the saddle for another year. This time the tables seem to be turned, though I rejoice at the course which the Government have pursued, even if it end, as I hear it will, in their discomfiture. Free Trade and Corn Laws are in my opinion worth fighting for, although I did not think Irish questions and Church reforms were. So though the result may be to place a Tory Government where a Whig one sits, I think it the *dignus vindice nodus* and the ring well established. Of course *you* will get all the counties, *we* all the great towns, and the small boroughs will be anybody's money. Neither party will, I daresay, get so good a Parliament as mine, nor be able to manage them as easily, for my assembly, though composed of elements of as little affinity as oil and vinegar, unite a good deal on one point—to do what I wish. So I am not sorry to be out of the turmoil at home. I shall have enough of it, I have no doubt, when your great battle is decided in August or September, and I find upon my return a renewal of it under the business session of 1841 and 1842.

I am delighted, however, to hear that, let what will happen, you are to be returned for Wilton, where the seat is sure and money need not be spent. I have always regretted that you are not in Parliament, where I am sure you will distinguish yourself, and where there is certainly a good opening for your doing so. You must have had enough, too, by this time of shooting and hunting, and want more interesting occupation. If the Tories come in I conclude that you will have some post offered to you. If so, and I

may volunteer the advice of an old stager to you, I would strongly advise you to take only such a one as will give you business to do in the House, for your department at least—such as Under Secretary, or India Board if the President be a Peer. Otherwise, I should, in your situation, feel my way independently in the House, which no man who takes a Lordship of the Treasury or Admiralty can do: his hands and his tongue are both tied.

I am sorry to say I am almost done up, and very like an old foundered horse. The gout has played the deuce with my hands and feet, and I have no strength to walk, or move, or pull a trigger, so I shall dwindle down into a respectable old gouty proser, of which I am giving you a specimen beforehand by offering advice unasked.

. . . . . .

Yours, &c.

SYDENHAM.*

July 17th.—The news of my father's health is worse, and I fear there is little hope of his recovery. He has taken Lord de Grey's villa at Putney.

July 25th.—Lord Seymour moved the Address in the House of Lords yesterday. An amendment to the Address was moved by Lord Ripon,** representing dissatisfaction at the financial state of the country. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Richmond and Lord Lansdowne spoke. After which the House divided, and there appeared for the Address 96, for the amendment 168—majority 72. In the House of Commons the Address was moved by

* Poulett Thompson, Lord Sydenham, had just been made a Peer, and soon after the date of this letter died in Canada from a fall in riding. He was a remarkably agreeable man.

** Lord Ripon had been Prime Minister as Lord Goderich in 1827.

Mr. M. Phillips, and seconded by Mr. J. Dundas. The amendment, which was exactly the same as that proposed in the House of Lords, was moved by Mr. James Wortley, and seconded by Lord Bruce. A debate followed, which was adjourned until the following day, and again adjourned on the 26th and 27th. The division took place on the 28th, and the Ministers were beaten by 91 votes; the members who voted for the Address were 269, against it 360. Mr. Sharman Crawford gave notice that he would move an amendment to the Address, and the Conservatives were desired to attend again at twelve. None of the Ministers were present, and Mr. Crawford's amendment was negatived.

July 29th.—The Government have resigned and Peel is Premier.

September 11th.—My father, Lord Malmesbury, died yesterday at Lord de Grey's villa at Putney, aged 63.

October 7th.—Canton has been stormed. The Chinese capitulated after losing about three thousand men, and agreed to pay six millions of dollars. But it appears that Admiral Elliot has agreed to take a much smaller sum than he ought to have asked for: which sum he immediately gave to the opium merchants without thinking of demanding money for the expenses of the war. This will cause additional expense, for the person who is sent to supersede him has instructions to insist upon the payment of sixteen million dollars, besides the whole of the cost incurred by England and the East India Company.

October 16th.—Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, who is

engaged to Lady Sarah Villiers, has not yet returned, so the marriage is postponed.

October 18th.—There is such a tremendous flood in London that passengers were carried up the steps at Vauxhall on men's shoulders. From the accounts in the papers it seems that the insurrection at Madrid is suppressed. The attack upon the Palace for the purpose of carrying off the young Queen and her sister was defeated, most fearful fighting being carried on in the apartments of the Palace itself. The insurgents got so far into the building that the balls penetrated into the Queen's room, who was only saved by the gallant defence of a small body of men. After some time of hard fighting, Generals Concha and Leon deserted their men, who immediately dispersed and tranquillity was restored. The citadel of Pampeluna is still in possession of the rebels.

October 23rd.—The Carlist insurrection seems to be going badly for the Christinos. Don Diego Leon has been taken prisoner and shot.

October 30th.—In Spain the excitement is subsiding, so I hope there will be no war. The Spanish insurrection seems to be at an end, most of the troops who had joined the insurgents having returned to Espartero.

November 3rd.—A great fire has taken place at the Tower. The armoury has been destroyed, as well as a number of our trophies, nothing apparently having been saved but the Duke of York's sword and sash.

November 4th.—We drove from Tottenham Park to Littlecote, the scene of a very horrid story which Sir

Walter Scott relates in his notes to "Rokeby." The boards in the room where the child was burned have been taken up and oilcloth nailed down over the floor. A large cabinet has been placed to conceal the fire-place, and all the curtains, out of which it is said a piece was cut, are destroyed. General Popham, a descendant of Judge Popham, who acquitted the murderer Darrell contrary to all evidence, and to whom the property was left, it is supposed, in consequence of an agreement to that effect between them, does not like any allusion to this story. He has done all in his power to obliterate the traces of the transaction. The house is a very fine old building in the Elizabethan style of architecture. The hall is large, with very handsome painted windows, the walls of carved oak hung with armour, buff jackets, and arms. It is, however, a very gloomy looking residence, and few people would like to live in it. Prince Nicholas Esterhazy has arrived at Middleton Park, Lord Jersey's place, bringing letters from his family to Lady Sarah, so the marriage will take place soon.

November 16th.—The Queen Dowager is said to be dying. Lord Saltoun is appointed to the command of the force sent to China, so that negotiations will give way to force.

1842.

January 1st.—The town of Amoy, in China, has been taken by our fleet, with only the loss of one man. The fortifications were so strong that our ships' guns made no impression on them, and after four hours'

continual firing the town was taken by escalade. If the Chinese had had good artillery, or understood gunnery, we should probably have been defeated, as they would have sunk our ships long before we could have made any breach in their walls, which were of solid granite fifteen feet thick, and covered with a coat of mud and cement, which nothing could penetrate, of the thickness of two feet. Very little money was found in the town, the Chinese having carried it off in split logs of wood.

February 7th.—Sir Robert Peel has brought in his bill upon the Corn Laws, which is no less than taking off more than half the present duty. Nobody expected such a sweeping measure, and there is great consternation amongst the Conservatives. It is clear that he has thrown over the landed interest, as my father always said he would.

February 26th.—Mr. Villiers's motion for the total repeal of the Corn Laws has been thrown out by an immense majority—393 to 90. Mr. Christopher is to propose an amendment to Peel's bill to increase the duty upon foreign corn, and Lord Worsley intends to propose another for a still further increase of duty. My steward says that the landed proprietors will lose at least 15 per cent. of their rents by Peel's bill.*

February 27th.—Mr. Christopher's amendment to Sir Robert Peel's bill has been rejected by a majority of 306 to 104. Alarming news has been received from India. It is officially announced that our envoy, Lieutenant-General Macnaghten, and two officers who ac-

* Experience has shown that this is far under the mark.

companied him, have been murdered by the son of Dost Mahomed during a conference to which they had been invited by the latter to arrange terms for the evacuation of Cabul. This treacherous act of course puts an end to the treaty; but since then it is reported that our troops, being nearly famished, without the chance of obtaining supplies or relief, all the passes around Cabul being stopped up with snow, and the town surrounded by a greatly superior force, attempted to cut their way through the Khoord Cabul Pass towards Jellalabad, to effect a junction with Sir Robert Sale; the whole, numbering five or six thousand men, was destroyed, the 44th Regiment to a man. Sixteen ladies, wives of the officers, were taken prisoners by the Afghans. General Elphinstone is said to be dead. Lady Canning called to confirm the news.

February 10*th*.—Letters have arrived from India to-day, and state that all the troops except about five hundred men, who were taken prisoners with General Elphinstone, were cut to pieces. The ladies, it was thought, would come off tolerably well, as Dost Mahomed's son's wife and children are in the hands of the English, and for their sake he will not injure them.

April 1*st*.—It appears that General Elphinstone, trusting Akbar Khan's promise of a safe-conduct to Jellalabad, and thinking he could no longer hold Cabul against the Afghans, left it on January 6. His troops were attacked almost immediately. General Elphinstone seems to have relied upon Akbar Khan's fidelity and honesty, and, not suspecting him of treachery or want of power to control his own people, allowed him

to settle everything about the march and encampment of our troops. If he had pushed on as fast as he could, he might have reached Jellalabad as Sir Robert Sale did some short time before with an inferior force, but he seems to have been incapacitated by illness or age, and quite unequal to the circumstances, which required a man of unusual energy. He had been unfortunate in his career, as he was almost the only English officer taken prisoner at Waterloo. When he was summoned by Napoleon during the battle to give information as to our forces and resources, which he very honourably refused to do, the Emperor grew furious, and abused him before all his staff. Sale behaved like a hero, and when the summons to evacuate Jellalabad was brought to him he answered that, though he had more at stake than any man, having a wife and daughter (Mrs. Sturt) in the power of the Afghans, he would hold Jellalabad to the last, and that nothing but an order from the Council would induce him to give it up. Ghuznee and Kandahar are saved. Went with Lady Ailesbury to the Duchess of Cambridge's to settle about the quadrille for the Queen's Ball.

April 12th.—Started at eight for the Palace. The quadrilles were admitted by a private door and taken to separate rooms. The Duchess of Cambridge's set assembled in a large room below stairs. We were marshalled by our respective heralds, and proceeded, with the Duchess of Cambridge at our head, through the hall into the Throne Room, where the Queen received us, sitting on the throne, and surrounded by all her Court, in the dress of the time of Edward III.

Most of the costumes were beautiful, and the whole arrangements very well managed. There were a great many people already arrived, but none were allowed to enter the Throne Room, which was perfectly empty with the exception of the Queen and her Court. When the whole of our quadrilles had passed her, they went through the gallery into one of the drawing-rooms, where we had to wait until the other quadrilles and the general company had arrived, after which we returned into the drawing-room, a few couples were selected out of each set, and dancing began. My partner was Lady Craven.

April 14th.—Dined at Lord and Lady Stanley's. A very pleasant party. The Clanwilliams, Mahons, St. Aulaires,* the Cannings, the American Minister Mr. Everett, Brünnow, Lord Aberdeen, &c. Mr. Everett, without waiting to be introduced, asked me how much beer-money I gave my servants, and seemed to think it was too much. He was dressed in a green coat, not a common colour for a dinner in London.

April 24th.—Went to a *bal costumé* at Stafford House, where almost everybody wore the dresses they had at the Queen's.

April 30th.—The Queen was shot at this morning on Constitution Hill, as she was returning to the Palace, by a man called Francis.

June 6th.—The news from India is that Ghuznee has fallen, the garrison having been forced to capitulate for want of water. The Afghans promised to take

* M. de St. Aulaire was French Ambassador.

them in safety to Cabul, but, as they have not been heard of since, it is feared that they met with the same fate as the Cabul army, and have been massacred. This bad news is somewhat counterbalanced by the success of Colonel Pollock in forcing the Khyber Pass, which he did most gallantly, though opposed by a superior force. Sale, hearing that he was marching to relieve Jellalabad, made a sortie with his whole force against the army that was besieging him, and after a brilliant action, that lasted the whole day, totally defeated the Afghans. There is, therefore, but little doubt that Colonel Pollock has succeeded in joining Sir Robert Sale. The conduct of Colonel Palmer in giving up Ghuznee is very much censured, and Lord Ellenborough, the Governor-General, is going to bring him and General Elphinstone before a court-martial.

June 16*th*.—The Duke of Orleans is dead. His horses being restive, he jumped out of his carriage, fell, and was killed on the spot. What will be the result of this sad event? Probably another rebellion as soon as the King dies, and the restoration of the Duc de Bordeaux. The French never will bear a regency quietly, and certainly not a long one, as this would necessarily be. The present King is sixty-nine, and the Comte de Paris only four years old. It will give the Republicans a chance. The Duke was carried into a shop close by, where the King, Queen, and royal family soon arrived, but he never recovered his senses for a single moment, and died in their arms. His body was carried to Neuilly and placed in the chapel, the whole royal family following the procession

on foot. He was only thirty-two years of age, very handsome, clever and amiable, and liked by all who knew him. The army bitterly laments his loss. The poor Duchess of Orleans arrived at Neuilly after the Duke's death. She had heard of it at Plombières by telegraph, and set off for Paris in the middle of the night. At a few posts from Plombières she met the Duke's aide-de-camp, and then guessed the truth. She is reported to have said, "I was too proud of him, and God has taken him away from me as a punishment." He was certainly the flower of the flock. A *post-mortem* examination promised that he would have lived to a great age. The funeral is to take place at Notre-Dame.

June 28th.—Louis Philippe opened the session of the Chambers on the 26th, and after alluding to his calamity, he made a very peaceful speech on foreign affairs, but he broke down several times during his address.

August 25th.—There have been great disturbances at Manchester and throughout the whole of the manufacturing districts. The pretence was a strike for an advance of wages, but the real cause is political, and the whole insurrection excited by the Chartists and the Anti-Corn Law people. The troops were called out; some were brought from India, and a regiment from Ireland.

November 6th.—Peace is proclaimed with China. The capture and destruction of Ghuznee, in India, by General Nott took place on September 6; the defeat of Akbar Khan, at the head of sixteen thousand men,

at Tezeen on the 13th by General Pollock; and the occupation of Cabul by that General on the 16th. The prisoners left at Cabul have joined the Indian army, and it is expected that the remainder who were taken away by Akbar Khan will be recovered in a few days. So the campaign in Afghanistan is quite concluded, and the army has returned in safety to India. Lord Ellenborough has issued a proclamation which is much abused by the saints. It is certainly an injudicious one, but I cannot agree as to its being irreligious or un-Christian-like. The gates of the temple of Sumnauth are given to the Hindoos; they are merely a military trophy taken from one Pagan nation and given to another, and none but those who are determined to cavil and find fault can view it in any other light. The Duke of Wellington, speaking in the House of Lords on the subject, said he looked upon it "only as a song of triumph."

1843.

June 6th.—There was a report that Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham had resigned on account of Sir Robert Peel having given up some clauses in the Irish Arms Bill, but no one seemed to believe there was any truth in the rumour; though there certainly has been a disagreement between some members of the Cabinet and Peel on the subject. Many Conservatives think that Peel truckles to the Radicals and throws over his friends. Carmarthenshire is in a very disturbed state, and has been so for some time. A gang of four or five hundred men, led by a man in

woman's clothes, under the name of "Rebecca and her daughters," have been pulling down turnpike gates and doing a great amount of mischief. No one can identify them, as they are all disguised and their faces blackened, most of them being armed. Most of the farmers, and even some of the gentry, are said to be in league with them. They burned the workhouse and committed other ravages.

July 2nd.—News from Spain states that Espartero has raised the siege of Seville, having bombarded and destroyed the greater part of the suburbs and commenced a retreat to Cadiz, where the "Malabar" is placed at his disposal, and that the English and French are ordered to unite in assisting him to escape, as there is no doubt if he fell into the hands of his opponents—Republicans, Christinos, or Carlists—he would be put to death without mercy.

July 24th.—Espartero and his wife and daughter have arrived at Woolwich. He was very well received by the authorities, and expressed himself very grateful for the kindness and attention with which he was treated on board the "Malabar."

August 2nd.—Marshal Sebastiani has left London and gone to Eu to meet the Queen, so there is no longer any doubt about her intention of visiting Louis Philippe. I believe it will be the first time since Henry VIII. that an English sovereign visits France except as an exile.

October 12th.—I drove to Highcliffe and saw Lady Canning, who gave me an account of the expedition to Eu and Brussels with the Queen, with which she

was very much pleased. The Queen did not go to the field of Waterloo.

October 17th.—I hear that O'Connell and six others have been arrested for sedition. This is a good move of the Government, and will strengthen them, as for some time they have suffered the reproach of want of energy.

November 6th.—I arrived at Knowsley from Hooton, and found Lord Derby's keeper had been shot by poachers. Two men have been arrested on suspicion, and the poor man's case is almost hopeless.

November 17th.—The Duc de Bordeaux's visit to this country is beginning to assume a political aspect. He acknowledges that he came to see those friends who are still attached to him and his fortunes, and says that, though he will not disturb France, still if a change should take place, and he should be wanted, they will always find him ready. He said in talking of his visit to England, "I went to Rome to see the south of France, and I come to England to see the north."

*November 19th.**—The Duc de Guiche called. He said that the Duc de Bordeaux is coming to London on the 25th, and he has taken a house for him in Belgrave Square. He has sent for his cook, and means to give dinners and receive two or three times a week. Lord Shrewsbury gave him a grand reception at Alton Towers, and had a party of eighty people in the house to meet him. It was continually changing, each per-

* Twenty-seven years after this date he was Foreign Minister to the Emperor Napoleon III., as Duc de Gramont.

son only staying two days. The Duc de Guiche, being a personal friend of the Duc de Bordeaux, was invited for the whole time of his visit. It must have been very tedious, for each time the Duc went out of the house or returned to it cannon were fired.

December 12th.—The Government at Madrid has again been thrown into confusion, the young Queen having made a declaration that her Prime Minister, Olozaga, had forced her to sign a proclamation for the dissolution of the Cortes. She said that he first attempted to persuade her, but when she refused, saying that she would not do such an ungracious thing as dissolve an assembly that had just paid her the compliment of declaring her of age, he used menaces and very violent language to terrify her into compliance. She then got up and tried to escape by a private door that led into her apartment, but he anticipated her, locked the door, forced her back to her seat, and made her sign the paper by force, holding her hand the whole time. After his departure she made this statement, which was communicated to the Cortes. Olozaga denies every word, says it is a falsehood of the Queen's, and that there is not the slightest foundation for any part of the story; and adds, with great appearance of probability, that had he been guilty of such conduct, it is not likely he could have quietly walked out of the Palace through an ante-room filled with attendants and guards, who would have come to the Queen's assistance had she called out, and would have arrested him at the least word or sign from her. In the meantime he is deprived of his office and seat in the Cortes.

1844.

February 28th.—I went to Christchurch election, and hope that my brother will come in. He is opposed by a Mr. Harvey, who has been sent down with a large sum of money, and I hear that all the Dissenters, many of whom had promised to vote for my brother, and some to remain neutral, are going against him.

February 9th.—My brother is elected for Christchurch by a majority of a hundred.

April 25th.—I dined with Sir Robert Peel, who gave a great dinner for the celebration of the Queen's birthday. None but Peers were present.

May 23rd.—By Lord and Lady Canning's advice I have hired Cameron of Lochiel's place, Achnacarry, for the ensuing shooting season. I hear it is a beautiful place, with an excellent house. It was hired last year by Lord Douro.

June 2nd.—The Emperor Nicholas of Russia arrived yesterday unexpectedly, and went to Count Brünnow's, his Ambassador. The King of Saxony arrived at Buckingham Palace on the same day.

June 8th.—We went to a breakfast at Chiswick given by the Duke of Devonshire. The day was beautiful, and nothing could be prettier than the whole sight. The Emperor of Russia was there, with his circle around him. He is a magnificent-looking man, and remarkably handsome as to features, but appears older than his age, as he is stout and bald. His hair

and moustache are fair, and he has rather a cast in his eye, but with a perfect profile. His manners are courteous and dignified, and rather like those of George IV., but with more dignity, and with nothing of the fine gentleman about him. He is supposed to have come over through some important political motive. Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley were both there, as well as Lord Palmerston and all the diplomatic corps. The Emperor spoke chiefly to the Duke of Wellington during the breakfast.

June 15th.—Went to a party at Lady Palmerston's, where it was said that Peel has tendered his resignation. He is furious with those of his party who voted against him or stayed away. He persuaded the Conservatives to rescind their vote on Mr. Mile's amendment to the sugar duties, and the Ministerial proposal was carried by a majority of 22.

June 22nd.—At another party at Lady Palmerston's. There was a new lion, an Indian, called the Nizam of some place I forget. He is immensely tall and fat, and all the ladies were staring at him and pressing round him without the slightest regard to decorum, and I could not help thinking that he could not but have formed a very strange opinion of our English women. With his strict notions of propriety with regard to the conduct of the sex which all Asiatics possess, the manners of ours must appear to him the height of effrontery.

June 28th.—Left Chillingham Castle for the Highlands by Edinburgh and Glasgow, and embarked on board the steamer at Greenock. Stayed on deck the

whole time, as, in spite of the heavy rain and wind, the heat in the cabin was intense, all the passengers agreeing in keeping the ports shut. We reached the Crinan Canal at midday, where, leaving the track-boat, we walked to the other end of it, about seven miles. The boat was crammed. This gave rise to a very absurd incident, for, as there was not room for each passenger to be seated in this barge, a number of women were obliged to stand between the benches, and the rope by which the boat was being towed having suddenly broken as we were entering a lock, the barge struck the side with great violence, and the whole row of women, a dozen at least, fell as if they had been shot one upon the other, amidst the roars of laughter of the rest. We were two hours passing through the canal, which has nine locks. We then embarked on board another steamer, the sea being quite smooth, and at five o'clock sat down to dinner in the cabin. We reached Oban that evening.

August 1*st*.—We were very glad this morning that we didn't go to Staffa yesterday, as the party who went there in the steamer could not land owing to the heavy sea, and were very ill. We left Oban in the morning, and reached Corpach, a small village on Lochiel, where we landed and took a conveyance to Achnacarry, ten miles, which we reached at 5 P.M. The house is excellent, and the country around quite magnificent. Loch Lochy is about a mile from the house, and Loch Arkaig less. The latter is fifteen miles long and about two miles wide in its broadest part. It is surrounded by mountains, the lower range nearly covered with the most picturesque woods of pine, birch, &c., of all sizes

and ages. The trees not growing very close allow one to see the heather, fern, and rocks that cover the face of the mountain, which add extremely to the beauty of the scenery. Beyond these hills rise some much higher and more rugged, covered with rocks and heather and broken granite, and haunted by ptarmigan. Achnacarry is situated in a deep glen between these two lakes, and with a beautiful clear river rushing over rocks, forming cascades close under the windows. There are a great many woods round the house, and the hills on both sides of the valley are so thickly clad that there is splendid shelter, and I think the storms which later in the year sweep down from the mountains would not be much to be feared in the glen. Lord Ossulston and Mr. Parker went out deer-stalking. The ladies in a boat kept up with them, as they were on the opposite face of the mountain. At about a mile from the end of Loch Arkaig, but now almost covered with trees, is an island which was once the burial-place of the MacFies. A little farther on the river Maly runs into the lake, and a mile beyond that are the primeval forests of Gusach and Gerraran, where the heather is so strong that a walking-stick can be cut out of it, and the jungle so impenetrable that I have known a dead stag lost there as one might a partridge in a turnip-field. At the farthest end of the lake Scournahat rises in the shape of a volcano. The whole scenery is in such admirable proportion in reference to the mountains, forests, and water that it is certainly one of the loveliest combinations that can anywhere be seen. On the bank of the river adjoining the two lakes there is a beautiful glen called "the Dark Mile," and a magnificent waterfall. An excellent

road runs through it and joins that to Fort William. There is a cave in the rocks in this valley, in which Charles Edward Stuart concealed himself after his defeat at Culloden in 1746. We found the traditions respecting his hair-breadth escapes still fresh in the memories of the Highlanders, it being just a century since the rebellion took place. We got excellent ponies and very intelligent gillies ready to be engaged at five shillings a week and food, but no doubt if the fashion of going to the Highlands increases, they will not be found for that price. The pines in this primeval forest are some of them twenty feet round, and stand like white skeletons that have died in their old age. The natural growth of these forests at one time must have been of oak, as some very large trunks are lying buried in the more recent growth of pine. One I found was sixty feet long, and completely embedded in the stratum of bog. It is what is called a "hind forest," stags not coming in till late in the year. We seldom went out without seeing eagles, and Lord Edward Thynne killed one as it was soaring above him with a rifle and a single ball.

August 31st.—Some of my party went up Ben Nevis, which took them exactly twelve hours, it being fourteen miles off. The greatest drawback to this beautiful country is the climate, which is so wet on this coast that it is said to rain 220 days in the year, and we found this unfortunately true.

September 2nd.—The French having occupied Mogador, Lord Aberdeen insisted on their immediate evacuation of it. Preparations for war are going on in all the dockyards. Lord Canning, Under-Secretary at

the Foreign Office, writes to me after the bombardment of Tangier and says that for some days there had been every probability of war with France, but now he thinks the danger passed. The occupation of Mogador is since Lord Canning's letter, and will greatly complicate the business, as it is much worse to retain possession of a place than to knock it down.

September 12th.—Letters say that all danger of war is at an end. Prince de Joinville is ordered back to Neuilly, and the King, Louis Philippe, is coming over next month on a visit to the Queen. The latter is to embark for Scotland, and to live at Blair Athol, quite retired, whilst her castle at Balmoral is building.

Semptember 22nd.—We accompanied the gentlemen and Lady Seymour to see the woods of Moich driven for deer. We went there in a boat, and then ascended the hill where we were posted. There we drew a blank. We then descended to the shore and mounted our ponies, when another wood was driven two miles farther on, in which two stags were seen, and in a third a stag was killed. The sun set before we descended the last hill, and I never saw such a glorious sight. The mountains on one side were of the richest purple, while on the opposite shore of the lake the woods were as black as ink. The rays of the sun were reflected in the most dazzling manner on Glen Maly and on the peaks of the mountains, which contrasted exquisitely with the intense darkness of the corries and the woods of Gusach and Gerraran. The scene was so wonderfully beautiful that everything else was forgotten, and during the short time that the vision—for I can call it by no other name—lasted

not a word was spoken. We could only gaze in wonderment and admiration. I never saw anything so surprisingly lovely before, and never expect to do so again. We then returned home in the four-oar. The papers have been full of Louis Philippe's visit to Windsor. His reception has been most cordial wherever he went, not only by the Queen but by the people. The officers of the French fleet have met with a most enthusiastic reception at Portsmouth. The English officers gave them a ball and a dinner; healths were drunk and speeches made, and an immense quantity of humbug exchanged; but the French like that, so I hope it will put them in a good humour. The Queen has given Louis Philippe the Garter.

September 16*th*.—Left Achnacarry by Glencoe and Loch Lomond.

November 7*th*.—Dined with the Cannings and met Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Phillimore. We were curious to see the former, as he is a man who is much spoken of as one who will come to the front. We were disappointed at his appearance, which is that of a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, but he is very agreeable.

November 30*th*.—Mrs. Portman and her sister Lady Sale, and Mrs. Sturt,* the widow of an officer killed at Cabul, came to luncheon. The latter is pretty and very interesting-looking. I never saw a countenance that bore such evident traces of past sorrow. She does all she can to appear cheerful, but her gaiety seems forced, and I saw once or twice an expression

* This lady married again and returned to India, and was one of the first people murdered on the outbreak of the Mutiny.

of agony come over her face. She has a pleasant manner, and is wholly free from affectation; has a very graceful figure and a fascinating expression of countenance when she talks and smiles, and does not look above eighteen. But suffering of mind and body have deprived her of the freshness of youth, and she is deadly pale. I was agreeably surprised in Lady Sale, whom I imagined to myself to be a tall, masculine, overbearing sort of woman. Far from this, she is not above middle height, with quiet, ladylike manners, very proud of her husband and of the number of enemies he has killed in battle with his own hand. She is very fond of India and delighted to return there, which Mrs. Sturt is not. We made Sir Robert Sale's acquaintance the same day at dinner, who, being ill with an attack of ague, could not come to Heron Court. He did not talk much about events in India, as his daughter was just opposite and would have heard what he said. He is a little man, with blue eyes and very white teeth, which a gentleman at table who was suffering from toothache said he envied him more than his victories.

1845.

January 19*th*.—Heron Court. Edward Stanley, Lord Derby's grandson, arrived, and a conversation about politics took place in the evening. He argued with great acuteness and good temper, possessing a remarkable fund of information, seeing that he is only nineteen. I am greatly mistaken if he does not distinguish himself much some day. He is of rather advanced opinions. Some important and ominous changes have

taken place in the Government within this week. The first was occasioned by the death of Lord St. Germains, which removes Lord Eliot to the House of Lords and obliges him to resign the Irish Secretaryship. Sir Thomas Fremantle is appointed in his place; Mr. Sidney Herbert to be Secretary of War with a seat in the Cabinet; Mr. Corry to take his place at the Admiralty. Mr. Gladstone has resigned office altogether, nobody knows why, but it is supposed to be either upon the Church Act—not being inclined to go as far as Peel intends going on that subject—or on some question connected with trade and the sugar duties.

March 21st.—Good Friday. I went to Paris with Lord Ossulston.

April 10th.—The Queen has lost her keys, which she dropped out of her pocket as she was riding. As they were those of the Government boxes, the offices were in consternation at the idea of having all the locks altered. The day they were missed I was passing up King's Road when I saw Colonel Arbuthnot walking slowly in the middle of it with his eyes fixed on the ground. Behind him was a strong body of police and park-rangers drawn in a line across the road and looking down also. The effect was very absurd, and of course people amused themselves by giving false intelligence about the keys and sending them in all directions after supposed finders of the lost treasure.

April 11th.—Dined with Brünnow and the Duc de Broglie.

April, London.—I am just returned from the Castle of Ham, on the Somme, where I have been to see

Prince Louis Napoleon in the prison, in which he has been confined since 1840. Early last January he sent M. Ornano to London to ask me to come and see him on a matter of vital importance to himself, bringing a small almanack for the year, with a vignette of the fortress of Ham painted in miniature on the cover. I was unable to go till now, and having obtained with some difficulty a permission from M. Guizot to see the Prince, I went to Ham on April 20. I found him little changed, although he had been imprisoned five years, and very much pleased to see an old friend fresh from the outer world, and that world London. As I had only half a day allowed me for the interview, he confessed that, although his confidence and courage remained unabated, he was weary of his prison, from which he saw no chance of escaping, as he knew that the French Government gave him opportunities of doing so that they might shoot him in the act. He stated that a deputation had arrived from Ecuador offering him the Presidency of that Republic if Louis Philippe would release him, and in that case he would give the King his parole never to return to Europe. He had, therefore, sent for me as a supporter and friend of Sir R. Peel, at that time our Prime Minister, to urge Sir Robert to intercede with Louis Philippe to comply with his wishes, promising every possible guarantee for his good faith. The Prince was full of a plan for a new canal in Nicaragua, that promised every kind of advantage to British commerce. As a precedent for English official interference I was to quote Earl Grey's in favour of Prince Polignac's release in 1830. I assured the Prince that I would do my best; but added that Lord Aberdeen was our Foreign Secretary, and

that there was nothing of romance in his character. At this time Prince Louis was deeply engaged in writing the history of Artillery, and he took an hour in making me explain the meaning of several technical words in English, which he wished translated. He gave me a full account of his failure at Boulogne, which he declared was entirely owing to the sudden illness of the officer of the day whom he had secured, and who was to have given up the barracks at once. The soldiers had mostly been gained, and the prestige of his name in the French army was universal. To prove this, he assured me that the cavalry escort of lancers who accompanied him to Ham made him constant gestures of sympathy on the road. He then said, "You see the sentry under my window? I do not know whether he is one of *mine* or not; if he is he will cross his arms, if not, he will do nothing when I make a sign." He went to the window and stroked his moustache, but there was no response until three were relieved, when the soldier answered by crossing his arms over his musket. The Prince then said, "You see that my partisans are unknown to me, and so am I to them. My power is in an immortal name, and in that only; but I have waited long enough, and cannot endure imprisonment any longer." I understood that Count Montholon and Dr. Conneau, with his valet, Thelin, were his fellow-prisoners at Ham. After a stay of three hours I left the prison, and returned to London deeply impressed with the calm resolution, or rather philosophy, of this man, but putting little faith as to his ever renouncing the throne of France. Very few in a miserable prison like this, isolated and quasi-forgotten, would have kept their intellect braced by

constant day studies and original compositions, as Bonaparte did during the last five years in the fortress of Ham.

The day after I arrived in London I saw Sir Robert Peel, and related my interview and message to him. He seemed to be greatly interested, and certainly not averse to apply to the French Government in the Prince's favour on his conditions, but said he must consult Lord Aberdeen, which of course was inevitable. That evening he wrote to me to say that Lord Aberdeen "would not hear of it." Who can tell how this decision of the noble lord may influence future history?

May 11*th*.—Dined with the Hamiltons; nobody was there but the family. The Grand Duchess of Baden cross, as she wished to be godmother to Lady Douglas's child, but, being a Roman Catholic, the Bishop of London objected, and Lady Douglas was so annoyed that she would not attend the ceremony.

June 6*th*.—Started for the powder ball at the Palace. My costume, dark blue velvet coat, gilt lace; gold tissue waistcoat, pink satin shorts, and powdered wig. There was an immense crowd all through St. James's to the Palace. They were in high good-humour and pleased at our letting down the glasses and showing ourselves. The minuet was danced very fairly, no mistakes being made, the Queen being decidedly the best performer. After the minuet a quadrille was danced, after which we passed the Queen.

August 8*th*.—Lord and Lady Seymour went with us to Achnacarry. Lady Seymour used to go out stalking, and killed one of the best stags.

Achnacarry, August 19th.—The newspapers are full of accounts of the failure of the potato crop all over England and Ireland. It will be a sad thing for the poor this winter. Corn is also very high, another misfortune, which will probably be taken advantage of by the enemies of the Corn Laws to urge a further reduction of tariff. The French have sustained two defeats in Algeria. In the first a body of 450 men were cut to pieces by the Arabs under Abd-el-Kader, only ten escaping. In the last 200 men and five officers laid down their arms and surrendered prisoners of war.

August 24th.—We have had the most awful storm. The wind was so violent that nobody in the house could sleep, and the servants actually got up at three in the morning and came downstairs, fearing the roof would be blown off. This storm continued the whole of the next day, with heavy rain. I went down to the loch and was well repaid for it. It was impossible to see anything finer in its way. It was like a sea—immense waves of deep green tipped with foam breaking against the shore, and dashing the spray to an immense height.

October 25th.—We left Achnacarry with the Seymours on a fine bright morning.

October 30th.—Parted with the Seymours at York and went to Knowsley. Found that Lord Stanley had been called to London for a Cabinet meeting.

November 3rd.—Left Knowsley for Grimsthorpe, Lord Willoughby d'Eresby's place. Nothing is talked of in London to-day but the elopement of Lady Adela Villiers with Captain Ibbotson. Poor Lady Jersey is

much distressed. Lord Stuart de Rothesay is dead. He was the Duke of Wellington's right-hand man in the Peninsular War, as Commissioner managing the Spaniards and Portuguese Juntas, which he did with great ability. Afterwards Ambassador at Paris.

December 11*th*.—Heron Court. My brother came down, bringing news of Sir Robert Peel's resignation. It is not yet known what occasioned this extraordinary and unexpected event, but it is supposed to be connected with the Corn Laws.

December 13*th*.—Sir Robert Peel has advised the Queen to send for Lord John Russell, which her Majesty has done. He came in four years ago, professing to be a friend of the agricultural interest, and having six months ago declared positively that he would not vote for the abolition of the Corn Laws, as he thought the advantage which might be gained by the manufacturer would be more than counterbalanced by the mischief it would do to the agriculturist. He has now not only proposed the total abolition of those laws, and resigns office because the majority of the Cabinet is against him, but advises the Queen to entrust the formation of a new Ministry to Lord John Russell, thereby throwing the country into the hands of the Radicals, for no moderate Government under Russell, Grey, and Morpeth is possible.

December 15*th*.—Lord John Russell has been sent for by the Queen, but it is not yet known whether he accepts office; he is to give a definite answer to-morrow. It is said Peel proposed a total abolition of the Corn Laws, and was opposed by all the Cabinet except

Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert. The Duke of Wellington came over next day, and with him all the rest except Lord Stanley, but the Duke afterwards repented and Peel resigned. He expected that the Queen would have made more difficulty about accepting his resignation than she appears to have done, for when he went down to Osborne House with his colleagues he told Mr. Gunnell, the inspector of the railroad, to keep a special train for him next day, as he did not think he would return with the other Ministers. But he came back with them, and his opinion was not asked as to who should be his successor.

December 19*th*.—Lord Canning writes that Lord John Russell is believed to have formed a Government, and that the ports are to be opened directly, wheat being only at 57*s*.

December 20*th*.—Nothing decided as yet. Lords Aberdeen and Lincoln, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert met on Friday at Sir Robert Peel's house.

December 21*st*.—Lord John Russell has given up the attempt to form a Cabinet, because Lord Palmerston insists on being Foreign Secretary, to which Louis Philippe objects. There is great 'diversity of opinion amongst the Whigs on the subject of the Corn Laws, many being against total repeal, and others for a fixed duty. In short, this dissension has ended in the Queen sending again for Sir Robert Peel.

December 25*th*.—Sir Robert Peel has resumed office with the same Cabinet except Lord Stanley, who remains out.

December 30*th*.—I went to a meeting at Christchurch called by the Anti-Corn Law party. There was a good deal of speaking, and the Radical party were defeated by three to one on a resolution which they proposed.

1846.

January 12*th*.—Heron Court. The Cannings arrived to-day. He evidently expects that Peel's Government will not stand, and, being Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, he should know.

January 22nd.—The Queen opened Parliament to-day in person. Sir Robert Peel gave his explanation of the events which led to the dissolution of the Ministry and its re-formation in a long speech, half threatening and half apologetic. It was eloquent, but his cause is very weak and his position very pitiful. The statement was listened to in solemn silence by his own party, while it was occasionally cheered by the Opposition, which must have been very mortifying. Disraeli then got up and made a very clever and bitter attack, full of personalities and sarcasms directed against Peel, every one of which was received with laughter and cheers from both sides of the House. The Address was carried in both Houses without opposition. The Duke of Richmond and I spoke in favour of Protection, and were both cheered; rather an event in the House of Lords.

January 27*th*.—Saw Lady Stanley, who says her husband resigned for no other reason than his objection to Sir Robert Peel's policy on the Corn Laws.

Sir Robert Peel has brought in his bill for the repeal of the Corn Laws. He proposes to keep a sliding scale, though reducing the amount of protection for three years, at the end of which time there is to be a total repeal of all duty on corn. He proposes at the same time to diminish the duties upon manufactures, one-half directly; but whatever amount of protection he leaves them now they are to keep at the end of three years, while the agriculturists are to lose theirs entirely. The compensation he promises them is a mere mockery, and will do more harm than good.

February 9th.—The debate on Peel's Corn Bill begins to-day. Mr. Miles made a good speech on our side.

February 14th.—The debate on the Corn Bill still continues, and no decision has yet taken place. Almost all the speaking has been on the agricultural side, Lord John Russell, Lord Morpeth, and Mr. Roebuck being the only Whigs of note who have spoken on the other.

February 15th.—I heard yesterday that Lady Powerscourt's marriage with Lord Castlereagh is settled. I am going up to London this morning at the Duke of Richmond's request to speak upon his motion for an inquiry into the burthen on land. Lord Beaumont also brings forward a motion to the same effect.

February 17th.—News from Algeria gives bad accounts of the state of the French army. Abd-el-Kader harasses them on all sides in a most indefatigable manner, and in a way which makes all their bravery and knowledge of war perfectly useless, for he never

waits for their troops. His system is one of alternate attack and retreat, and as all the inhabitants are for him the French are never warned of any intended attack, but he falls upon them unexpectedly when they are least prepared, and then disappears as suddenly as he came, without their having time to do him any injury. In addition to this harassing mode there is a great deal of sickness in their army. It is said that the Duc d'Aumale is going out to take command, and that more troops are to be sent.*

February 18*th.*—Lord Stanley declares himself against Peel's bill, and for a dissolution. Peel is said to be very unwell, and has been cupped three times. He can think and talk of nothing but famine. Lords De la Warr and Forester have resigned their Court places.

February 19*th.*—Returned to Heron Court from London, and saw Lord Stanley there, who is decidedly against Peel's measure, and though disinclined at present to take the lead of the Agricultural party, will certainly do so at some future period. He thinks that any attempt to form a Government at present from amongst our party would be premature, from the want of an experienced leader in the House of Commons, and the only way to rally and unite the party is in opposition. Therefore, the Whigs must first come in. The Duke of Wellington, though he supports the measure, is against it, and told Lord Stanley that his only reason for staying in and supporting Peel was for

* The Duc d'Aumale defeated Abd-el-Kader, and took his camp. Abd-el-Kader was a prisoner in France until Louis Napoleon released him in 1853.

the sake of the Queen and the peace of the country. He deeply lamented that Peel had brought the measure forward, thought he was quite wrong, that he had broken up a noble party, and that it was for him (Lord Stanley) to rally it again, his own career was nearly ended, and that Stanley must be leader of the party. Lord Beaumont went to the Duke and asked him to grant him a committee for an inquiry into the burthen on land, and he first tried to persuade him to give it up, but finding him firm he said, "Well, my good fellow, you must have it. I will not oppose it; I am quite of your opinion on the subject; it is a d——d mess, but I must look to the peace of the country and the Queen." It is evident from his whole conduct lately this is his sincere opinion, for though he retains office he has never said a word in defence of Peel or his measure. He sits on the Government bench with his hat drawn over his face, apparently indifferent to all the attacks made on the Government, never saying a word in answer.

February 22nd.—Heron Court. The Cannings arrived. He supports Peel, so of course politics were not talked.

February 24th.—News has arrived from India of our having gained a great victory over the Sikhs, who were the aggressors, crossing the Sutlej and invading our possessions. Sir Henry Hardinge, Sir H. Gough, and General McCaskell advanced to meet them, and a battle was fought at Moodkee on the 18th, which was decisive, it having continued till the 22nd, when we stormed and took their camp with a hundred pieces of cannon. Our loss was dreadful. Sir Robert

Sale was killed, also General McCaskell, Major Broadfoot, and Major Somerset, Lord Fitzroy Somerset's son. In all about 150 officers and about three thousand men were killed and wounded, a thousand of them being English. Many were killed in the enemy's camp, which was mined, and blew up when we had taken possession of it, and many others whilst engaged in burying the dead, through want of cavalry. We were only twenty thousand against sixty thousand, and had only fifty guns. Our troops behaved with the most desperate gallantry. The battle of the 22nd was fought at Ferozeshah. Sir Henry Hardinge, who is Viceroy, was present at both that and the engagement at Moodkee, having volunteered to serve under Sir Hugh Gough, to whom he afterwards addressed a despatch describing the battle. This at first sight seems absurd, but it was due in accordance with the etiquette observed on these occasions, this kind of despatch being intended as a public document. The army under the command of Sir H. Gough had marched 150 miles in six days previous to the battle of Moodkee, and on the same day had marched thirty miles. The men were exhausted with fatigue, and dying of thirst, without time to refresh themselves, when they were hurried into battle against fresh troops. These they repulsed, but with severe loss. They then bivouacked on the field of battle, and the next day entrenched themselves, expecting a fresh attack, but being recruited by two other regiments they advanced to the relief of Sir John Littler, who was supposed to be beleaguered in Ferozeshah by the Sikhs. Having effected a junction with him, they attacked the camp of the Sikhs, and the fighting continued the greatest

part of the night. Next day the attack was again renewed and the enemy driven out.

February 24th.—After this the Sikhs advanced again with 30,000 fresh troops and numerous artillery, and though we had not a single gun to oppose them, and had made up our minds to be destroyed, they most unaccountably retreated, and since the date of the last despatch on December 25 they had not been heard of. Sir Robert Peel has sent a good report of his health to "The Times," saying that he has not been cupped and was never better in his life.

March 9th.—There was a meeting of Peers at the Duke of Richmond's, at which Lord Eglinton read a letter from Lord Stanley advising as to the course to be pursued in opposition to Peel's bill, and promising his support to the Protection party. In consequence of this it was decided to look upon Stanley as the leader of the party, and to do nothing without consulting him. Lord Eglinton and I, who have been chosen Whips on this occasion, informed Lord Stanley of what had passed at the meeting that same afternoon in the House of Lords, and he was evidently very much pleased and flattered at the confidence reposed in him.

March 15th.—We took a box at the opera with Lady Seymour, and went afterwards to Lady Palmerston's. Mr. Sidney Herbert was there, and came up to me in a great state of excitement, saying that my conduct in leaving Peel was unworthy a gentleman, that the whole Protectionist party were a set of fools, and Lord Stanley the greatest fool among us, and that Peel was delighted at having got rid of us, &c. In

short, he said everything that was most obnoxious. If he had not been in such a frantic passion I should probably not have been able to keep my temper, but there was something so absurd in his unprovoked attack that I retained perfect command over myself. It was certainly very extraordinary, as I had not spoken to him that evening, or seen him since he came to London, and had given him no provocation whatever. He is generally careful of what he says; in fact, he carries caution to that degree that he is famous for it. We met again at the tea-table that evening, when Mrs. Norton joined us, and by that time Mr. Herbert had recovered his good humour. He called on me this morning, partly to make up for his extravagant conduct last night, and partly to find out whether Lord Stanley meant to accept the leadership of our party. This shows the violence of party feeling at present, as Sidney Herbert and I have always been like brothers.

March 21st.—Lord Stanley is now established in the direction of the Protectionist party. He presented some petitions yesterday in favour of Protection, and took the opportunity of declaring himself against Peel's bill for repealing the Corn Laws. This will fix many waverers who have been inclined to vote with Peel though disliking his measure.

March 26th.—News has arrived of another great victory over the Sikhs. The battle took place at Aliwal, and the troops engaged were commanded by Sir Harry Smith. The Sikhs were much stronger in numbers and well provided with artillery, but we took their batteries at the point of the bayonet.

April 1st.—Another great victory over the Sikhs at Sobraon on February 10. The whole army, including Sir Harry Smith's division, which had joined Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Henry Hardinge on the 8th, was engaged. They stormed the entrenchments of the Sikhs, taking about sixty cannon, and drove them over the river with great slaughter. There is now every probability that the war is ended, this last battle having been a very decisive one.

April 18th.—Louis Philippe has again been shot at when driving in the forest of Fontainebleau. No one was hurt. The English army entered Lahore on February 20 and occupied the citadel.

May 13th.—A great dinner at Lord Stanley's, who observed that it was a curious state of parties when a Liberal like Lord Bessborough whipped up the bishops to support the Duke of Wellington on a Free Trade question.

May 11th.—The third reading of the Corn Bill took place, and the numbers were—for the bill, 327; against, 229; majority for the Ministers, 98, being one more than for the second reading. Peel's position, however, has not improved, and the general impression is that he must resign before long. The treatment he received is truly humiliating, and I cannot conceive his submitting to it. The Whigs are in high spirits. The plan now seems to be to propose a fixed duty in committee, which, if supported by the Protectionists and Whigs, must be carried. Peel, who goes for the total abolition, will then be obliged to go out or dissolve Parliament, but it is probable that he will not attempt to prolong the struggle and will resign at once.

Lord George Bentinck to Lord M.

Harcourt House: May 16, 1846.

My dear Malmesbury,—I have set an engine to work to get Lord Hawke if possible. Lord Galway must be my instrument.

Disraeli made a wonderful speech last night, even O'Connell says it was the greatest speech he ever heard within the walls of Parliament.

Ever yours sincerely,

G. BENTINCK.

May 18th.—Colonel Bowles called, and told me he saw Peel yesterday, who said he could no longer bear the treatment he received and had determined to resign. In the last night's debate on the Corn Bill Disraeli made a most violent attack upon him, which was cheered, not only by the Protectionists but by his own friends, who, though they voted for him, are very angry with him for getting himself and them into such a scrape. They now see they have gained nothing by following him. Nothing could be more violent than party feeling at this moment, especially between the Peelites and Protectionists, who seem to have lost all power of commanding their language.

May 22nd.—I have refused all pairs in the Protection party until after the second reading of the Corn Bill in the House of Lords.

May 23rd.—A great meeting of Whig Peers at Lansdowne House, at which they pledged themselves to support the bill. We shall therefore be completely beaten if they do not vote for the fixed duty. We expected after Lord Normanby had made overtures to us, through me, which were agreed to by Lord Stanley,

that they would support our amendment. It is said the majority of the meeting at Lansdowne House were for voting with us, but they were overruled by Lords Clarendon, Minto, and John Russell, and are now pledged to vote for the total repeal. Many of the Whigs are much annoyed at this decision, and expressed themselves so to me.

May 25th.—The debate on the second reading of the Corn Bill began to-day, when Lord Stanley made a most splendid speech on the subject—extraordinarily argumentative and eloquent, and free from all personality. It had an immense effect, and was praised by all parties.

May 27th.—On returning home from White's Club, a man ran over the street and stopped my horse, and at first I did not recognise him, but to my great surprise I saw Prince Louis Napoleon, whom I had left two months before as a prisoner in the fortress of Ham. He had just landed in England after his escape, and was going into the Brunswick Hotel in Jermyn Street. On the same day we dined with the Duke of Beaufort at Hamilton House, and as the party was sitting down to dinner I saw opposite me Louis de Noailles, who was one of the Attachés at the French Embassy, and said across the table to him, "Have you seen him?" "Who?" he asked. "Louis Napoleon," I replied; "he is in London, having just escaped." De Noailles dropped the lady who was on his arm and made but one jump out of the room, for it seems that the news had not yet reached the French Embassy. I never saw a man look more frightened.

June 4th.—The Government has been defeated in

the House of Lords on a bill respecting Lord Hardinge's and Lord Gough's pensions. The Duke of Richmond moved that the pension proposed to be paid to their two next heirs should be paid to the present holders of the titles in addition to that given by the East India Company. The Government opposed this, and were beaten by 12.

June 15th.—The Duke of Buckingham moved an amendment to continue the protection to agriculture after a lapse of three years had taken place, but the Government had a majority of 33, and it was rejected.

June 16th.—Lord Winchilsea's amendment for a fixed duty was rejected by the same majority.

June 25th.—The Corn Law Bill passed to-day without a division. Lord Stanley entered his protest against it, which will probably be signed by all the Protectionist Peers. The second reading of the Coercion Bill came on in the Commons, and the Government were beaten by a majority of 73; 106 Protectionists voted with Peel, and 70 against him, and all the Whigs and Radicals. The defeat of the Government was reckoned so complete that neither Whigs nor Protectionists cheered.

June 26th.—There was a Cabinet this morning, after which Sir Robert Peel went down to Osborne to acquaint the Queen with the decision of the Cabinet, and, it is supposed, to tender his resignation.

June 27th.—Dined with Lord and Lady Lansdowne. Met the Beauforts, the Clarendons, Lord de Grey, and the Duke of Richmond. It was a dull dinner, everybody occupied with politics, and the party so mixed

that the subject could not be mentioned. Sir Robert Peel went down again to Osborne to-day.

June 29th.—I hear the dinner at Lansdowne House has made a great sensation from its mixture, and is called the "Coalition" dinner, which is absurd. Sir Robert Peel declared in the House of Commons this afternoon that he had resigned office, and would give his support to Lord John Russell in all Free Trade measures. This will bring back to the Protectionists a great many of the Peelite party, and is a good move for them. Various rumours, as usual, as to the posts given to the members of the new Government. Peel flattered Cobden immensely, saying that there was one name which would go down to posterity, which was neither his nor Lord John's, but that of Richard Cobden. Peel was escorted to his house by about a hundred people, who cheered as loudly as their limited numbers would permit.

August 21st.—News from Spain has been very interesting of late. The marriage of the Queen with the Duke of Cadiz is settled, in spite of her abhorrence of him; and that of her sister with the Duc de Montpensier is announced to take place at the same time. This is a masterpiece of Louis Philippe's cunning, because it is known that the Queen would not have children, even if her own bad health made it possible. Her sister will then be heir to the throne. The English Government, especially Lord Palmerston, are much displeased, and Mr. Bulwer and M. de Bresson, their respective Ministers at Madrid, are on the coolest terms since the announcement has been made, it having taken Lord Palmerston completely by sur-

prise. Mr. Bulwer did not attend the public announcement of the Queen's marriage; and, to complicate the question, Don Carlos's son, Count Montemolin, Cabrera, and other Carlist generals, have made their escape, and the whole country is in a ferment in consequence of this French alliance, which is generally detested. If I know Lord Palmerston, he will never forgive Louis Philippe this trick which he has played upon him, and will pay him off some day.

October 7th.—We left London for Dover with my brother-in-law, Lord Ossulston; sailed for Ostend, thence to Liège, where the engine was taken off and we went down the steepest-inclined plane I ever saw on any railway. If the rope had given way we must all have been smashed. Thence by Verviers to Cologne, and up the Rhine by steamboat. The King of Prussia is employing four hundred workmen in finishing the cathedral at Cologne, which will consume seventeen years before it is completed, if the money and stone do not fail. The latter is procured from a quarry near Drachenfels.

October 12th.—Have reached Godesberg. We walked up the hill to the castle of Drachenfels. The ruin, which is very picturesque, is disfigured by hundreds of English names scrawled upon the battlements, a habit that seems peculiar to our nation.

October 13th.—Left Godesberg and reached Coblenz. We walked to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which contains a garrison of twelve hundred men. The magazines are victualled for seven years, but are always renewed every three years.

October 14*th.*—We arrived at Mayence and went on to Mannheim.

October 15*th.*—Reached Heidelberg. The road runs along the banks of the Neckar and is very beautiful. This magnificent castle was destroyed by fire, but the exterior is uninjured, excepting some parts which were blown up by the French in the Thirty Years' War.

October 16*th.*—Left Heidelberg by the railway, with the Cannings, whom we met here, and reached Fribourg. Walked to the cathedral, said to be the finest in Europe after that of Burgos. In size it is not larger than that of Salisbury or even Christchurch, but in the richness of its architecture and decorations it immeasurably surpasses both. The windows of painted glass exceed any.

October 17*th.*—Left Fribourg by the road through the Hollenthal, which is very wild. The approach to Stuhlingen is magnificent along the brow of a very steep hill, the declivity of which is so abrupt that you see nothing over the parapet wall from your carriage but the valley at an immense depth under your feet. The sun was just setting as we were descending the hill, and threw the most glorious light over the valley and the woods and mountains in the distance. It was quite dark before we left Stuhlingen, and we, therefore, lost the scenery to Schaffhausen. We went to Wiebur's hotel, which is just opposite the falls of the Rhine.

October 18*th.*—Reached Constance, close to the lake, which at this point expands into an immense

sheet of water. Lord Ossulston left us to-day for Zurich, on his way to Milan, and will join us at Venice.

October 19th.—Left Constance for Italy over the Brenner Pass, by Bludenz, Landeck, and the Tyrol.

October 21st.—Reached Innspruck. I never saw anything so frightful as the women of this country. They all look old, more like old men than women, and as they wear men's hats the resemblance is still more striking. I suppose it is hard labour and bad living which makes them so uncomely. All have the same ugly features, high cheek bones, large mouths, small eyes, with enormous feet and legs. The museum is entirely supported by the contributions of the inhabitants, each paying ten florins per annum. The guardian showed us a miniature of Hofer, the famous patriot, who opposed the French in '96, the only likeness taken of him; also his sword and accoutrements, all of which are held in great veneration by the Tyrolese. As we were going away he took us into a private room and produced a letter which was written by Lord Bathurst, our Minister, to the Tyrolese during the great war, sending them a subsidy of 30,000*l.* from the English Government to assist them in opposing the French invasion. In reading the letter I found to my surprise that, though it was signed "Bathurst," it was written by my father, who at that time was Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. We carried away a copy of it, and the superintendent said that most of the English who came here wanted one, so he always kept some ready written. This letter is apparently much valued here as a relic, together with a German copy of it.

October 23rd.—We met the funeral of an officer of the Tyrolese corps, an immense number of people following the procession. Those nearest the coffin carried lighted tapers, after them the priests in full canonicals, then the coffin, with a yellow pall and black borders, and two pictures painted or worked upon it. Four men walked beside the coffin carrying lanterns on the top of long poles; behind, the military band playing the gayest opera music, and afterwards an immense crowd of men, women, and children. The effect was strange, for during the time the band played their opera airs, the great bell of the church, the most tuneful and melodious one I ever heard, every stroke resembling a full chord of the finest wind instrument, tolled slowly; so the whole was a great mixture of solemnity and frivolity, but still certainly striking to one who, like me, witnessed it for the first time. The ascent of Brenner is very easy, and only took an hour and a half.*

October 26th.—After leaving Mittenwald reached Niederndorf. It snowed a little when we started, and by the time we reached the first post to Landau it lay so thick upon the ground that we thought we should not be able to proceed. It was above the axletrees of the front wheels, and the track was nearly obliterated. The atmosphere looked nearly as white as the ground, and the snow increased rapidly till it reached the top of the front wheels. At this anxious moment we met a party of men with a snow-plough, dragged by twenty horses, who had got through the drift, and this enabled

* There is now a splendid railway over this pass down to Venice.

us to pass and reach Landau. The next stage to Cortina was nearly as bad, the snow reaching over the parapet, which it hid, making the road very unsafe going down the sharp turns in the descent. The horses, however, were so good and well-trained that they go along the worst roads perfectly safely and never jib. We breakfasted at Cortina, which is the first Italian town. There we fell in with Mr. Waghorn's Indian courier. He was making experiments to find the shortest road from India through Italy and France.

October 27th.—Arrived at Mestre, and embarked in a large gondola for Venice. The town has been lighted by gas since we were here fifteen years ago, and the railway and bridge are no disfigurement to it.

October 31st.—I went with the Websters to hear mass at Saint Mark's, the Patriarch of Venice officiating. The greatest part of the ceremony appeared to consist in dressing and undressing him. The music good, but nothing remarkable.

November 2nd.—I went to the Manfrini Palace to admire again Ariosto's portrait by Titian.*

November 3rd.—Went to the Accademia, where I was confirmed in my opinion that "The Assumption" and "The Presentation of the Virgin as a Child" are the two finest pictures by Titian in Europe. The latter is the superior one. Titian's last work is also in this collection, painted when he was ninety-nine years old, but shows the effect of years even upon him.

* This collection was sold, and this picture is now in our National Gallery.

November 16*th.*—I have been seriously ill with a quinsy, and till now unable to go out. Left Venice to-day and reached Padua, thence to Ferrara. Detained an hour and a half crossing the Adige and the Po, being delayed by a carriage that was before us embedded in the mud.

November 18*th.*—We reached Bologna, where Lord Ossulston rejoined us.

November 20*th.*—Reached Florence.

November 25*th.*—Went to Bartolini's and Power's studios. The latter is making a duplicate of his "Greek Slave" for Lord Ward. His statue of "Eve" is also beautiful in the shape of the head, which is quite lovely both in feature and expression, but the figure is much less modest and graceful than that of his "Greek Slave," probably from its being rather larger than life. But the statue which pleased me most was one of a girl of fourteen by Dupré, and which he calls "Innocenza;" the figure being that of a girl just on the verge of womanhood. The papers mention the occupation of Cracow by the Austrians, who, in concert with Russia and Prussia, have declared that the Republic of Cracow no longer exists, and have annexed it to the Austrian Empire, Russia declaring that if Austria did not take it she would. This has been done without the knowledge of either England or France, and is said to be a consequence of the coolness existing between those Powers, for if the *entente cordiale* was still in force they would not have dared to do such a thing.

November 27*th.*—Left Florence at ten, and arrived

at Arezzo at seven. The roads were very heavy and covered with loose stones.

November 28th.—The towns we passed through bore marks of great antiquity, and are very curious old places. The whole aspect of the country and the people is so different from what we have lately seen, and they are apparently so far behind in civilisation, that one could easily fancy oneself a thousand miles from Florence. We were shown in the church at Arezzo the skeleton of a man who had been immured. It was still covered with skinlike parchment, and the features were quite preserved. The wretched creature had been walled-up evidently alive, and seems to have struggled either to escape from his prison or died from suffocation.

November 29th.—Reached Civita Castellana in ten hours.

November 30th.—We reached Rome at 3 P.M., having received a very bad impression of the climate, as it had poured with rain during the whole journey from Florence.

December 10th.—The rains have been so heavy that the greatest part of Rome is under water, which is deepest on the Corso, the Piazza del Popolo, and some parts of the Via Babuino. In the Corso the depth is as much as four or five feet; in fact, a man was nearly drowned there, but was saved by the Prince Borghese, who was going about in a boat carrying bread to the poor people who were prisoners in their houses. In the Via Ripetta the depth is seventeen feet. This is the highest flood since 1805; and as during the last three or four days it had been predicted, the people

who inhabit those parts of the town liable to inundation have had time to remove their property, but they have not done so, and do not care, as the Government always indemnifies them for their losses.

December 12th.—The most violent storm of thunder and hail occurred to-day; our windows were blown in.

December 21st.—Went to Cardinal Marini's *ricevimento.* He is extremely unpopular, and it was said those who went to his house would have been pelted, but we went there safely. Lady Lichfield and her daughter, the Cannings, Shelburnes, and a quantity of English and Americans were there. We were presented to the Princess Lancellotti, who received for the Cardinal. It was not worth seeing, as the Roman ladies were frightened at the rumour I have mentioned, and but few came. Those who did were covered with the most magnificent diamonds, but were not handsome.

December 22nd.—Lord Ossulston and I went to Cisterna to shoot, but found the Pontine Marshes flooded, and could not approach the wild geese or any sort of wild fowl, so we had to beat some woods for woodcock. One of these was called the "Wood of the Dead Woman," why we could not find out. But as the marshes were under water the woodcock could not get their food, and we found very few, so returned on the 25th to Rome.

1847.

January 1st.—We called on Signora Gagiotti, surnamed the "Corinne" of Rome. She is very handsome, twenty-three years of age, speaks English and

three other languages perfectly, has a very fine voice, is a good musician, playing both harp and piano, and writes poetry, for which she was crowned last year at the Capitol. She paints portraits better than a great many artists.

January 4th.—We went with Lord Walpole, who understands Etruscan vases very well, to see the great collection of Mr. Campana. Lord Walpole told us there were rules by which to distinguish the different sorts, and the epochs at which they were made. The latter are divided into four. The first is recognised by the rudeness of the drawings, which present unnatural and fictitious animals painted upon a light-coloured ground. The oldest of all are quite black without any figures. The second period represents figures resembling the style of the Egyptians, very stiff, with few lines, generally black or black and white upon a red ground. At the third period, when the art was brought to its greatest perfection, the figures were beautifully drawn in the Grecian style, representing historical subjects, many taken from the "Iliad," and called "Homeric." These are generally red on a black ground. The fourth period marked the decadence of the art, and its products were very inferior to the third. I went to see the famous statue of Pompey at the Palazzo Strada, at the foot of which Cæsar fell. I consider this the most interesting association to be found in all Rome.

January 11th.—Left Rome for Naples. Slept at Cisterna. All the people look wretched, as the infection from the Pontine Marshes extends to this place. The greatest part of the population have the fever, and

chiefly men who work in the fields and are exposed to the malaria. My courier says that the points of the shoots of walnut trees steeped in water and put out all night is the usual and most certain remedy, and more effectual than quinine.

January 13th.—We slept at Mola, and we reached Naples in the evening following.

January 14th.—Went to the Museum, where the pictures are not first-rate, but there are curious paintings from Pompeii. We stayed at Naples till the 18th. Vesuvius was nearly silent during that time. From Naples we went to Salerno, seeing Pompeii on our way.

January 19th.—We started with Lord Ossulston at 7 A.M., and reached Pæstum at 10.50; remained there until 2 P.M., and got back to Naples at 6 P.M. We had our luncheon in the Temple of Neptune, a magnificent structure, and most interesting, but the swarm of beggars greatly spoiled one's pleasure, and it is impossible to get rid of them.

January 20th.—We returned to Naples, and went in the evening to Princess Torella's ball. Pretty and not crowded. All the handsome women were English.

January 22nd.—The Duke of Devonshire, who is staying here, hired a steamer, and invited us, the Kenmares, and three painters, to make an expedition to Capri. The Duke had prepared luncheon when we reached the island, but just as we were starting, his butler, who was very active in regulating matters, unfortunately fell back from the pier into the sea, creating great alarm and confusion, and delaying us over half-an-hour while he changed his dress. Half way to

Capri it began to rain, which forced us to go below, and finally there was too much swell for us to enter the cave safely, and we had to return to Naples, having failed in our projects.

January 23rd.—We went to the opera at San Carlo in Mr. Temple's (our Minister's) box. It is the largest theatre in Europe.

January 24th.—An eruption of Mount Vesuvius has begun, and has been very fine for the last two nights. Went to the Princess Dentici.

January 26th.—We all three left Naples, slept at Castellamare, where we met Wrottesley and Bridgman, and proceeded to Sorrento. We walked all over the town, saw the fortifications which baffled the French the first time they laid siege to it, though they took it two years afterwards. There is a manufactory of inlaid wood here.

January 27th.—I went to Ravello, where I visited the cathedral, which has some fine old mosaics. A curious discovery has just been made of a manuscript which mentions the exact spot in the church where the bones of St. Andrew the Apostle were buried. Searches were accordingly made, and they have been exhumed, and the skull placed in a gold box, and the ceremony of canonisation takes place to-morrow. A service in honour of the saint was going on in a crypt where we descended. I afterwards walked up the Valley of the Mills, which is very beautiful. Had some excellent maccaroni for luncheon. It is reckoned the best in Italy and very cheap, two hundredweight costing only forty francs.

January 29th. — Returned to Castellamare and caught the train for Naples.

February 3rd.—We all went this evening to the King's ball; it was worth seeing, the apartment being fine and beautifully lighted. In the ball-room there were five enormous chandeliers of crystal, but they were hung too low, the room being immensely high.

February 5th.—Left Naples, and reached Rome on the 7th. Our party consisted of the Shelburnes, the Cannings, the Herberts of Muckross, the Comtesse and Mdlle. de Flahault, M. Latour-Maubourg, and Ossulston. We hired a balcony on the Corso to see the humours of the Carnival. We had a large box full of *confetti*—I believe about 1,200 lbs.

February 9th. — The pelting was slacker to-day. There were numbers of pretty *contadine* in very rich costumes; they were spared, but everybody else who passed under the balcony we overwhelmed.

February 11th.—This was the great day of the Carnival, and we all started at two o'clock for the Corso. We hired a large carriage with two boxes, and high enough to be out of the reach of the pickpockets, who comprise almost the whole Roman population. The day was fine, though very cold, and all the *contadine* appeared in costume; many were very lovely and their dresses uncommonly rich. We threw and received quantities of *bonbons* and nosegays, but with the exception of those on the balconies and a few from the carriages, English and Americans, nobody pelted us. We returned to the balcony for the race of the *barberi*, as they call their horses.

February 12th.—The Cannings gave a supper, and some of the party before mentioned went to the masquerade at the Apollo Theatre, which was extremely amusing. We went in and out of the boxes in different disguises, changing our dominoes frequently. A great many people, men and women, came into our box, but all were very civil, and nothing disagreeable was said. We came home at half-past four, very tired.

February 15th.—Very wet to-day. There were some carriages with Roman women in costume, but all looking very wretched, their rich dresses soaked and dripping with water. Most of them wore nothing on their heads, and their dresses being all made low with short sleeves, they must have suffered dreadfully from the weather, which was extremely cold, besides the rain, which came down in torrents.

February 16th.—No *confetti* were thrown in our faces to-day, but the usual quantity of nosegays and sweetmeats. We went to the balcony, after which we lit our *moccoletti*, and had a great battle for about half an hour. The crowd, almost all of whom had lighted candles, was immense, and the noise so deafening that we were glad to get away and rest a little before the *festino* which was to take place that evening. This consists of a masquerade at the theatre, to which we repaired at eight o'clock.

February 24th.—The last few days have been spent at dinners given by several of our party. We have been very fortunate in finding this season at Rome almost all the most agreeable and clever people of our acquaintance. The Shelburnes and the Cannings are

remarkable for both qualities, and it is a real pleasure to see the wonders of Rome in such company.

March 1st.—Went with Lord and Lady Canning to Baron Kessner's, who has a good collection of pictures; some curious ones by Giotto, and a beautiful portrait by Raphael, supposed to be that of the lady he was engaged to marry a short time before his death. Mr. Augustus Villiers* is lying dangerously ill, having broken a blood-vessel in the chest.

March 2nd.—We left Rome, covered with snow, and reached Civita Castellana that afternoon. It snowed all the way from there to Terni and also to Foligno. I never suffered so much from cold during the severest weather in England as in both those places.

March 4th.—Left Foligno and stopped at Spello, where we saw the cathedral of the Franciscan church of San Lorenzo. Here we got into the country of Raphael, Perugino, Pinturicchio, and Spagna; and some of the finest specimens of those artists' paintings are to be seen here. At the church of San Lorenzo there is a splendid picture by Pinturicchio over the altar, and at the other end of the church is one by Spagna. But the monks discouraged our going to see it, and I found out afterwards the reason they had done so was because there was a dead body in the church, which we must pass, and they thought must be disagreeable to us to see, as it was uncovered. From Spello we went to Assisi, where we saw the church of St. Francis, containing some fine Giottos. The upper church is in the Gothic style, with painted glass windows, and the walls

* Lord Jersey's son, who died soon afterwards.

in fresco by Cimabue and his pupils. In the lower church there is a beautiful picture by Spagna of the Virgin and Child; also a curious portrait of St. Francis painted in A.D. 1230, supposed to be by Giunta di Pisa, who was his friend. From Assisi we went to Perugia. It stands very high, and it was so bitterly cold that we could not leave the house to see it.

March 5th.—The weather having improved, we went to Casa Domini, where there are a few good pictures of the Umbrian School. Went to Casa Penna, but could not gain admittance. We heard to-day that the Cavaliere Penna, who is the guardian of the young man to whom the pictures in the house belong, sold one for 750 scudi to a foreigner about three years ago. It was a very beautiful portrait of a woman by Raphael, and on hearing this it struck me from various circumstances that it was the identical picture we had seen at Baron Kessner's the day before we left Rome, and which he told us he bought at Bologna three years ago. The face, he said, was painted over, but judging from the extreme beauty of the rest of the picture, he had the courage to have the paint taken off, and the face of the present lovely picture was discovered. The snow came on again at night, and the cold was so intense that I fear the country must suffer. The principal source of wealth of its inhabitants is the olive, which is very delicate. I saw quantities on the higher ground nearly stripped of their leaves, which were strewed over the fields and roads from the severity of the frosts, looking as if they were burnt.

March 7th.—We reached Florence, where we stayed till the 12th, when we went to Lucca. There is a very

nice collection of pictures at the Palazzo Manzi; among them a beautiful Madonna and Child by Francia, one of the most lovely pictures I ever saw; also a good collection of Dutch pictures, with the names to them most ignorantly misapplied.

March 13th.—We reached La Spezzia. Found the torrents that cross the roads quite dry; the one between Sorzana and Spezzia is a very bad one. Found the prices of the work at Carrara very much increased to what they were sixteen years ago, when I could buy a very handsome chimney-piece for 20*l.*—they now ask 60*l.*

March 15th.—We reached Genoa, where I bought from the Marquis de Brignole a very fine circular portrait of Titian by Sebastiano del Piombo, painted on a solid block of cypress wood, and an inscription burned by a hot iron at the back, with the names of those two great men, and the date "1548." It is now at Heron Court.

March 22nd.—After having paraded all the galleries and palaces of Genoa, we left it, returning by the Corniche, stopping at Savona and San Remo.

March 25th.—Left San Remo, which is a detestable village, and reached Nice;* the journey from thence to Nice is trying to the nervous traveller, the roads being very narrow and in most places without parapets. The postboys descend the hills at such a pace that any accident happening to the harness must send them down the precipice.

* San Remo is now one of the most beautiful towns on the Riviera—1883.

March 26th. — In passing Cannes we saw Lord Brougham's villa building. It is a Cockney white-washed house, close to the high road, which passes between it and the sea, with an apology for a garden round it.

March 27th.—We found the little inn, "La Poste," at Cannes very comfortable and clean; fifteen years ago it was scarcely habitable.

March 29th.—We reached Avignon and travelled the road to Lyons, passing an immense quantity of grain carts, there being a famine in the North of France, where bread costs twenty pence English a pound.

April 4th.—We reached Paris, where we heard of the death of my wife's uncle, Jules de Polignac. There are quantities of English here.

April 5th.—Went to see Marshal Soult's pictures which he looted in Spain. There are many Murillos, all beautiful, but one of them representing the Assumption finer than any I ever saw. Also some very good ones by Zurbaran. M. de Portalis has also a very valuable gallery, including a good Giorgione, Titian, and Sebastiano del Piombo. In his private apartment there are two pictures by Delaroche representing the death of Cardinal Richelieu, and a lovely Greuze.

April 8th.—Left Paris, and went as far as Abbeville.

April 9th.—Arrived at Boulogne, but the storm too heavy to cross. A very angry sea was running, and it was really alarming to see the steamer pitch as she crossed the bar, the waves washing clean over her.

The passengers must have been wet through before they got a quarter of a mile out.

April 12th.—The storm increased, and we remained at the Hôtel des Bains, but reached London on the 11th.

April 18th.—The Queen of Spain has dismissed her Government and household, and has ceased to quarrel with her husband. She has quite thrown over the French party for the English, which has pleased her subjects, who receive her everywhere with acclamation. She drives out every day without guards and always accompanied by her husband. The French say that her conduct is very bad and that General Serrano is her lover. But all this does not at present prevent her from being very popular, which enrages the French more, as they cannot be blind to the fact that her popularity has been chiefly occasioned by the dismissal of the party that had favoured the French alliance. The Duc de Broglie is appointed to succeed M. de St. Aulaire as Ambassador in London.

April 24th.—A great political dinner at Lord Stanley's. They say Lady Normanby, our Ambassadress at Paris, speaks French very imperfectly, and at the time of our quarrel with M. Guizot, intending to explain that it had arisen through a mistake, she said, "c'étoit par mépris!"

May 8th.—Dined with the Eglintons. General Sir Harry Smith was the great lion of the evening. He is a little old man, very clever looking. She is a Spanish woman, and has been very handsome.

May 13th.—The Queen's ball. A debate in the Lords on the Irish Poor Law Bill, the Government

being anxious to get the Peers to rescind their votes on the clause making the measure temporary. They had a majority of twelve, eighteen bishops voting with them.

May 15*th*.—We went to the amateur play for the Irish. *Ernani* was acted. Mrs. Butler, *née* Kemble, has grown very old and affected, but acted well in the last scene, the first part being all whining and snorting. The Queen was present, and a very fashionable audience.

May 19*th*.—Lady Malmesbury left London for the German waters, and went to Ems.

June 18*th*.—Lord Stanley's motion condemning the Government for their intervention in Portugul ended very unfortunately, owing to Lords Ellenborough and Brougham not choosing to speak in support of it; the consequence being that the division took place much earlier than was expected, and most of our men were at dinner, Stanley amongst them, so we were beaten by twenty. In the House of Commons the debate came on the same night, but the House was counted out. In the meantime the English fleet has taken the Portuguese ships and made 2,000 prisoners, whom they have conveyed to Lisbon and shut up in the fortress. This *coup de main* appears to have been done without warning, for the Admiral's letter to the Junta cautioning them that if their vessels sailed they would be captured was not delivered till after the capture had actually been made, and nine days after the date of the letter. This will probably put an end to the civil war, but it is very tricky and unworthy of England.

August 4th.—We left London for Achnacarry, where the Cannings joined us on the 16th, as well as Mr. Cholmondeley and Mr. Temple, Lord Palmerston's brother.

August 23rd.—We were very much shocked to-day by reading an account in the papers of the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin. It appears her maid was awakened between four and five o'clock in the morning on the 1st by the ringing of the Duchess's bell. She went to her room, and found it was locked on the inside; but on listening she heard a feeble groan, upon which she alarmed the other servants, who broke open the door, and the Duchess was found lying in a pool of blood on the floor with several deep wounds in her throat and breast. She was unable to speak, and died in a short time without recovering her consciousness. The police were immediately sent for, and it was ascertained that no robbery had been committed, and it is supposed the act was one of vengeance. It is suspected that a governess whom she lately dismissed, and said to be the Duke's mistress, was the instigator of the crime. They had only arrived the night before the murder from the country. Everybody in the house has been arrested, and a telegraphic despatch sent to recall Marshal Sebastiani, father of the Duchess, from Corsica, where he has gone.

August 24th.—We received a letter from Lady Tankerville. The Duc de Praslin has been arrested on suspicion of having committed the murder. The police went to the governess's lodgings, but she was absent; they, however, seized all her papers. The investigation is continued with great activity, and though

very little is known, there must have been very strong evidence against the Duke for such a step being taken as that of arresting him, as he would naturally be the last person suspected. But it appears when on the first alarm the doctors were sent for, the servants expressed a suspicion of him, so there must have been circumstances which have not been made public and which warrant those suspicions. The poor woman seems to have struggled hard with her murderer, for her hand was full of his hair, and there was a good deal of hair, some of which was hers, scattered about the carpet. The furniture in the room was very much disturbed, the tables knocked over; but on the closest examination no traces could be discovered of anyone having broken in or out of the house, and if, as it is said, the room was locked on the inside, the murderer could not have escaped that way. If, therefore, any private communication existed between her room and that of the Duke, suspicion naturally fell upon him. A pistol, it is said, stained with blood was found in his room.

August 25th.—There is now no doubt as to the Duke's guilt, which seems to have been suspected almost from the first; for, on the alarm being given, one of the servants, finding the door locked, ran screaming round the house to the garden, either to try and gain an entrance that way or to stop any person who might attempt to escape. The same servant saw a man whom he thought was the Duke opening the window of the Duchess's apartment, but who retreated precipitately on seeing him. In addition to this, when the servants went to call the Duke they found him

dressed, which, as he had been in bed, was a very extraordinary fact, at that early hour. There are also stains of blood on his dressing-gown, and water tinged with blood was found in the basin in his room. The magistrates, observing that he wore gloves, made him take them off, when several slight wounds were discovered, like scratches or bites; also a bruise and a large wound on one of his legs. The magistrates then decided on having him kept in sight, not having power to arrest a Peer without an order from the Chamber. The police have also arrested Mdlle. Luzy, the governess, and she has been transferred to prison, where she is kept *au secret*. She loudly asserts her innocence, not only of the murder, but of having been the Duke's mistress. The circumstance most against her is, the Duke having gone to see her, with two of his daughters, the moment he arrived at Paris, and that the Duchess in consequence was very angry, and a quarrel took place between them on his return. They both afterwards retired to their separate apartments, and no disturbance took place till the ringing of the bell alarmed the maid. The struggles of the poor Duchess must have been dreadful, the smallest number of wounds mentioned as being inflicted on her being seven. A pistol was found in the room covered with blood, which the Duke admitted belonged to him, but said he took it in for the purpose of defending the Duchess, hearing her cries. This, however, does not agree with the surprise he affected on being told of the murder.

August 29th.—The papers contain full details about the Duchesse de Praslin's murder, and every circum-

stance confirms the Duke's guilt. He has attempted to poison himself by taking laudanum, and has been removed to the Luxembourg. The Chamber of Peers has been summoned to try him.

August 31st.—The Duc de Praslin died on the 24th from the effects of the poison, which turns out to have been arsenic. He was attended by three of the cleverest doctors in Paris, who treated him for poisoning by laudanum, which has naturally given rise to some suspicion that they did not wish to save him, and perhaps had orders not to do, so as to avoid the scandal of an execution, the evidence against him being so strong as not to leave a doubt of his guilt. He is said to have confessed to a priest, but to no one else, and has never apparently expressed either remorse or sorrow for the murder. The messengers sent to Marshal Sebastiani, father of the Duchess, found him at Vevey, and communicated the news, which had not yet reached him, but without telling him who the murderer was. That was to be told him by his physician, who had set out to meet him. He was much afflicted, but no fear is entertained for his health.

September 6th.—Two men were found this morning on the moor near Fort William quite dead, having apparently perished from cold. One was a fine young man above six feet high and not more than twenty-two years old; the other about thirty-five, and equally strong. Their money and watches were found upon them, so that no robbery has been committed. There were no marks of violence, and they looked as if they were asleep. They were tradesmen from London, and were on a pedestrian tour for their pleasure. It ap-

pears from the evidence relating to the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin that she might have been saved if the maid and valet had shown any quickness or courage. They heard her screaming for a long time before they got up to see who it was, and even when they found that her door was not locked they did not dare to go in, as the room was dark and they smelt blood. The Duke had time to return to his room, where he burned some papers and linen, washed his dressing-gown, hid the dagger, and went back to her room, of which he himself unlocked the door leading into the hall at the moment the servants tried it, and pretended he had come to her assistance on hearing her screams. He also at once desired that the doctor should be sent for. The servants at first suspected Mdlle. Luzy of the crime, but very soon after the arrival of the magistrates suspicion was excited against the Duke, and he, perceiving these suspicions, took an opportunity when the arrival of another magistrate diverted attention for a moment from him to retire to his room and swallow poison. The evidence of the doctors is published, and proves either gross ignorance, unpardonable carelessness, or wilful blindness. The first doctor pretends to think the symptoms are occasioned by distress of mind, then he suspects poison, but neither gives an antidote nor communicates his suspicion to his colleague, who pronounces the case at once to be cholera, and leaves him a whole night without any assistance at all, whilst they go comfortably to bed. No doubt they wished him to die.

September 14th.—Lord Ossulston has killed "the great stag of Gusach," after a very long and difficult

stalk. This fine animal, which weighed twenty stone when clean, had baffled us for several years. There is very little news, but what we have is very unsatisfactory. Several people in society are ruined, amongst others Massey Stanley, who has gone abroad owing 280,000*l.*, and Hooton is for sale. The commercial smashes are also very many, and are due to over-speculation in railways. Peel went a few days ago to Liverpool, dined with the mayor and made a speech, but avoided giving any opinion as to the causes of our commercial failures.

Lord Canning to Lord Malmesbury.

Madrid: Oct. 21, 1847.

My dear M.,—I promised you a letter, but it has been a long time coming. The fact is that this is a despairing place to write from. It is difficult enough to believe, and much more so to understand one half of what one sees and hears passing about one, but to convey it to one who is fresh from the simplicities of Inverness-shire is impossible.

I arrived in the nick of time for sport—on the very day on which Salamanca was turned out and Narvaez came in, just in time, too, for the birthday drawing-room, the ball at Court, the bull fight, &c. (why didn't you come?) The journey, too, was nothing. I left Grosvenor Square on a Monday, spent a day at Paris (such a *bisque* at the "Trois Frères!") and a day at Bayonne, and got here on the Monday following.

The hotels are infamous, but Bulwer is very hospitable and wanted to lodge me. But he is only in temporary lodgings himself just now, so I only feed with him. This is very convenient, for he asks two or three notabilities of all colours every day, and one hears what they say of themselves and of each other.

Of all the sudden convulsions and changes that the

country has gone through, I believe there never was any more sudden and unexpected than this last one, nevertheless it all passed off quietly enough. The rationale of it is shortly this: Salamanca as a politician was a Liberal, but a stock-jobber from the beginning, and chiefly bent upon making a fortune. He is supposed to be already of enormous wealth, but how much of it is real no one here seems to know. All that I can speak to is that he is at this moment building two immense houses—one, almost as grand as Stafford House, for himself and his wife, the other, about the size of Montagu House, for his mistress. Narvaez, a bold, unscrupulous soldier, of immense energy (the rarest of all qualities and therefore the most telling here), eaten up with ambition, but also anxious for a fortune at the country's expense (this any Minister can make in more or less time according to his scruples). He is just like Lord Combermere in face, figure, and get-up, but a little bigger.

Serrano, or the "Influence" as he was modestly called, was supposed to be honest, but weak, and under the domination of an avaricious old mother and a homœopathic doctor (Nuñez) who is an apostate priest and Carlist. Serrano is very like Cradock, but darker. These were the principal actors. Serrano had felt for some little time that his power over the Queen was on the wane. His mother and the doctor, bribed by Narvaez *and others*, persuaded him to use a last effort to get the Queen to remove Salamanca and send for Narvaez, and that then, after placing the Queen in the hands of a Minister who has a majority in the Cortes (for the Cortes was elected under N.'s former Government, and packed to a man), he might retire with dignity upon some command or governorship at a distance, and avoid being thrown over in the face of the Court for some more lucky successor. He did as he was bid, and succeeded. Narvaez was sent for, and immediately telegraphed for Queen Christina, who has since arrived. Serrano has received an estate in Estremadura, bought with the Queen's money, and has been named Captain-General of Granada.

(Here, however, there is some hitch, for within a day or two there is news of his having stopped half-way and sent in his resignation. The motive probably is that he has heard of differences in Narvaez's Cabinet, which may break it up as suddenly as it was formed, and that he thinks he may as well be on the spot.) Salamanca is supposed to have got 150,000*l.* by a gigantic job in the funds. And the homœopathic doctor is rewarded with the Grand Cordon of Charles III.

There are all sorts of under-currents which have been going on while this has been worked out, but it would be endless to give them, and impossible to make them intelligible.

As matters stand now, Serrano is without any apparent successor. Narvaez is not on good terms with two or three of his necessary colleagues, nor with the Queen-Mother. The Queen is displeased and frightened at her mother's return, and bored by Narvaez, and as she has not the smallest sense of responsibility, may at any moment, if things are not made smooth to her, send him about his business and appoint some new man. And this, I am convinced, will be the state of things with every Government that may come into existence here until the "Minister" and the "Influence" are united in the same individual (as was the case with Catherine and Elizabeth). And if Serrano had had any head or heart he would have done this, and made himself Minister in name and appearance, even if he did not feel equal to the reality.

I said there was no apparent successor to Serrano as yet, but we shall not have to wait long. The day before yesterday a singer at the Opera came home to his lodgings at six o'clock in the morning and found them occupied by the police, who had a carriage ready to take him off to Valencia, the reason being that his night had been passed at the Palace. To say the truth, this appears to me rather hard, for nothing is deducible from the hour at which he left the Palace, inasmuch as the Queen turns night into day, sees her Ministers after

the Opera, sups at four or five, and does not go to bed till morning. However, as this man is not her singing-master, I suppose Narvaez considers that he had no business there. At all events, it is certain that he is packed off. What a fortune Bunn might make of him!

The Queen is infinitely better to look at than I expected, rather tall than short, not too fat, built pretty much upon Lady Walpole's lines, and a face rather like Lady Londonderry. Her manners when she is still, and speaking, are extremely dignified, but her movements, every now and then, hoydenish. The King I have not seen, although Narvaez has just brought him back to the Palace, for which the French Papers, and I daresay the English too, will puff him as a paragon of morality. But it is one thing to take a horse to the water, and another to make him drink, especially if he should happen to have the hydrophobia. Don't believe a word in a reconciliation on either side.

The Court is very royal, the Palace magnificent, finer than any I know, and larger, and the ceremony and attendance is very grand. The Halberdiers of the Palace, who defended it so manfully in 1841, are almost as picturesque as the Pope's Guard—long black gaiters half-way up the thigh, broad skirted blue coats with the red flaps buttoned back, long waistcoats, and three-cornered hats—exactly the French Mousquetaires of the last century. As to the pictures, are they not written in the book of Ford? By-the-bye, I am a little out of conceit with Ford. It is a charming book to be read at leisure in one's room, but his quotations and illustrations (sometimes rather far-fetched) get in the way and provoke one when one is in a hurry for a fact. However, he is very good, generally upon the pictures, which are gloriously magnificent. Seriously, I do not think that Rome and Florence and Heron Court together could make up a gallery that I would take in preference to the Museo. And you would think so too, for, after the Spanish, the great force of the collection is in the Venetian School—Titians, P. Veroneses, Tintorets, Giorgiones, all in their perfection.

There are also two or three good private collections, and one (belonging to the President of the Museo) where any of the pictures may be bought; but I saw nothing very coveta-able except a beautiful Vandyke of a man in armour, for which he asks 1,000*l.*, and a Rubens, which is too large for any space in my gallery. I forgot to say that in the Museo is a portrait of Titian by himself, taken at exactly the same age as yours, with the same dress, gold chain, &c., but in profile. There is no difference in the faces and expression.

I went all over the town in search of curiosities, but could find nothing, except some very fine old crystal chandeliers, which were too large.

The bull fight was not equal to those I have seen in the South. The bulls were not so good, and the matador of the day is not equal to the great Montes, who has retired into private life, while life is left him. However, I did not sit out more than five or six bulls, and I was told afterwards that the last was a really good animal, and had eight horses dead in the ring at once, which certainly is out of the common way.

I have only made one country expedition as yet, to Segovia, about fifty miles off, over the Guadarama mountains, seeing the Escurial and La Granja by the way. There are no post-horses or any other means of moving to be found on the road, so I was obliged to hire a carriage (a small English brougham and a team of four enormous black mules, covered with red and yellow harness and tassels—rather an imposing equipage). All these places are worth seeing (La Granja least so), and part of the road, that over the mountains, is very beautiful; old weather-beaten firs (almost equal to Glen Mealy) growing from amongst large boulders of granite, with high fern at their feet. You would not know it from a bit of Achnacarry. But this is a brilliant exception to the general appearance of the country within many dreary miles of Madrid. For the most part it is a treeless, fenceless, houseless, undulating waste, without a blade of grass, of

one interminable brown where it is ploughed, and where it is not, covered with great slabs of granite which give it the appearance of a huge ptarmigan hill rolled flat. Where the people who scratch the ground come from it is impossible to guess, for the Campagna is not more desolate. Nevertheless Spanish farmers pay their rents to the day invariably, bringing the money to Madrid themselves, and are always clamouring for leases. This description of the country, however, applies only to the Castilles. North of Burgos the valleys are as grassy and the hills as well wooded as in England; indeed, the Basque Provinces are very like South Wales, and the streams look very troutish.

I daresay you will want to know something of the morals of the place, and they are soon told. Whenever one asks at the Opera, or at Court, or indeed anywhere who such and such a lady is, the answer is always in the same form: she is the wife of D——, the daughter of C——, and Mr. So-and-so is her lover. It is really no exaggeration to say that this is invariable. I have met with only one exception, and that is the wife of Sotomayor, who was in London, and who has Anglo-Saxon blood in him, and may therefore be considered as not in point, but nobody believes that even in his case such a state of things can last. I am convinced that if a Peerage were published in Madrid, as in London, the name of the happy individual would be put down as much as a matter of course as if it were the motto or country seat of the family. Some few ladies have made themselves notorious for inconstancy and versatility in this branch of their establishment, and then they begin to be a little talked about; but I believe this to be rather the exception than the rule, and certainly the instances in which fidelity continues to be affichéd, long after the ladies have got fat and pursy and the Caballeros grey-headed, are numerous.

I have written a much longer yarn than I, or probably you, intended, but it's your own fault. And now I am not quite sure how it will go, for I have just heard that Bulwer's messenger is not likely to start for some days. Probably I

shall be in England myself soon after you get it, for unless the weather (which has been raining for the past week) tempts me to Toledo and Aranjuez, I shall not stay here after Sunday next. Adios! Remember me to Lady M., &c.

Ever yours sincerely,

CANNING.

September 26th.—We left Achnacarry, embarked at Corpach, and arrived at Greenock that evening. Had a very bad passage. The scene in the cabin was disgusting, as no preparation had been made on board for people who were ill, and no conveniences whatever provided. Yet nobody could go on deck without being drenched. We reached Chillingham Castle on the 27th.

November 5th.—Arrived at Knowsley, and reached London on the 10th.

November 19th.—I went to London for the meeting of Parliament. I hear Ministers intend to propose an increase in the income tax. Affairs in the City are very bad. There is to be a meeting at Lord Stanley's on the 23rd of Peers and Commons, when he is to give them an outline of the policy he intends to follow this session.

December 23rd.—The papers have been full of the dispute in the Church respecting Doctor Hampden's appointment to the bishopric of Hereford. The opposition evidently comes from the Puseyite party, and would therefore be of little value in the estimation of the true Protestant, had not Hampden laid himself open to censure by some expressions in his writings, which he may perhaps be able to explain. The

Bishop of Oxford threatens to put him on his trial for heterodoxy, from which I hope he may be able to clear himself, though if he is tried by a Court composed of Puseyites he will certainly be condemned.

Christmas Day.—Heron Court. The rivers here are all flooded.

1848.

February 9th.—I got a letter to-day from my brother, who has attended the meeting held by Lord Stanley, and he gives an account of the proceedings relative to Lord George Bentinck's resignation of the leadership of the Protectionist party in the House of Commons. Lord Stanley made a very eloquent speech praising Lord George Bentinck's abilities and devotion to the party, &c., &c., and expressed great regret at the misunderstanding which led to his resignation, and wished to induce him to recal his determination. Mr. Banks then read to the meeting a letter from Lord George announcing his intention to resign, saying that he would serve the party with as much zeal and devotion as he had hitherto done. Mr. Beresford then got up to explain, and proved himself by his own account to have acted most injudiciously, for he confessed to having written to Lord George stating that his party were dissatisfied with him, but added that he did so without authority. This, however, was enough for Lord George, who is a very proud man, to give up the leadership at once, and he immediately wrote to Mr. Banks announcing his intention to do so. After

these explanations Lord Granby's* name was mentioned as being a fit person to succeed Lord George, but Lord Stanley said they must settle among themselves whom they would elect, and dismissed the party. An arrangement was made to meet next day at Mr. Banks's to elect a leader.

February 10*th*.—Lord Granby has been chosen leader of the Protectionist party without opposition. A deputation has been sent to Lord George, thanking him for his services, and expressing regret at his retirement. My brother adds that there is no doubt Peel has lately declared to his party that he never means to take office again. If this is really the case, we may expect some of them to come over to us. It appears strange that in these proceedings Disraeli's name was not put forward, but whoever may in future take the lead in the House of Commons by election he must virtually and practically hold that office. There can be no doubt that there is a very strong feeling among Conservatives in the House of Commons against him. They are puzzled and alarmed by his mysterious manner, which has much of the foreigner about it, and are incapable of understanding and appreciating the great abilities which certainly underlie, and, as it were, are concealed by this mask. In the insurrection in Sicily the King's troops have been beaten. The insurgents want the Constitution of 1812, which was guaranteed by England, but since revoked by the King, and apparently without opposition from this country. The King still resists, but has granted

* Afterwards Duke of Rutland.

the Constitution to Naples, which has been received with acclamation. There are two English ships of war at Palermo and Messina for the protection of the English residing there, but with the exception of the bombardment having been delayed twenty-four hours through the remonstrances of the Consuls in those towns, there has been no interference on either side.

February 13th.—The second reading of the Jewish Disabilities Bill was passed by a majority of 73 in the Commons. Lord Granby has refused the leadership, and the whole Protectionist party is in confusion. A rescript from the Pope has appeared, counselling the Roman Catholic clergy to adopt a more moderate course, not to meddle in politics, and condemning denunciations from the altar and all violence. This has produced a great sensation. Of course the Irish priests say the Pope has been deceived, but the English Roman Catholics are inclined to obey.

February 16th.—The King of Naples has granted the Constitution of 1812 to his Sicilian subjects, which, however, they have only accepted on condition that they are to have a Parliament at Palermo. He has not yet agreed to this, but he has published an amnesty for political offences, has withdrawn his troops from Sicily, and they have arrived at Naples in a wretched state. The cavalry killed all their horses, eight hundred in number, before they left Palermo. The King of Sardinia has also promised a Constitution to his subjects on the model of the French one; and the Pope and the Duke of Tuscany also promise something of the same sort to their people. Austria, Russia, and

Prussia have protested through their Ministers at the Court of Naples against the Constitution granted by the King, as being at variance with the secret article in their treaties with Naples.

February 17th.—Paris is in a great state of excitement, in consequence of the Government having forbidden the Reform banquet taking place. There was a violent scene in the Chamber of Deputies, and the Opposition persevered in their determination to attend the banquet, which is fixed for the 20th. There has also been a great disturbance at Munich, the people insisting upon Lola Montes being sent away. The King, however, is so infatuated with her, that he actually dismissed his Prime Minister, Prince Wallerstein, who had advised him to expel her, and appointed in his place M. de Maurer, who had signed the decree conferring upon her the title of Countess Landsfeld.*

* This was a most remarkable woman, and may be said by her conduct at Munich to have set fire to the magazine of revolution which was ready to burst forth all over Europe, and which made the year 1848 memorable. I made her acquaintance by accident as I was going up to London from Heron Court in the railway. The Consul at Southampton asked me to take charge of a Spanish lady, who had been recommended to his care, and who had just landed. I consented to do this, and was introduced by him to a remarkably handsome person, who was in deep mourning, and who appeared to be in great distress. As we were alone in the carriage, she of her own accord informed me in bad English that she was the widow of Don Diego Leon, who had lately been shot by the Carlists after he was taken prisoner, and that she was going to London to sell some Spanish property that she possessed, and give lessons in singing, as she was very poor. On arriving in London she took some lodgings, and came to my house to a little concert which I gave, and sang some Spanish ballads. Her accent was

February 18*th*.—I went to London to vote on Lord Eglinton's amendment to the Diplomatic Relations with Rome Bill, in which he moved that no ecclesiastic should be sent as Ambassador or Minister to this country, although a layman might be received. It appears that the King of Naples has played false with the Sicilians, having given them, not the Constitution of 1812, but the French one, which they will not accept. The Emperor of Russia supports Austria in her Italian policy, and the latter has forbidden the Grand Duke of Tuscany to grant a Constitution to his subjects, threatening that if the people are clamorous, Austria would march an army into Tuscany at once. Mr. Gladstone has supported the Jewish Disabilities Bill, and Peel has changed his mind and vote upon that subject.

February 19*th*.—Lola Montes has been driven out of Munich, the King having at last perceived that further resistance to the will of the people would endanger his crown, as the troops refused to act against the populace. When she left the city the mob broke

foreign, and she had all the appearance of being what she pretended to be. She sold different things, such as veils, &c., to the party present, and received a good deal of patronage. Eventually she took an engagement for the ballet at the Opera House, but her dancing was very inferior. At last she was recognised as an impostor, her real name being Mrs. James, and Irish by extraction, and had married an officer in India. Her engagement at the Opera was cancelled, she left the country, and retired to Munich. She was a very violent woman, and actually struck one of the Bavarian generals with her riding whip as he was reviewing the troops. The King became perfectly infatuated with her beauty and cleverness, and gave her large sums of money, with a title which she afterwards bore when she returned to England.

into her house, which they plundered, and destroyed all her property, including some very fine pictures. The next morning she re-entered Munich, but fortunately for her she was arrested and sent away by force, for if she had been recognised by the people her life would have been sacrificed, their rage against her being unbounded. It appears she has long indisposed the whole kingdom against her by the unlimited influence she exercised over the King, who was completely governed by her and did nothing without her sanction. She made him change his Ministers three times in one year, because they had in some way offended her, and, in short, she ruled the kingdom despotically. The last event which led to her disgrace was an order given to the King to close the University on account of the offence given her by a majority of the students, who made a practice of insulting a class amongst them protected by her, called "Alemannen," and who wore her colours. The remainder of the students slighted them on every occasion and refused them any satisfaction, declaring them unworthy of being treated as men of honour. This led to a disturbance. Lola was insulted, it is said even roughly treated, by the people, and the University was closed. When the students were marching peaceably in procession they were attacked by the troops, a fight ensued, and two or three men were killed and several wounded. The mob then surrounded the Palace, insisted upon Lola Montes being dismissed and the University re-opened, which the King was forced to grant.

February 22nd.—Lord John Russell has made his financial statement and announced his intention of in-

creasing the income tax to five per cent., to be levied in the same manner as it is at present. He gives no hope of ever taking off the three per cent., and though he only asked for this increase for two years, it is probable, if granted, it will never be taken off again.

February 23rd.—Lord Stanley means to oppose any increase of the income tax, and limit the present one to three years instead of five.

February 24th.—Accounts from Paris are very alarming. The King, on the 21st, prohibited the banquet of the Reformers, and issued an order that none of the National Guard were to appear in the streets in uniform except by order of their officers. The Opposition Deputies then countermanded the banquet and begged the people to make no disturbance, declaring that they would impeach the Ministers, and if beaten would all resign their seats. It was feared the people would not submit quietly, and that there would be bloodshed, as thousands were collected in the Champs Elysées. The troops of the line in Paris amount to a hundred thousand men, and are well provided with artillery, as are also the forts, the Government having foreseen the disturbance and taken every precaution to suppress it, but the National Guards are not to be trusted.

February 25th.—The disturbances in Paris have assumed a very formidable character. Everything now depends upon the energy of the Government, for the people are determined not to give in. The troops of the line, with the exception of one regiment, the 5th

—the same that joined the people in 1830—have remained faithful, but the National Guards have gone over to the rebels. On Tuesday night, the 22nd, the mob obtained some arms and threw up barricades, from behind which they attacked the Municipal Guards, but were beaten and several prisoners taken. The troops bivouacked in the Boulevards, the markets, and other public places, and the mob burned the depôt of omnibuses and the guardhouse in the Champs Elysées. The Place du Carrousel, the Place de la Concorde, the bridges and other places in the neighbourhood of the Tuileries were crowded with troops, and there were forty pieces of cannon on the Esplanade of the Invalides. The *rappel* was sounded early on Wednesday morning, but not one-tenth of the National Guard answered the summons. The Municipal Guard seems, on the contrary, to have behaved gallantly, though some fraternised with the National Guard, and though they did not actually join the people, they refused to fire upon them; but the majority did their duty. There is a great want of energy on the part of the Government; all the Ministers have resigned, and M. Odilon Barrot has impeached M. Guizot.

February 26th.—The insurrection gains ground in Paris. There has been a great deal of fighting and many lives lost. The mob have broken up the railroad and stopped all communication with Paris. If Louis Philippe is driven from the throne, nothing remains but a Republic.

February 27th.—Louis Philippe abdicated on the 24th in favour of his grandson, the Comte de Paris,

and left Paris immediately afterwards with an escort of dragoons for Neuilly. The Duchess of Orleans went to the Chamber of Deputies with her sons and the Duc de Nemours to ask for protection, which was granted, but they refused to recognise the right of the Comte de Paris or the Regency of the Duc de Nemours. Directly after the royal family had left the Tuileries the mob broke in, gutted the palace, and destroyed everything except the throne, which they paraded about the streets in derision. A Provisional Government has been formed in Paris, of which M. Lamartine is at the head. The Municipal Guard behaved with great courage and fidelity, but were not supported, and have been almost all massacred.

February 28th.—Left Heron Court for London. The Duc the Nemours, with one of his children, and the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg (Princess Clementina), arrived last night at the French Embassy. The Duchesse de Nemours with her children are still in France, and nothing is known of them or of the Queen, except that they reached Dreux in safety, and there agreed to separate. The King had only five francs in his possession, but the Queen had fortunately carried off about fifteen hundred francs, which they divided. None of the fugitives had been able to carry away any of their property. The Duc de Nemours appeared very much dejected, overcome with fatigue and anxiety. From what is at present known of the events of last Thursday, it appears that MM. Thiers and Odilon Barrot are the cause of Louis Philippe's dethronement, for they had pledged themselves, if he would make them Ministers and order the troops to

cease firing, quiet would be restored immediately. Till this the majority of the troops had remained faithful, but they were so disgusted at the cowardice which apparently dictated these orders that they joined the insurgents. The nomination of M. Thiers did not in the slightest affect the insurrection. The mob attacked and took the Palais Royal after great sacrifice of life, and the King being informed that they were coming to attack the Tuileries, signed his abdication in favour of his grandson, and left the palace with the Queen and the Duchesse de Nemours. The Duchess of Orleans, with her two sons and the Duc de Nemours, went to the Chamber of Deputies, where they ran the greatest danger, the mob having broken in and pointed their muskets at the Royal Family. The Deputies, however, surrounded them, and they got out in safety; but the rush was so tremendous that the two children were separated from the Duchess and recovered afterwards with great difficulty. In the House of Commons the Government have declared their intention not to interfere with the fall of the King and not to intermeddle in any way with the internal affairs of France. They then announced the abandonment by the Government of the increased income tax. The Duchesse de Montpensier arrived at the French Embassy yesterday. She was recognised at Abbeville and ran great danger of her life, being saved by having taken refuge in a private house and escaping through the back door. Nothing is known of the rest of the Royal Family. The French Provisional Government have proclaimed a Republic. A steamer arrived yesterday morning at Southampton crowded with passengers from Havre, who say the town is full of English wait-

ing to embark. The Government have, therefore, despatched several steamers to the different ports on the French coast to take them off.

March 1st.—No news of Louis Philippe or the rest of the Royal Family. A steamer under the command of Captain Smithett has been sent to cruise off Dieppe and Tréport in hopes of finding them, but returned yesterday and telegraphed "No passengers." It is reported to-day that the Duchess of Orleans and her two children, accompanied by General Lefèvre and M. Guizot, have landed at Jersey from a cutter. Order is now restored in Paris, though not, indeed, in the provincial towns, and travelling is attended with danger. Neuilly has been burned, and one hundred and twenty of the mob who were lying dead drunk in the cellars were roasted alive unknown to their companions. There is a detailed account in to-day's papers of the departure of the King from Paris. He left the Tuileries on foot, leaning on the arm of the Queen, preceded and followed by a party of the National Guard on horseback, who escorted him to the Place Louis Quinze, where he and the Queen got into a small carriage with one horse which was waiting for them, and drove away at full gallop. It is said they arrived at Dreux the same night, slept there, and started next morning for Vernon in a hired carriage.

March 2nd.—It is said that the Count de Flahault, who is Ambassador at Vienna, will lose his Embassy in consequence of a letter to M. Guizot, which has been found since the formation of the rebel Government, in which he begs him to unite with M. de Met-

ternich to persuade the Pope to allow an Austrian army to pass through his dominions and assist the King of Naples. The French Government have offered the Embassy of London to M. de Jarnac, who is at present Secretary to the Embassy, if he will serve them with sincerity. He has very nobly refused, saying that he could not engage to do so, and therefore begged they would replace him directly. The Duchesse de Nemours and the Duc de Montpensier arrived yesterday morning at Southampton, and sent a messenger to London to announce the fact. The Duc de Nemours was too lazy to go down to meet them, and made the excuse that he could not leave the Duchesse de Montpensier, though in reality she was under the care of Madame Van de Weyer at the Belgian Embassy. It is now known where Louis Philippe and the Queen are. Lady Carrington called this morning and told us she met Captain Smithett in the street, and he told her he had been at Dieppe, having a most awful passage, starting in the very height of the storm, and in fact spoke as if he had run very great danger. He had been summoned before the authorities at Dieppe, who seemed to suspect what he had come for, and cross-questioned him very closely. In the meantime he sent a boat to Tréport for information, and having received a despatch from some one unknown who said he was going to Belgium, and supposing it to be from the King, he rejoined his ship and returned to England. The Duc de Montebello had a narrow escape at Havre, being saved by the courage of the captain of the steamer, who refused to allow the French police to search his ship, and told them that he would not do so unless they killed him first. They began to

bluster, when he added, "I'll tell you what it is, if you don't leave my ship by the time I say 'Jack Robinson,' I'll take you all over to England!" and called upon his men to get up steam and set sail, upon which they tumbled into their boat as quickly as they could. When the Duc de Nemours was crossing to Dover the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg were in the same ship, but remained below in utter ignorance of his being on board. The Duchess had just been saying that if she knew he was safe she would be happy, for it appears he was the one she loved best of all her family, when some one who had recognised him informed her that he was on deck. She immediately rushed up to him, but he was so disguised that she made a mistake, and threw herself into the arms of the gentleman who accompanied him, who, not knowing her and being taken by surprise, pushed her away. This must have annoyed the Duc, who, knowing her to be on board, had kept out of the way to avoid a scene. It will always be a question whether the Duc de Nemours and the Duc de Montpensier ought to have fought for the Crown in defiance of the old King's orders to the contrary. The troops had been kept inert from Tuesday morning to Wednesday night in the streets, and without food, and the mob finding this supplied them with all they wanted, and of course fraternised with them.

March 3rd.—Prince Louis Bonaparte is already returned from Paris. I met him to-day, and he said that M. Lamartine, who is at the head of the Government of the Republic at Paris, had received him very civilly, said that his great name might at this moment

produce a commotion which it was desirable to avoid, and therefore, if he wished well to France, begged him to leave it directly. This Prince Louis did, and seems rather flattered than otherwise at being sent away. It is rumoured that Louis Philippe has arrived in England, but no one knows where the Duchess of Orleans is, and it is still a matter of doubt whether the Duchesse de Nemours has yet come.

March 4th.—Louis Philippe arrived yesterday at Newhaven, but, owing to the state of the tide, could not land before twelve at night, when he and the Queen drove to the Bridge Inn, which is little better than a public-house. The landlady did her best to give them a reception befitting their rank, and it appears the King and Queen were so pleased with her hospitality and the kind way in which they were treated, that they refused all offers, of which many were made, to remove to a more comfortable house, and determined to remain there until they received an answer to the letter written by them to our Queen, which was sent off by express. The account given of the King's departure from Paris was quite correct, except that it was only the Queen who accompanied him on Thursday night to Dreux, where they stayed the night at a farmer's on whose fidelity they could rely, and who procured them disguises. The King shaved off his whiskers and discarded his wig, wearing a cap and cloak, which disguised him completely. They arrived at Dreux before daylight on Friday, and reached Honfleur at five on Saturday morning. There they remained a short time at the house of a gentleman the King knew, then crossed to Trouville, intend-

ing to embark there, but, owing to the boisterous state of the weather, they were obliged to remain there two days, when, finding they could not get away, they returned to Honfleur with the intention of embarking from that place, but the weather still continuing rough they remained there till Thursday. In the meantime information was secretly conveyed to the "Express," the Southampton steamer, that it would be required to take a party from Havre to England, so it and some other vessels cruised off the French coast. On Thursday afternoon the King and Queen, with Generals Dumas and Rumigny, embarked in a fishing-boat, found the "Express" waiting at Havre with her steam up, and at nine they set sail for England, where they arrived the next morning. The moment the King set his foot on shore he exclaimed, "Thank God, I am on British ground!" They arrived in London on the 4th, and went immediately to Claremont. Great respect was shown to them, everybody taking off their hats as they passed.

March 6th.—There was a great mob in Trafalgar Square, called together by Mr. Cochrane to petition against the income tax; they plundered a baker's shop and broke the lamps at Buckingham Palace. They also attempted to win over the sentries there, saying, "Shake hands, my fine fellows, and let us fraternise as the French have done;" to which they replied in the English shibboleth and turned out the guard. The crowd then scampered off.

March 15th.—M. Ledru Rollin has addressed a revolutionary circular to the Departments. He tells

them that their power both over the civil and over the military force is unlimited, and that they must exercise it in getting the most violent Republicans elected. M. Carnot has also addressed a circular to the schoolmasters, desiring them to tell their pupils that education and property were not the least requisite for Deputies, who made better statesmen when least learned and experienced.

March 16*th*.—Madame de Bonneval, who has just arrived from Paris, called. She says it is completely ruined, and that the distress is dreadful; no enthusiasm is felt with the Republic, and in the Departments the feeling is strong against it.

March 17*th*.—The Bank of France has suspended cash payments. This measure has been recommended by M. Emile de Girardin in the "Presse." However deplorable, it could not be avoided, as the rush upon the Bank during the whole of the 15th was tremendous. The applicants were so numerous that they were obliged to place themselves *en queue*, as at the entrances of theatres. We gave a dinner, and Prince Louis Bonaparte was one of the guests.

March 18*th*.—Lady Malmesbury got a letter from her uncle, the Duc de Gramont, expressing great apprehension for their lives, fearing that the brigands who filled the streets might at any moment attack and plunder their house. Their only defence was the National Guard, the Government not having the power, even if they had the will, to protect anybody. M. Lamartine, the only one in whom the Moderate party

could feel confidence, was in a minority and could do nothing. The workpeople had got up a counter demonstration to that of the National Guard, and from thirty to fifty thousand men had marched to the Hôtel de Ville. It is said that two hundred thousand men of the Paris mob are provided with arms, and, except for the want of cannon, perfectly able to resist the National Guard and very likely defeat them. The troops of the line have been sent out of Paris by the Government, who thus show that they mean to rely upon the support of the rabble. There was a great dispute between the members of the Government on the subject of a decree proposed by Ledru Rollin and not approved by the rest. Finding himself overruled, he threatened to call in the mob, as he did on February 24, when the Duchess of Orleans and the Duc de Nemours went to the Chamber of Deputies. At this infamous threat Garnier Pagès got up, pulled a pistol from his pocket, and told him if he moved a step towards the door he would blow his brains out. Up to this time, however, there is no disposition among the people to shed blood, and the man who exhibited a model of a new sort of *guillotine* which he had invented, and which he said could cut off a thousand heads in half an hour, was nearly stoned to death. Lady Alice Peel came to see my wife, her object being to sound her on the subject of a reconciliation between the Protectionists and the Peelites, who said that Lord Stanley would be glad to unite the party again, but could say nothing about Sir Robert Peel. Lady Alice said that her husband the General was quite on our side and anxious for a Protectionist Government with Lord Stanley at the head, but that we

must throw over Lord George Bentinck and Disraeli. This Lady Malmesbury told her was out of the question, adding that at this moment we had no wish to turn out the Whigs.

March 20th.—There have been great disturbances at Berlin. The troops fired on the people, who were led by the students, killing ten and wounding about a hundred of them. They then dispersed, but the town remains in a very unquiet state. Princess Esterhazy writes that there has been a very alarming insurrection at Vienna, and the town was in the hands of the mob, who pillaged and got the better of the troops, who only amounted to eight thousand men. Prince Metternich had fled, which had in some degree pacified the people. They have burned his villa and destroyed his beautiful collection of pictures and statues. Hungary has declared itself an independent kingdom, and chosen one of the Archdukes for its King.

March 21st.—Accounts from Germany are very alarming. Fresh disturbances at Berlin; the troops charged the mob and were repulsed, and the King had fled to Potsdam. It is said that a Republic is proclaimed at Vienna, but the rumour is doubted.

March 22nd.—There has been a second outbreak at Berlin. The troops charged the people, and it is said ten cannon shots were fired, but the tumult soon subsided. At Vienna things are quiet since the first insurrection, and the people seem satisfied with the Emperor's concessions. At Berlin the King grants entire liberty of the press, and convokes the Diet for

April 2, and he also publishes a manifesto declaring his intention to put himself at the head of the national movement in Germany. The King of Naples has also agreed to all the demands of the Sicilians through Lord Minto. He gives them a separate Parliament, to be elected by universal suffrage, everybody to be eligible as a Deputy who possesses ten pounds a year. Paris continues quiet, but the panic increases. All the rich people have turned off their servants, and nobody buys anything but strict necessaries. Imprisonment for debt is abolished, so debts are not paid, and there is hardly any silver in circulation. The Marquis of Hertford, who is anxious to come back to England, has not been able to do so from the impossibility of getting any money to pay his journey, and has sent to England for some. The Government have laid an embargo upon his plate and furniture, and have forbidden him and everybody to carry off any heavy luggage from Paris. The same has happened to Lord Pembroke. The mob burned the carts in which he was carrying off his property, and destroyed everything in them. M. Guizot says he expects a famine in Paris, as the country people are beginning to be afraid of bringing their corn or cattle into the city, thinking they are not likely to be paid for them.

March 28th.—Paris is quiet, but the scarcity of money increases; the dividends are paid in paper, with the exception of a very small proportion of silver, and tradesmen prefer giving credit to taking paper in payment of their bills. Sebastiani has had a thousand pounds of silver plate melted down into five-franc pieces.

March 29th.—Went to a party at Devonshire House. The Prince of Prussia* was there. He is a very soldierlike-looking man, with a determined but very harsh countenance. He is middle-aged. The Comte de Montemolin was also there, a little insignificant-looking man.

March 30th.—The King of Sardinia has issued a proclamation to the people of Lombardy and Venice, promising to assist them in regaining their liberties. It was dated 23rd, and on the same day the Austrians evacuated the town of Milan and retreated upon Mantua. Marshal Radetzky held out for three or four days to give time to the Emperor of Austria's troops to arrive from the frontier, and then formed a junction with them behind the Mincio, guarding Mantua. The Piedmontese troops then entered the Milanais. Parma and Modena have revolted, and also the district of Como. The Austrian garrisons have been taken prisoners and disarmed. An insurrection at Venice, Trieste, and throughout the whole Austrian dominions in Italy. Paris is quiet, the population passing their time in processions. There was one of wet-nurses, and another of laundresses, to whom Lamartine said, "Repassez, mesdames!"

March 31st.—Venice has proclaimed a Republic, and all the towns in the Austrian dominions in Italy are in open revolt. The Sicilians have refused the Constitution offered them by the King of Naples and guaranteed by England, and want a Republic.

* Afterwards Emperor of Germany, in 1871.

April 5th.—The alarm about the Chartists increases. Everybody expects that the attack will be serious. Every precaution is taken, and all the troops within reach have been ordered to London, even those at Windsor, whose duty is to be performed by the Buckinghamshire Yeomanry. The bridges in London are to be defended with cannon, and all, therefore, depends upon the fidelity of the troops. Doubts are expressed as to some amongst them, and also about the police, but I cannot believe a word against either. General Lord De Ros says the troops are to be concealed as early as four o'clock on the morning of the 10th, in the neighbourhood of Kennington Common. Their officers are to be present at the meeting in plain clothes. The whole force, with its artillery, is to march out and fire upon the mob. The soldiers are all perfectly loyal, and furious with this mischievous attempt to disturb the peace.

April 8th.—Lady Jersey says that the Duke of Wellington has told her there is not the slightest danger to be apprehended, and he advised the ladies to drive about as usual.

April 9th.—The alarm to-day is very general all over the town. The Government have made great preparations, though the extreme precautions that are known to have been taken have, of course, increased the people's fears. The Duke of Wellington is to command the troops, and the orders he has given are that the police are to go first to disperse the meeting; if resistance is offered and they are likely to be beaten, then the troops are instantly to appear, and the cannon

to open with shell and grenades, infantry and cavalry are to charge—in short, they are to be made an example of. The Admiralty is strongly garrisoned and filled with arms, as also are the Horse Guards and the Treasury. There are eight hundred men in Buckingham Palace with cannon; and steamers and gunboats on the river. The Ministers are to assemble in Downing Street to be ready for any emergency, but both Houses of Parliament will sit as usual.

April 10*th*.—My five keepers have arrived at my house this morning, each armed with a double-barrelled gun, and determined to use them if necessary. A great many have done the same, and filled their houses with trusty men. A battalion of Grenadier Guards is at the Horse Guards, besides the usual force of Life Guards. The mob was not very considerable, and the best behaved I ever saw, and though there were very few police or special constables to keep order, there seemed to be no excitement—nothing but curiosity. Everybody walked about as safely and as quietly as on any other day. We went to Lord Carrington's house to see what would happen. I was much amused by seeing an old gentleman, who rode up in front of the Horse Guards, stop his horse, let the reins fall on his neck, and quietly wind up and set his watch by the clock, an operation which lasted fully three or four minutes. The mob took no notice whatever of him, although I expected they would have laughed at him. Among the special constables stationed round Trafalgar Square, Prince Louis Napoleon was on duty. The way the Chartist meeting ended was certainly very absurd and has covered them with ridicule. A little before

one o'clock, Mr. Mayne, the chief officer of police, rode up to Kennington Common, where there were from fifteen to twenty thousand Chartists assembled, accompanied by Lord Duncan. Not a soldier was to be seen, and only two policemen. Mr. Mayne sent to beg Feargus O'Connor to come and speak to him. He did so, as pale as ashes, trembling from head to foot, and said to Mr. Mayne, "What do you wish me to do? I am ready to do anything you advise me." Mr. Mayne answered, "What do you intend to do? Do you intend to persevere in your plan of marching in procession? for if you do we must prevent you; though at the same time we have orders to facilitate the presentation of your petition, if it is presented in a proper manner." This seemed greatly to relieve Feargus O'Connor, who apparently expected to have been arrested, for he exclaimed in a delighted tone, "Thank you, Mr. Mayne; you are my best friend. Shake hands, I'll do anything you like." He then turned to the people and said, "Fools! I always said you were fools; this is not the way you ought to act. You are a parcel of fools. Mr. Mayne is the best friend I have in the world. Disperse directly and go home." Thus ended this ridiculous exhibition, which had created universal alarm, and from which, but for the extraordinary precautions taken by the Duke and the Government, and the loyalty and courage shown by all classes in uniting for the preservation of order, serious consequences would have ensued. Mr. Smith O'Brien made his appearance in the House and denied having gone to Paris to ask for assistance, saying he only went to sympathise with the French; but Sir George Grey read his own letter to Duffy, in which he said the French were ready to send

fifty thousand men to Ireland. O'Brien had not a word to answer. I hear everybody means to cut him, and when he said, in his speech in the House, "I have been called a traitor," the yells and shouts were terrific, and lasted so long that the newspapers say it was dreadful even for an indifferent spectator to witness such a scene.

April 12th.—The news from Lombardy is better. General Radetzky has concentrated his forces and entered Verona, and General Wallmoden, Mantua. The Chartist petition, which Feargus O'Connor had stated to be signed by six million persons, had less than two million signatures, or what purported to be signatures, appended to it. Whole pages were written by one hand, and many of the names gross forgeries, such as "Victoria Rex," "Duke of Wellington," and a great many such words as "Pugnose," "Flatnose," &c.

April 15th.—Lady Tankerville, Lady Malmesbury, and I went to Claremont to pay our respects to the exiled sovereigns. On our arrival we were ushered into the drawing-room by a person out of livery; it was difficult to say whether he was a servant or a general. Madame de Montjoie came in immediately and said the King and Queen were busy writing. However, in a few minutes the King entered the room, and was soon after followed by the Queen. They were both looking well in health, but in wretchedly low spirits; the King in particular could hardly hold up his head. He appeared anxious about the elections, from which he evidently anticipated favourable results, and it was clear he still entertains some faint hopes,

which are probably kept up by his friends in their desire to please him rather than tell him the honest truth. He told us that Lord Brougham had not been naturalised in France, as all acts of naturalisation were signed by him, and were not valid without his signature. M. Guizot then came in, and told the King that he had heard that morning from Count Dietrichstein that Prince Metternich was not coming to England. Mr. Monckton-Milnes* then arrived and sat by the King, while Lady Tankerville and I were talking to the Queen. We saw the King suddenly start up and exclaim, "Ah! c'est le dernier coup!" The Queen jumped up and inquired, "Qu'est-ce que c'est, mon ami? Calmez-vous!" to which he replied by repeating, "C'est le dernier coup!" It then appeared that Mr. Monckton-Milnes had informed him public opinion thought his son the Duc de Nemours had not shown the courage the occasion required. Why he did so I cannot understand. In the evening I told Lord Palmerston of our visit to Claremont, which seemed to interest him. He hoped it was true that Prince Metternich was not coming to England, as this *réunion* of foreign statesmen would look too much like a congress. He suspected the King of Sardinia's illness was feigned; that all countries wanted us to take their part, and thought it very ill-natured our refusing to do so, but that our best policy was to keep aloof and let them settle their own quarrels.

April 17th.—The report of the defeat of the Austrians is true. The Piedmontese attacked them at the bridge

* Now Lord Houghton.

of Goritz on the 8th. The Austrians retreated after blowing up the bridge, but not having done it effectually, the Piedmontese crossed over, took four pieces of cannon and two thousand prisoners, driving the Austrians upon Mantua. But this is the Sardinian account, and certainly exaggerated.

April 30th.—Heron Court. Mr. Stanley left us. Lords Canning, Castlereagh, and Salisbury have been fishing here, but with no luck. Yesterday Lords Canning, Granville, Douglas, and Rivers came from Highcliffe, where they had been staying for the hunting in the New Forest. They were all so disgusted with the danger of the ground that they declared they never would hunt there again. One man, a groom, was killed, three gentlemen very much hurt, and Lord Granville had his face cut by the boughs of a tree against which his horse carried him. In Paris everything is quiet, and the elections have gone off peaceably. Lamartine is at the head of every list, and Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc at the bottom. There is, therefore, every reason to hope that the Moderates will have a majority in the Assembly. Yet the language at the clubs is of the most violent description. There is no doubt if these men get the upper hand the horrors of 1793 will be repeated.

May 8th.—It is feared if the Austrians continue to be successful the French will interfere, as a large sum has been decreed for the expenses of the army. M. Dietrichstein* appears to expect this, and is very

* Austrian Ambassador in London.

much out of spirits at the state and prospects of his country. The Danes and Prussians have accepted our mediation. The former had blockaded Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen.

May 12th.—There have been serious disturbances at Rome to force the Pope to declare war against Austria, which he was unwilling to do, as Austria threatens in that case to withdraw her spiritual allegiance to Rome. The whole National Guard joined the people, surrounded the houses of the cardinals to prevent their leaving, took possession of the gates of the town, and threatened to depose the Pope if he persisted in refusing to accede to their desire. He at once gave the promise and declared war against Austria, whose Ambassador immediately left Rome, and he consented also to form a new Government, of which no one in Holy Orders would be a member. Count Nugent has not yet effected a junction with Radetzky.

May 15th.—The telegraph from Dover announces that the National Assembly at Paris was again taken possession of by the mob yesterday. After a scene of great confusion, one of the leaders, a man named Hubert, proclaimed the dissolution of the Assembly. Afterwards Barbès, Raspail, and others, followed by an immense mob, went to the Hôtel de Ville, where they established a Terrorist Provisional Government; but a strong body of the National Guard having assembled by this time, arrested them, cleared the National Assembly of the mob, and order was once more restored. The attack upon the National Assembly

was not a *coup de main*, as was at first supposed, but the result of a deep-laid conspiracy, in which General Courtois, the Commandant of the National Guard, was chief. He has been superseded.

May 24th.—"La Presse" announces the defeat of Generals Zucchi and Durando, who have been annihilated by Count Nugent, who has taken Palmanova and Treviso. Sir Henry Bulwer has been ordered to leave Madrid by the Spanish Government. The Emperor and Empress of Austria have left Vienna in consequence of a fresh disturbance, and have gone to Innspruck for refuge. Barbès nearly made his escape from Vincennes, having corrupted two of his gaolers, but a third recognised and stopped him. The intention of the conspirators was to set fire to the theatres and murder all the Deputies they met with. Madame Lamartine gives herself such ridiculous airs that she actually refused to receive Lady Louisa Tennison unless she was presented by Lady Normanby, the Ambassadress.

May 25th.—The Jew Bill was thrown out in the Lords by a majority of 35. Mr. Lionel de Rothschild and his brother Anthony were present. I never saw the House so full. The Rothschilds stood like elder sons of Peers on the steps of the throne, and would not even retire when the division took place.

June 3rd.—There has been another insurrection at Vienna. On the 26th the Government attempted a reactionary *coup d'état* by ordering the Academical Legion, which was guaranteed by the Constitution, to

disband. This they refused to do, and the whole population joined them, barricades were erected, and at last the troops were forced to retire. The people then demanded the continuance of the Academical Legion, and that the Emperor should return in eight days, or appoint one of the Princes to represent him. Both demands were granted. Lord Palmerston has refused to receive Count Miresol, saying that he will only transact business with an accredited agent of the Spanish Government, so that any explanation they have to give must come from the Spanish Ministry.

June 26th.—Fighting in Paris for the last two days. Loss of life dreadful—greater than in most battles. Ten thousand are said to be killed or wounded on the two sides. Lamoricière had two horses killed under him. Horrible cruelties were committed on the wounded soldiers. To prevent them from firing at the windows the mob placed their women and children before them, and fired from behind, thinking themselves safe. But after some time the soldiers returned the fire, killing several women and children, whose bodies were thrown into the streets by their own friends, and perhaps their own relations.

June 30th.—London has been very gay for the last fortnight. We have had the Spitalfields ball, which was exceedingly brilliant, and realised 1,000*l.* for the charity, after 1,800*l.* had been deducted for expenses. Lady Londonderry had a quadrille of forty kings and queens, very splendid; but they were received with shouts of laughter mingled with applause as they entered.

July 25th.—Radetzky totally defeated the Piedmontese after four or five days' hard fighting, in which he retook all the positions which it had cost Charles Albert two months to gain. He retired towards Cremona, and the Austrians bombarded Peschiera. The King, being completely beaten, has appealed to the French Republic to send sixty thousand men to his assistance, which they have refused to do, proposing to settle the question by negotiations in concert with us. The long-talked-of rebellion in Ireland has at last broken out and been suppressed by fifty policemen! W. S. O'Brien headed the attack upon the police—or rather sent three thousand men to attack them whilst he concealed himself in a garden close by. O'Brien is proclaimed a traitor, and a reward of five hundred pounds offered for his apprehension, and all who harbour or assist him are proclaimed guilty of high treason. Our army in Ireland is now about forty thousand men, and Lord Hardinge has gone over to take the command. O'Brien has been arrested. Radetzky has driven the Piedmontese out of Cremona, and they are now in full retreat upon Pavia or Milan. The Lombards have behaved infamously towards them, and deserted them in their utmost need, never supplying them with food or wine. They fought most gallantly, and were defeated much more by hunger and fatigue than by the Austrians. The King showed great courage, but no military skill.

August 8th.—Lord Palmerston yesterday announced that England and France were to mediate between Austria and Italy, which was received with loud cheers. We dined with the Palmerstons, where the .French

Minister told us he was recalled for speaking to M. Guizot in the street. I can't say I believed him.

August 9th.—We left London for Achnacarry by our usual route through Glasgow, and afterwards by steamer to Corpach.

August 11th.—We passed the autumn at Achnacarry as usual until October 22, during which time we were visited by the Charteris, Wrottesleys, Sidney Herberts, Lord and Lady Bruce, Lord and Lady Jocelyn, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, &c. On September 25, we heard of the death of Lord George Bentinck, which took place suddenly on the 21st. He was staying at Welbeck, and being engaged to dine with Lord Manvers, he sent his servant with his clothes in a gig, saying he would walk himself, the distance being only about five miles. However, he never arrived, and the servant becoming alarmed drove back to Welbeck and inquired if anybody had seen him. A search was made, and he was found in a field, about a mile from Welbeck, quite dead. He will be a dreadful loss to our party, for he was not only a very clever, but a most honest, courageous, and high-minded man. The inquest was held on the 25th, and it appears from the medical testimony he died from a spasm of the heart, brought on, it is supposed, by excitement and the hard work he has gone through for the last two or three years. There was no disease in the heart or in any other part of his frame, which the surgeon said promised a long life. It must therefore have been quite an accidental attack, and one that anyone might have if they overworked themselves. The sensation his

death has caused throughout the country is extraordinary, and is likely to bring about very important changes in our party. No one but Disraeli can fill his place. Although of perfectly different natures, they pulled together without any difficulty. It will leave Disraeli without a rival, and enable him to show the great genius he undoubtedly possesses without any comparisons.

October 11*th*.—Mrs. Norton arrived at Achnacarry and stayed with us three or four days. We found her very agreeable and amusing, but her beauty, her manners, and her conversation are all of the most masculine character—and the latter is often coarser than even a man should use. Sidney Herbert told us a funny story about the origin of the name of Trollope. A son of Mrs. Trollope, the authoress, who was with him at Harrow, first told it of his own accord, but used to be made to repeat it by sufficient punchings on the head, as follows:—"Tallyhosier the Norman came over to England with William the Conqueror, and being out hunting one day with his Majesty in the New Forest, happened to kill three wolves, and '*trois*' being the French for 'three,' '*loup*' for 'wolves,' he was called '*troisloup*,' which with many changes and corruptions during countless centuries became 'Trollope'!"

October 14*th*.—We rode to Glenquoich, belonging to "Bear" Ellice, crossing the Garry, where the water came up above our saddle-girths. The house at Glenquoich is a wooden construction, small but well furnished. There was a party of the Abercorns and Jocelyns staying there. On Sunday "Bear" Ellice

read prayers of his own composition, and we afterwards drove to Loch Hourn. The path leading to it is the finest I have yet seen in Scotland, not excepting even Glencoe. The "Bear" is a regular showman and has got his lesson by heart, and when he is interrupted forgets where he left off.

October 16*th*.—Returned to Achnacarry and found that a good deal of snow had fallen since yesterday. It is not yet known what the Government mean to do with Smith O'Brien. The jury found him "Guilty," but with a recommendation to mercy. A fresh rebellion broke out at Vienna on the 6th, and Count Latour, Minister of War, was murdered. The Emperor fled, and after some severe fighting all through the 6th and 7th, the arsenal was taken and the town remained in the hands of the insurgents.

October 19*th*.—Matters at Vienna remain the same. The garrison has taken up a position on a hill commanding the town, and the troops are loyal. Jellachich, who is Ban of Croatia, has arrived before Vienna, with the intention of commencing a bombardment. Cholera has broken out again in London.

October 27*th*.—Left Achnacarry by Loch Laggan, Dunkheld, &c. Stayed at Chillingham Castle.

November 10*th*.—Went to Knowsley. Heard that Vienna was taken by Windischgrätz on the 31st, on which day the Viennese agreed to capitulate. But after the terms of surrender had been agreed upon, hearing that the Hungarians were advancing to their

assistance, they resumed hostilities, and, contrary to good faith, fired upon the Austrians, who were entering to take possession. Windischgrätz thereupon immediately ordered the cannonade and bombardment to begin, by which much damage was done. At the same time Jellachich advanced to meet the Hungarians, whom he totally defeated, and next day, November 1st, Vienna was in possession of the Austrians. We met at Knowsley General Talbot, nearly eighty years of age, a remarkable character. He was one of the early settlers in Canada, where he cleared several acres of land with his own hand in a part of the country which was then quite unpeopled and has now a population of two hundred thousand. He is very rich, and is a sort of king there.

November 24th.—Heron Court. Lord Canning and Adolphus FitzClarence arrived for dinner. The latter commands the Queen's yacht. Count Rossi, whom we used to know at Rome two years ago, and who was then French Ambassador, and since Louis Philippe's abdication Prime Minister of the Pope, has been assassinated on the staircase of the Chamber of Deputies. No attempt was made to arrest the murderer. His son nearly shared the same fate in trying to assist his father.

December 2nd.—News from Italy very bad. After Rossi's murder the mob and soldiers attacked the Quirinal, fired into the windows and killed Cardinal Palma. The Swiss Guards behaved very gallantly, but were too few to oppose any effectual resistance, and the Pope was obliged to accede to the demands of the

rabble and appointed Mamiani Prime Minister. For about a week the Pope remained in his palace closely watched, when he succeeded in making his escape on the 24th to Gaeta, where a steamer was waiting to take him to France. The Pope was assisted in his escape by Mrs. Dodwell, an Italian lady, who provided disguises.

December 5th.—Went to Tottenham, Lord Ailesbury's place, where there was a large party. It appears that the Pope made his escape from the Quirinal disguised as the Bavarian Minister's servant. Having by this means got downstairs, he mounted the box by the coachman and reached the Bavarian Minister's house; he changed his dress, and, post-horses having already been procured, he started directly for the Neapolitan States. His escape was not discovered for some time, as his attendants had been told he was at prayers and must not be disturbed.

December 11th.—The Emperor of Austria has abdicated in favour of his nephew, the Archduke Franz Josef.

December 20th.—Prince Louis Bonaparte has been proclaimed President of the French Republic by a plebiscite. He had an immense majority over General Cavaignac. This, no doubt, is the first step to the Empire. His name has acted like magic on the nation.

1849.

January 22nd.—The Herberts, Shelburnes, Cannings, and* Lord Eddisbury arrived. There has been some hard fighting in India on the banks of the Chenab, which has ended in the retreat of the Sikh army. But this slight advantage, if it can be called one, where we have not taken a single prisoner, gun, or standard, has been dearly bought by the loss of General Cureton and General Havelock, who were killed at the head of their regiments. The former greatly distinguished himself in the late war under Lord Hardinge, and was considered the first cavalry officer in the service.

February 1st.—Parliament opens to-day. All mention of the grievances of the agricultural interest having been omitted from the Queen's Speech, Lord Stanley brings forward an amendment to the Address in these words:—"We regret being compelled humbly to represent to your Majesty that neither your Majesty's relations with foreign Powers, nor the state of the revenue, nor the condition of the commercial and manufacturing interest, are such as in our opinion justify us in addressing your Majesty in language of congratulation, and that a large portion of the agricultural and colonial interests of the Empire is labouring under a state of progressive depression calculated to excite the most serious apprehension and anxiety." This amendment was received with loud cheers, and was lost only by two, the numbers being 52 to 50. The Ministers complained of having been taken by surprise. It was

* Afterwards Lord Stanley of Alderley.

settled at a dinner the evening before, when Lord Stanley read the Queen's Speech to his guests; and when they were all gone, with the exception of the Duke of Richmond, Lord Redesdale, and myself, he drew up this amendment with us. The Duke of Wellington supported the Government, but he has lost his influence in the House of Lords from constantly taking their part, and I do not believe he can now command more than three or four votes, but this number made the difference on this occasion. The same amendment was proposed by Disraeli in the Commons, but not pressed to a division. The triumvirate (Mr. Disraeli, Lord Granby, and Mr. Herries) appointed to be our leaders in that House is an evident failure, the latter two being in the way of the first.

February 19th.—The deposition of the Pope was passed in the Roman Chamber by a majority of 136 out of 144 votes, and the proclamation of the Republic of Rome by 120. His spiritual power is, however, guaranteed, which seems an absurdity. A Republic has also been proclaimed at Florence, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany is at San Stefano, where two English ships of war await his orders.

February 20th.—My audit dinner took place, and was very ill attended, with a great deficit of rents. I made a speech to the farmers to prove to them that the repeal of the malt tax would do them more harm than good, which I feel certain is the case.* Prince Louis Napoleon is gaining great popularity. Trade in

* This proved true, as it cheapened barley when it was repealed in 1880.

France is reviving and strangers beginning to flock to Paris. It will soon be as gay and agreeable as ever. The Austrians have entered Ferrara, and are said to be on their way to Rome. There is a very important piece of news, the advance of the Russians against the Hungarians in consequence of the demands for assistance from Austria, which will enable the latter to send a larger force into Italy. Lord Palmerston has made a speech in the House of Commons, charging the King of Naples with every sort of crime and tyranny. Much of it may be true, but a great deal is certainly false, and a great deal exaggerated. Our Ambassador, his brother (Mr. Temple), believes every absurd story that is told against King Bomba, and repeats it to his chief.

February 22nd.—Letters from Vienna announce the complete destruction of the corps of Hungarians commanded by General Bem.

March 3rd.—The Austrians entered Ferrara on February 18, and found that an officer of the garrison and three soldiers had been killed by the townspeople; and that the Austrian Consul had had his house plundered without any effort on the part of the authorities being made to prevent it. Marshal Radetzky determined to punish the people of Ferrara and ensure the safety of the garrison there. A deputation waited on Field-Marshal Haynau, who insisted on the following conditions:—(1) To deliver up the murderers of the soldiers; (2) That six hostages should be given for the fulfilment of the conditions now made; (3) The army of the Pope, their liege lord, to be reinstated; and (4) That a fine of twenty thousand dollars should be paid

March 5th.—Bad news from India. Lord Gough has again attacked the Sikhs in a very strong position, with an inferior force and exhausted by a long march. Notwithstanding this the troops took their positions, but being unsupported at night they were obliged to abandon them after a tremendous loss of life; nearly one hundred officers and two thousand men being killed or wounded. Some of the cavalry, both native and English, behaved badly. Lord Gough himself fought in the thickest of the *mêlée*, and was not to be found when it was necessary to give orders, and in fact the battle was won in great confusion.

March 7th.—Lord Stanley asked the Government whether it was true that arms had been furnished to the Sicilian insurgents by our Government, to which Lord Lansdowne replied that it was so, but threw the whole blame on Lord Palmerston, saying that it was done by his orders, and that when the rest of the Government were informed of it they were highly displeased at the measure, and sent an apology to the King of Naples, promising that it would not occur again. Lord Lansdowne in his speech attacked the Sicilian Government, and Lord Brougham when replying said: "The noble Lord said, 'the Sicilian Government,' I conclude he means 'the insurgents;'" to which Lord Lansdowne answered, "I mean the Government *de facto*." "Yes," said Lord Brougham, "that is the Goverment of the insurgents, and is no more the Government of the Kingdom of all the Sicilies than Smith O'Brien's Committee was the Government of England."

March 11*th.*—Sir Charles Napier says that in the position Lord Gough is he must either destroy the Sikhs or be destroyed himself, as there is no middle course.

March 13*th.*—The second reading of the bill repealing the Navigation Laws passed the Commons last night by a majority of 56. The Peelites voted different ways, some for and some against the bill.

March 14*th.*—We dined with the Colchesters, and were introduced to Sir Charles Napier. He is a little man with grey hair brushed back from his face, with an immense hooked and pointed nose, small eyes, and wears spectacles, very like the conventional face of a Jew. He is appointed to retrieve our affairs in India, and when the Duke of Wellington named him to the post he at first hesitated, until the Duke told him if he didn't go he would go himself. Great notice was taken of Sir Charles, and it was a curious scene altogether, for the Duke of Wellington arrived at the party, and for a few minutes those two great men were engaged in close conversation in the centre of the room, and the company formed a circle around them, though at a respectful distance.

March 17*th.*—Disraeli's motion for an inquiry into the burthens on land was thrown out by a majority of 91. It gave the Peelites a fair opportunity for a reconciliation with us, as it had nothing to do with Free Trade; they, however, voted in a body with the Whigs.

March 22nd.—The papers contain a proclamation by Radetzky to his soldiers announcing the recommencement of hostilities on the 21st, and stating his intention of marching on Turin. The troops are perfectly well disposed and in high spirits, and there is little doubt that Charles Albert will be made to regret his rash and treacherous conduct. The armistice which was granted by the Austrians six months ago, at a time when they could have conquered the whole of Piedmont, was effected for the purpose of settling the preliminaries of peace, but it has been employed by Charles Albert in making preparations for war. This last time he has been urged on by the Revolutionary party against his own will, preferring to fight the Austrians to losing his crown. It is conjectured that he does not mean to defend Turin, but will throw himself back on Alessandria and Genoa. The invading army is said to be in high spirits and confident of success. The Piedmontese have the disadvantage of being commanded by a foreigner, Chrzanowski, a Pole.

March 29th.—Was at the Drawing Room. Great complaints made by the ladies that the wives and daughters of the Queen's servants and the ladies' maids of many of themselves obstructed the gallery and had comfortable seats, whilst they themselves were obliged to stand till their carriages came up; this, after standing so long upstairs, was rather hard. A despatch from the French Minister at Turin states that the army of Charles Albert has been forced back on to the mountains of Biela, and that the Austrians have occupied Novara, Vercelli, and Trino. The King has

abdicated and fled, and the Government has requested Mr. Abercromby, our Minister, and himself to apply for an armistice to cover Turin. Charles Albert, after his abdication in favour of the Duke of Savoy, passed through Nice on his way to France. The Piedmontese army has been totally beaten at Novara, but has saved its honour. Lord Mahon told me a story of Mrs. Disraeli, who was paying a visit somewhere in the country, where she met Lord and Lady Hardinge. It happened that Lord Hardinge's room was next to the Disraelis', and the next morning Mrs. Disraeli said to Lord Hardinge at breakfast, "Oh, Lord Hardinge, I consider myself the most fortunate of women. I said to myself when I woke this morning, 'What a lucky woman I am! here I have been sleeping between the greatest orator and the greatest warrior of the day!'" Lady Hardinge did not appear pleased at the state-ment. I left for Paris.

Saturday, March 30.—I arrived at Paris this morning, and having informed the Prince President, Louis Napoleon, of my being here, he immediately gave me an audience. Lord Stanley being at the head of the Opposition, the Prince seemed anxious to know what he might expect from him if he succeeded the present Government. He himself was only just in the saddle, in a position of great difficulty, and very anxious about the future. He said the danger to Europe lay in the absolute necessity of modifying the treaties of 1815, which should be done before a war broke out. What would England do if Austria and Prussia went to war? What would England do if such a modification was proposed by a Congress? France, he said, would not

now be jealous of our gaining more power in Egypt, and France and England together could remodel everything. This seems to me to hint at an idea that France would take part with Prussia, and if that Power gained territory in Germany, France would advance her frontier and allow England compensations in the Levant. The Prince said that Russia was, unfortunately, popular with the upper classes in Paris. He regretted the Roman business having turned out so ill, but it had been badly managed. Of France he said the Legitimists were really the most unpatriotic and *bêtes*, and turned the elections here. They hated England the most of any of the different parties. If he (the President) chose to write an article as long as his finger against them in the "Moniteur," he could rally the *Rouges* and Republicans round him, but this he would not do. The Royalists wanted him to play the part of Monk, without seeing the difference of the situation of public opinion as well as his own personally. He would in that case betray the 7,000,000 who had elected him, even if he had the power, which he had not. He considered the army staunch. The worst of the situation was that he had not one friend on whom he could depend; he was quite alone, and his only friends were those he did not know. He seemed to me very thin-skinned about the English newspapers and the reports regarding himself. He dislikes Lord Aberdeen. He has only 200 votes in the Chamber in his favour.

This conversation I afterwards repeated to Lord Stanley, who agreed with me in thinking that the mind of the President was full of schemes for the revision of the map of Europe, that he was the principal

author of those which had been lately published in that sense, that no positive policy was fixed in his mind as long as he considered himself fettered by the Chamber and had not overcome his national enemies by some decided act, but that, although his position was precarious, it was not at all hopeless.

April 1st.—News has been received of a great victory over the Sikhs near Goojerat on February 21. They left their camp on the 11th, and having failed in their endeavour to draw Lord Gough out of his entrenchments, they retired, when it was ascertained that they had gone in the direction of Goojerat, which they took, having surprised the Afghan garrison. They then attempted to cross the Chenab at Sodra, but were met by a detachment of General Whish's army from Mooltan, which had advanced by forced marches to the relief of Lord Gough, where they were attacked by the combined armies of Lord Gough and General Whish, and were completely defeated, losing most of their cannon and all their ammunition and tents.

April 13th.—The Austrians have taken Brescia, and Genoa has surrendered. Jellachich has beaten the Hungarians, who latterly had been very successful, having defeated the Austrians and Russians in several encounters.

April 14th.—I returned from Paris. The President, who received me in the most friendly manner, was under the impression that if the Whigs were turned out Peel himself would come in, and that if in that event Lord Aberdeen is our Foreign Minister, he would

intrigue for the restoration of the Bourbons, both of which suppositions are erroneous, as we shall certainly never again interfere in the domestic arrangements of France. There is a story now very much talked of in London which, if true, must tell against Lord Palmerston, as to his attention to public affairs. It is this:—The armistice between Denmark and Germany had already been far advanced, and was to expire on April 2, when a courier from Copenhagen arrived in London on March 26, who was the bearer of the final proposals of the Danish Government in answer to the conditions offered by the German Plenipotentiary. This communication was immediately forwarded to Lord Palmerston as the mediating Power, and it was all the more important not only from the nature of its contents, but because the Danish courier was strictly ordered to leave London, with or without an answer, so as to reach Copenhagen again before the conclusion of the armistice. This period of time, short in itself, and decisive as to the settlement of the question of peace or war, accordingly passed away; the courier left London without any notice having been taken of the communication, and his return to Copenhagen was the signal for the precipitate departure of that expedition which has cost the lives of many seamen and the Danish fleet two of its finest ships. At length, on March 29, the Queen happened to hold a Drawing Room, at which some sort of a personal explanation took place between the Ministers and the members of the Diplomatic Corps. It was then ascertained that the all-important despatch upon which the question of peace or war turned had not been opened or read by Lord Palmerston during the interval of two or three

days allowed for an answer. No answer at all was therefore given. The German Plenipotentiary remained in total ignorance of the fact that any such proposals had been made, as, on the other hand, the Danish Plenipotentiary does not appear to have been clearly apprised of the extent of concessions made in favour of his Government. Thus the messenger of actual war was allowed to leave this country because an English Minister did not read a letter.

April 15*th*.—Lord Seymour called and said that the story about Lord Palmerston and the Danish despatch was quite true.

April 16*th*.—A suspension of hostilities has been agreed upon at Genoa, and it does not expire until the 9th. Lord Hardwicke, who commands the "Vengeance," is in the harbour, and has taken all the English residents on board, and is doing all he can to arrange matters. The leader of the Republican party sent a message to say he would order the batteries to fire upon the ship and sink her, but Lord Hardwicke despised the threat and remained. He landed at the peril of his life, a large mob being on the shore, apparently ready to attack him and his boat's crew. But on getting out of his boat he went straight up to them, and seeing a woman advance, evidently in a great fury, to attack him, he caught and embraced her before all the mob, who cheered him violently.

April 25*th*.—The Navigation Bill passed the Commons by a majority of 61.

May 2nd.—News has arrived from India of the termination of the war, the Sikhs, to the number of sixteen thousand men, having laid down their arms without fighting to General Gilbert. Forty-one pieces of cannon have been given up, making in all one hundred and sixty taken in this campaign. The state of Europe continues unsatisfactory so far as Austria and Denmark are concerned. The Russians have entered Transylvania, and the Hungarians will probably be defeated. The King of Prussia has refused the title of Emperor of Germany. There was a meeting of Peers yesterday at Lord Stanley's, and I remained with him afterwards to arrange the course of speakers on the Navigation Bill. Lord Stanley wished Lord Brougham to speak just before Lord Grey, intending to speak last himself. He said, "Brougham must poke him up, and I will knock him down."

May 8th.—The debate took place on the Navigation Bill in the House of Lords. It was perfectly crammed in every corner, many of the Peers finding it difficult to get seats.

May 9th.—The Ministers have only a majority of ten, and we had one of fourteen present, so they won it by proxies. They looked very downcast and dispirited when the numbers were announced, as it is the first time such an important question has been decided by proxies. Not one of Lord Stanley's party was absent, and he had sent them a message of thanks for their support.

May 10th.—The French expedition left Civita Vec-

chia on the 28th, and reached Rome on the 30th ult., expecting to be received with open arms; but instead of that it seems they got a good beating, after several unsuccessful attempts to take the barricades, which were defended by Poles; the Romans contenting themselves with looking on and applauding. The French were obliged to retreat, and are in waiting for reinforcements.

May 15*th*.—An insurrection has broken out in Canada. It appears that the sanction of the Governor-General was given at Montreal on the 25th to the Rebellion Losses Indemnity Bill. Directly it became known the rage of the populace knew no bounds, immense mobs collected, drove the members out of the House of Parliament, and set fire to the building, which with the library, containing a large collection of valuable books, was destroyed. Lord Elgin was pelted with eggs, and his immediate recall insisted upon.

May 18*th*.—Nothing could be worse than the foreign news. Germany is in the most dreadful state; the Austrians are being beaten on all sides by Bem and Dembinski; there has been an insurrection at Dresden, which was not put down until after three days' hard fighting and great loss of life; the Grand Duke of Baden has been driven from his dominions; and the Red Republicans are triumphant at Rome. General Oudinot, who commands the French army there, has made no further attempt on the city since his defeat. It is quite true that the Romans took five hundred prisoners from the French.

June 5*th.* — Lady Blessington died yesterday in Paris, of apoplexy. The French army remains stationary before Rome, though it amounts to twenty-five thousand men. The malarial fever has begun to attack them. M. de Lesseps has left Rome, fearing assassination.

June 14*th.* — News has arrived that the French made an attack upon Rome on June 3, took possession of the Villa Pamphili Doria, but have not entered the town. Oudinot was attacking the Porta del Popolo with his artillery.

June 18*th.*—The French army has not gained an inch of ground. General Oudinot is anxious to spare the town, which must be destroyed if he uses his heavy artillery against it, but he will probably find himself compelled to do so in the end, as the honour of France is now involved. Macdonald, the sculptor, has arrived in England. He used to be a violent Radical, but the scenes he has witnessed have effected a great change in his opinions. He says a grape-shot entered a window of the Vatican and lodged in the wall within two or three feet of the Apollo Belvidere. Some of the palaces have also been struck, but without doing much mischief.

June 29*th.*—The French have taken possession of a portion of the outer walls of Rome, but have not yet entered the city. They have simply effected a lodgment in the breach. The Austrians took Ancona on June 18, but Venice has not yet surrendered.

July 4th.—The French are probably by this time in possession of Rome, which offered to capitulate on the 30th, after two days' hard fighting. It is said that Mazzini and his colleagues have been forced to this by the people, who when the moment approached that they must risk their lives shrank from the danger. The Princess Belgiojoso tried to encourage them to resistance, but in vain. On the receipt of this intelligence in Paris, General Bedeau, who had been sent to supersede General Oudinot, was recalled.

July 6th.—Went to Lady Wilde's. There was a French play acted by the famous Doche. It was so improper that many of the ladies slipped away.

July 7th.—Lord Ward gave us his box to see Madame Sontag's *début* in *Linda di Chamouni*. It was most successful; her voice is still lovely and her face and execution perfect. Lablache was present in a stage-box, and his expression of rapture was indescribable. I never saw a face convey such admiration and delight. He certainly is the best judge of singing in the present day.

July 9th.—Met Mario. I asked his opinion about *Le Prophète*, and he said it was not so fine as the *Huguenots*, but he could not yet quite judge, as they did not know their parts; but that there was not a single piece in it to be compared to the grand duet in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, which he thought the finest that had ever been written. We went in the evening to a ball at Cambridge House, where of course we found the *élite* of society. I see that the Opera

has been very nearly closed: the orchestra, not having been paid, refused to play, but Mario generously paid them out of his own pocket.

July 12th.—The French entered Rome on July 3, and on the same day Garibaldi left the city with his corps unmolested. It is supposed he intends to throw himself into Calabria and excite an insurrection there.

July 17th.—The Government were beaten yesterday on the Irish Poor Law Bill in two divisions.

August 1st.—We left on our annual journey to Achnacarry, *viâ* Carlisle, Greenock, and Corpach.

August 26th.—The war in Hungary is ended. Görgey, to whom Kossuth made over the dictatorship, made his submission to the Russians on the 13th inst. The latter were under Paskiewitch. Görgey's conduct must until further news excite suspicion of treachery; but he may have acted wisely for his country, as the forces against him were overwhelming, and if, as is said, there were differences amongst his own people, no other course was open to him.

September 1st.—We went to Ardverikie, a beautiful place on Loch Laggan hired by the Abercorns.

September 4th.—We went with Lady Abercorn, Lady Granville, and Lady Jocelyn to Cluny Castle, nearly fifteen miles off, starting, with a fat coachman to drive us, about four in the afternoon. Of course the horse knocked up before we arrived at our destination, and we were obliged to get out and walk up the hill from the lodge to the house. The woman in charge took us for ladies' maids and valets, and when she found out who we were, as she insisted upon knowing our names,

I thought she would have fainted. After seeing the castle we procured a horse with some difficulty to take us home, but did not arrive till near midnight. I believe Macpherson's ground at Cluny is supposed to be the best for grouse in Scotland.

September 6th.—Returned to Achnacarry. At Mulcomer Bridge we very nearly backed over the precipice, as the horse jibbed.

September 10th.—Venice is surrounded, and the Austrians entered it on the 28th ult.

September 22th.—I had been out deer-stalking, and as I was returning home alone, and by bright moonlight, I saw a hind on the hill a little above the road and shot her, but just as I was stooping over her with a knife, she sprang up and struck at me with one of her fore feet, hitting me in the forehead just between the eyes. The blow was so violent that it knocked me down and stunned me for a short time, and on recovering my senses I found I was quite blind, but this was only from the blood. Her hoof had cut a deep gash in my forehead and along my nose. The animal was lying quite dead by my side. I walked to the house, which was not far off, and the maid who opened the door was so frightened at my appearance that she fainted forthwith. This laid me up for a week, but with no further consequences.

October 24th.—We left Achnacarry. Our party had been composed of the Jocelyns, Calcrafts, Charteris, Herberts, Lord Cardigan, &c.

November 8th.—We went to Chillingham Castle,

where Mr. Burrell, a clergyman, told us the story of a little girl at his school who was asked what the outward visible sign in baptism was, to which she replied, "The baby." Also Lady Goderich's little daughter, who, seeing her mother was very uncomfortable before the birth of her children, said she was "determined to have all her children before she married, and enjoy herself afterwards."

November 14th.—The Mannings have been executed for the murder of O'Connor. She kept up her character to the last, and showed the most extraordinary nerve ever possessed by a woman. He confessed having assisted, though he affirmed that she fired the shot, and had originated and planned the whole crime. She, on the other hand, persisted in affirming her innocence, and died with perfect composure, thinking apparently of nothing but of exhibiting her beautiful figure to the best advantage. Her dress was very handsome, being of black satin, with a lace *canezou*, and a black veil over her head. The attendants wished her to put on a cloak, but the proposal annoyed her so much that they did not press it. She had been lady's maid to the Duchess of Sutherland. After having murdered O'Connor, they buried him under the hearthstone, and ate their supper upon the spot for several days after.

Mr. Disraeli to Lord M.

Grosvenor Gate: November 21, 1849.

My dear Lord,—It is most vexatious that we should have missed each other, as there was no one with whom I wished more to confer than yourself, having every confidence in your intelligence and firmness, and should long ago have

written to you on many affairs had I not found it impossible to write on subjects so complicated.

I probably leave town to-morrow, and have no prospect of being here again on December 2, as on the 5th I have a Bucks meeting, which in the present awkward condition of affairs I must attend.

The state of our Press is deplorable. I approve of your suggestion respecting the "Post," but it would be as well, I think, previously to communicate with Knox, with whom I some months ago had a casual conversation on the subject in the hall of the Carlton.

With respect to other matters, the scandal of our provincial movement is great and flagrant, but I hope the evil is more superficial than it seems, and that, with tact and temper, the ship may be righted. I have spared no effort, nor has Beresford, but we have had to deal with a wrong-headed man.

Ever yours sincerely,

B. DISRAELI.

December 11*th*.—We went to Savernake, where there was a large party.

December 13*th*.—A sad accident happened this afternoon to one of Lord Bruce's keepers, who blew off two fingers of his right hand in loading Lord Jocelyn's gun. Fortunately, the day's sport being nearly over, we were not more than a hundred yards from the house, and by a most lucky chance the family doctor was there, having come to see one of the servants, and had his surgical instruments, so that the poor man had immediate assistance, and his fingers were amputated in a few minutes. All the gentlemen stood round to witness the operation and encourage the man, who showed great pluck. A curious incident occurred, proving how uncertain the action of such sights is upon

our nerves. Every one of us bore the sight pretty calmly but Lord Raglan, who had seen a hundred battles, and who nearly fainted away, and was obliged to retire. Yet in action he was known to be remarkable for his unmoved calmness and *sang froid*.*

1850.

Mr. Disraeli to Lord M.

Hughenden Manor: Jan. 1, 1850.

My dear Lord,—My absence at Quarter Sessions prevented my receiving your very kind letter until to-day. I am very sorry indeed that it is not in my power to have the pleasure of becoming your guest, as you propose, but I have engagements at home from which I cannot extricate myself.

Sir Robert's letter is pompous and trite. There is really nothing proposed in it which might not have been done with equal propriety if the Corn Laws had not been repealed; but he has succeeded in conveying an impression that his estate is in bad condition, and that he is conscious he has led his friends into a hopeless scrape.

I think Sidney Herbert is in a pretty scrape; 35,000 needlewomen to be deported at 15*l.* a-piece (his own estimate) would take upwards of 600,000*l.* He should have subscribed at least one year's income as an example, and if he succeeds in his object, which is impossible, he will do no good.

I am sure you will make a capital speech at Salisbury, but I wish the movement was not merely agricultural. There are the other great interests (in buckram) that your friend G. F. Young talked so much of. Why does not Limehouse at least stir? Ever yours faithfully,

D.

* Marshal St.-Arnaud said: "C'est toujours le même calme qui ne le quitte jamais."

P.S.—Let nothing prevent you looking at the last article in "Blackwood" on high farming in Scotland.

Lord Stanley to Lord M.

Knowsley: Jan. 2, 1850.

My dear Malmesbury,—I omitted some time ago to thank you for your list of Peers. I have noted down a few to whom I think for various reasons it would be unnecessary for me to write, and we never, I believe, send circulars to the Bishops. I have also put down three names which appear to me to be omissions from your list. Is Dunsany yet elected? If he is, he should be written to. Take care to have it as generally known as possible that Redesdale is to be our candidate* whenever old Shaftesbury retires, which I think he will do this session, though probably not at the very commencement; still we ought to be prepared for anything that may happen.

Love to my lady. I am very glad to hear you are all pleased with what you see and hear of Ossulston's choice.

Yours very sincerely,

STANLEY.

January 4th.—Heron Court. I went to-day to a Protectionist meeting at Salisbury, where I had to propose a resolution and make a speech.

Mr. Sidney Herbert to Lord M.

Wilton: Jan. 6, 1850.

My dear Fitzharris,—I have been long enough in public life to know how often public duty impels a course which is very painful to private friendship, and I confess I am far more grieved on public than on private grounds at the line taken during the last months by yourself and your friends. Farmers and landlords were beginning to settle down and adjust themselves to the new state of things when that un-

* As Chairman of Committees.

fortunate delusion that Protection can be restored has come to disturb and unsettle everything. In the face of the thriving and daily improving state of all classes, except the one which has to go through the process, never very pleasant, of giving up a pecuniary advantage which they enjoyed at the expense of the rest, it is hopeless to attempt the re-imposition of the Corn Laws. If it were possible by any combination of circumstances to do so, even for a time, I believe such success would be fatal to the order to which you and I, in our different degrees, belong.

However, there is little use in our discussing the point. I know enough of you and those with whom you are acting to do you the justice to believe (what others will not) that you are acting upon a strong conviction, that the course you advocate would benefit all classes of the community as well as your own, and that you would not move a finger for it if you did not think so.

I wish I could foresee with any confidence the time when this fiscal question shall be no bar to our co-operation on social and political matters which are far more important to the vitality of this country.

Believe me, my dear Fitzharris,
Most affectionately yours,
SIDNEY HERBERT.

January 14th to February 19th.—I was laid up and in considerable danger from an attack of rheumatic fever. Lord Cantelupe and Mr. Pelham were seized at the same time with the same complaint, and both died. The London doctors had treated them with acids, principally lemon-juice, whilst my country practitioner had given me calomel and strong alkalis—two diametrically opposite systems of treatment.

February 21nd.—The division upon Disraeli's motion upon taxation took place this morning, and the

Government had only a majority of 21. The Ministers looked rather annoyed, for though it was not for a return to Protection, it was a move in that direction, and is considered so by all parties. Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham both spoke and voted against us. When the former got up and expressed great sympathy for the sufferings of the agriculturists, Colonel Sibthorp lifted up both his hands in a mock-tragic manner, exclaiming, "Oh dear! oh dear!" which set the whole House into a roar of laughter. Peel, instead of paying no attention to the interruption, turned to Colonel Sibthorp and gave him some explanation, adding, he hoped he believed him, to which Sibthorp replied, "I can't say I do." A good many Peelites voted for us. There was a great row at a Protectionist meeting at Dorchester. The mob attacked the farmers, pelting them with stones; they bore it for some time, and then made a charge upon the mob with their hunting-whips and dispersed them.

March 3rd.—The Government have introduced a bill for lowering the franchise in Ireland, which is of course only a prelude to a similar measure in England.

April 16th.—In Paris. On arriving I wrote to the President, who asked me to breakfast the next morning at the Elysée. He was more than cordial, and began by reminding me that he had always told me in his darkest days he would some day govern France. "I told you so," said he, "when you came to visit me in my prison at Ham, and you and every one thought I was mad. But although I am here I know nobody; the friends I have I don't know, and they don't know me, even by sight. Although a Frenchman, not fifty

of them had ever seen me when I came over from England. I have tried to consolidate all political parties, but I can conciliate none; there is now a conspiracy to seize me and send me to Vincennes, and General Changarnier and Thiers are at its head. The Chamber is unmanageable. I stand perfectly alone, but the army and the people are with me, and I don't despair. Yet every day may see me a prisoner. Your Ambassador, Lord Normanby, is intriguing against me, although his chief, Lord Palmerston, and some of your Cabinet Ministers, are in my favour. I believe Lord Normanby carries on a private correspondence with Prince Albert to my detriment." After this he invited me to drive with him at St. Cloud and see the *haras*, which I did. Among the horses was a splendid dark chestnut, which the stud groom, an Englishman, led out to show me. The President, after admiring him much, ordered the man to send him to his stables at Paris. "I can't do that, Sir," he replied, "the horse belongs to the Republic." As we were sitting in the phaeton Louis Napoleon jogged my arm and observed, "You see my position; it is time to put an end to it." Driving home, he made no secret of his intention of being beforehand with his enemies, and there was no mistaking the means he would take to be so.

April 21st.—I gave a dinner to Lord Normanby and a few friends at Philippe's café. I found his lordship knew of my breakfast with the President, and could not conceal his curiosity and displeasure, which was foolish and unwarrantable, as I had never taken part in foreign politics, nor even held any office. He showed his personal antipathy to the Prince President

in a very undiplomatic way, foretelling his impending fall. He said his first speech was a failure, and was made with a strong German accent, but long as I have known him I never perceived he had one. It is evident Lord Normanby and his chief, Lord Palmerston, are at variance in their policy, and the former is with Lord Aberdeen, whose *bête noire* is Louis Napoleon. After this the President invited me to dinner, and after it was over took me into an inner room, where we had a long conversation. The rest of the company, which consisted of Lord Normanby, Lord Ailesbury, Lord Clauricarde, and Lord Brougham, came to take leave of the President, as it was getting late. I also got up to go, but he stopped me, asking me to remain to finish our conversation. It was chiefly relating to the difficulties he was in. This annoyed Lord Normanby exceedingly, and was considered important enough for some one to write home that Lord Normanby was much chagrined at not knowing what the subject of our conversation had been. He must have guessed that it related to his treacherous hostility. Left Paris.

April 26th.—Dined with the Eglintons, where I met General Cabrera, to whom I was introduced. He is very much what I expected, a little dark man, with a very intelligent countenance, and a lively, energetic manner. He is not handsome, but his eyes are so bright and expressive, and his whole appearance so indicative of energy, cleverness, and courage, it is impossible to think him ugly. He speaks horrid French, and I had great difficulty in understanding him. We sent him a ticket for our box at the Opera next day,

and he came to it. I was much amused at hearing Lady Suffield, who did not know him, but found out he was a Spaniard, ask him whether there was any truth in the report that Cabrera was to marry Miss Richards, the great heiress. He laughed and answered, "Yo soy Cabrera," but did not deny the fact, which I believe to be correct. Another lady asked Cabrera, not knowing him, whether the report of his marriage with Miss Richards was true, and after giving him a long dissertation on the lady's fortune, she added she thought it a great pity that Miss Richards should marry a man like Cabrera, who had not a farthing in his pocket and nothing but bullets in his head. Cabrera laughed and said, "I whom you are speaking to am that unfortunate individual." Then he revenged himself by asking her if she was not a relation of Parodi, who was singing at the time.

April 17th.—The French Ambassador has been recalled in consequence of Lord Palmerston's conduct on the Greek question. It had been agreed upon in London in the event of the conditions approved by M. Gros being rejected by Mr. Wyse, our Minister at Athens, that the blockade should not be resumed without special orders from England. Lord Palmerston neglected to send instructions to that effect, and Mr. Wyse having received no orders, and not agreeing to M. Gros' proposals, acted upon his former instructions and resumed the blockade. Upon which the King consented to the terms proposed by us. This has very much offended the French, who talk of going to war with us.

June 7th.—Went to Lady Grey's party. Mr. Bernal

Osborne was there and gave a very amusing account of the Nepaulese Ambassador, whom he knew in India, having come to Calcutta to explain his reasons for having shot the Prime Minister of the King of Nepaul. Mr. Bernal Osborne says he had committed a great number of murders, though he looks very young and gentle.

Lord Stanley to Lord M.

St. James's Square: June 16, 1850.

Dear Malmesbury,—I have just seen Aberdeen, and we have gone over your lists [*re* Redesdale's election] together. He thinks you have taken by no means a sanguine view, as far as the names we looked over are concerned. Of the ten Peelites whom you give to the Government, he expects Ellesmere and Wharncliffe to vote with us, De Grey to stay away, Ashburton, Bristol, and Cowley to be with them, and Athole, Churchill, Denbigh, and the Bishop of Winchester he knows nothing about. Of the twelve doubtful Peelites, he expects we shall have Bathurst, Clare, and Howe; Seaton and Shaftesbury are against us; Gough, Hardinge, Wellington, and Ripon will stay away; he knows nothing of Hertford, Northumberland, and Winchester. You may add to the Whigs who will not vote, Lord Lovat. He thinks Manners will follow him (Aberdeen). He asked me, and I could not tell him how you had reckoned Cawdor.

Yours ever,

STANLEY.

June 17th.—Lord Stanley made a great speech on the affairs of Greece in the House of Lords. He moved a resolution condemning Lord Palmerston, which was carried by a majority of 37 in a very full House. The Peeresses' Gallery was quite full, several ladies sitting on the floor, and many were obliged to

return home for want of room. The evening began by an attack on the Prussian Minister, Count Bunsen, who was seated in the Ladies' Gallery, and not in the part appointed for Ambassadors. Lord Brougham had previously gone into the gallery with Lady Melbourne and Lady Newport, and told Bunsen he had no right to be there. Bunsen refused to give up his place, upon which Lord Brougham descended to the House and called attention to "a stranger being in the Peeresses' Gallery," saying, "If he does not come down I shall move your lordships to enforce the order of the House. It is the more intolerable as he has a place assigned to him in another part, and he is now keeping the room of *two** peeresses." This was received with shouts of laughter and cheers; but Bunsen refused to move till Lord Brougham sent Sir Augustus Clifford, Usher of the Black Rod, to him, when he got into a fury and left the House, taking his wife and daughter with him. Lord Stanley then got up and made a magnificent and extremely amusing speech, which lasted from five till nearly eight. I went afterwards to Lady Waldegrave's, and there saw Madame Van de Weyer, who had already heard of Lord Brougham's attack on Bunsen, and was perfectly wild at the insult offered to a Minister. I told her I did not approve of the way Lord Brougham had behaved, but that Bunsen had no right to sit in the Peeresses' Gallery. She would not agree to this, but if she tried herself she would find I am right.

June 20th.—Went to the Drawing Room, which was more crowded than anything I had ever seen, and

* Bunsen was a very stout man.

a disgraceful scene—the ladies screaming and fainting, their gowns torn into shreds by the spurs, and their arms scratched by the epaulettes, of the men.

June 27th.—The Queen was attacked this evening as she was coming out of Cambridge House by a man, who struck her on the head with a cane. Her Majesty showed her usual courage, and went in the evening to the Opera. When she arrived, in the middle of the skating scene in the *Prophète*, the audience rose and cheered her for full five minutes, after which "God Save the Queen" was sung by the Italian artists.

June 29th.—I heard this afternoon that Sir Robert Peel had been thrown from his horse on Constitution Hill, and was very much hurt.

June 30th.—Several people called on their way from Sir Robert Peel's. The accounts of him are bad.

July 1st.—Sir Robert Peel is worse to-day. He suffers great pain, and the doctors say he is in a very precarious state.

July 2nd.—The doctors give hardly any hope of Sir Robert Peel's recovery. He suffers dreadful pain, but is conscious. Lady Peel is so distracted that the doctors will not allow her to go into his room. She came in once, but when Sir Robert saw the state she was in he went into convulsions, and since then she has not been permitted to go near him.

July 3rd.—Sir Robert Peel died this morning. His wife saw him before his death, having been allowed to go to his bedside as soon as the case was quite hopeless. He took the Sacrament, which was administered to him by the Bishop of Gibraltar, all

his family being present. The post-mortem examination in the case of Sir Robert Peel proved that the fifth rib on the left side had been fractured and pressed upon the lungs, which must have produced intolerable agony. The accounts of the accident differ very much. Some say he was seen reeling in his saddle for a moment before he fell, and that it was through dropping the reins that the horse swerved. The general opinion is that his horse, which was a young one, started at being passed by Miss Ellice's groom, who was riding a very spirited animal. The accident was seen by several people, but all give different accounts; the majority think he was simply thrown by the horse starting; and that is the most probable story. We went to the French play with the Ossulstons to hear Rachel in *Bajazet*. She acts very finely, but her voice has grown like that of a man, and she has lost all pretensions to good looks. Her countenance has become so diabolical and unfeminine that it is quite disagreeable to look at her.

July 9th.—The Duke of Cambridge died last night. The Duchess of Gloucester arrived a short time before he expired, and a messenger was sent to Prince Albert to come immediately to the Duchess of Cambridge. It is a singular accident and coincidence that the Duke, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Cantelupe were all invited and engaged to dine yesterday with the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. But considering the length of time that invitations are sent before the day appointed for dinners, there must be many cases of the kind.

August 12th.—Left London for Achnacarry, *viâ*

Carlisle and Corpach. After remaining there till October 27, we took a steamer for Glasgow, whence to Chillingham Castle.

November 15*th*.—Heron Court. Lord Clanwilliam and Lord Stanley arrived. The two being the quickest men I know, amused us much by chaffing one another, and I think on the whole Lord Clanwilliam had the best of it. They both of them enjoyed the wild-fowl shooting very much, and were as eager as two boys.

Lord Eglinton to Lord M.

Eglinton Castle: November 24, 1850.

My dear M.,—

. . . . . .

We had a reviving meeting of Protectionists here this week, and, as we were all of one way of thinking, the arguments used were most convincing. There is the best possible feeling among all the gentlemen of our party, and no desire to rush to extremities, or drive us to a certain defeat; but in many parts of Scotland, as in England, the farmers think us too lukewarm, and accuse the landlords of deserting them. I think we must fight about something next session, and we shall have plenty of scope for it if we oppose the income tax, and stand out for equalisation of local taxes. As to the Papal Aggression, the country seems to be very like my late Protectionist party.

Very sincerely yours,

EGLINTON AND WINTON.

November 26*th*.—I hear Mrs. Norton and Sir Edwin Landseer have quarrelled. They have been great friends for the last two years, and she encouraged his admiration to get his drawings and instructions in painting. He is very angry and spiteful about her.

December 1*st*.—Sir William Stanley, whom I saw at Paris, is now hopelessly deranged. It is supposed it was occasioned by a fall he had in the riding school at Paris.

Lord Stanley to Lord M.

Lathom House: December 2, 1850.

Dear Malmesbury,—. . . Disraeli writes me word that he has a great financial scheme which he is concocting with Herries, and which he wishes to talk over with me. I shall probably go up to town for a day or two early next month to discuss it with him; but until I have done so I hardly know what line it would be best to hold, and am not fond of opening our game too soon through the medium of the papers, even if we were quite resolved upon it. My own impression is that we must resist the income tax, and probably fight for a relaxation of the monetary laws and an amendment of the poor law. I am myself very much inclined in favour of your crotchet, if you can work it out.* On the Popery question I quite agree with you that we should rather follow the stream, which is running quite strong enough, than attempt to take a lead of our own. I think the Government are in a most awkward dilemma, from which they will find it very difficult to escape; and the more rope you give them the more chance there is of their hanging themselves at one end or the other. . . .

We had a good day while Clanwilliam was with us in Bickerstaffe Wood—five guns, 560 head; and another after he left us, in the Trap—four guns, 471. My scores were 126 and 153. We expect a great rabbit day on Friday, for which Jocelyn will come in, but it is the worst year for woodcocks that I ever remember.

Ever yours sincerely,

STANLEY.

* To make personal property pay its share of the Poor Rate like the Income Tax as a principle.

1851.

January 1*st*.—Lady Tankerville informed me that Lady Olivia Ossulston was confined of a son, an event long wished for in our family.

January 12*th*.—The Prince President has dismissed Changarnier from the command of the army in Paris, and all the Ministers have resigned. All the principal men have been summoned to the Elysée, and all join in disapproving of the step, but the President remains firm. It is supposed it will end in some compromise, but up to this moment no fresh Government has been formed. The President declares he has a right to dismiss any officer from his command, and will preserve his privileges inviolate. Regarding his dotation, the President says the Assembly can do as they please, as he can shut himself up in one room in the Elysée and turn off his servants, but he will not submit to be deprived of the privileges of his office. I admire his firmness, and trust he will not allow himself to be persuaded to give in, for if he does he will lose greatly in the public estimation. At present the country is with him, and it is evident the hostility of the Chamber is solely occasioned by the ambition of the different *parties* in it, each of whom expected him to play into their hands, and finding him honest and determined to do what he thinks right towards his country, have now coalesced to overthrow him. The Moderates had better take care what they do or they will drive him into the arms of the ultra-Republican party. As to Changarnier,* he is decidedly hostile to the President

* Changarnier continued to oppose the Emperor during his

and the Republican party, and aims at being Dictator. He is a fine old soldier, and distinguished himself greatly in Africa, but his appearance is against him. He dresses like an old dandy, with a wig and very tight stays, and indulges in a great affectation of youth and physical activity which he does not possess.

January 17th.—I hear that Mr. Roebuck wrote a letter to Lord Brougham on the subject of the paragraph respecting Lady Hastings, which some injudicious friends of hers had put in the newspapers, and Lord Brougham's answer was very characteristic. He told Lady Hastings she had better touch thirty Italians than one newspaper.

January 21st.—The new French Government have been defeated on a vote of confidence by a majority of 415 votes to 286. They immediately tendered their resignations, which the President refused to accept. M. Thiers sent to him to say that the vote was not directed against his Government, but against his Ministers, and that if he composed a new Cabinet, even taken from among the members of the minority, Thiers would support him, and, subject to this, his dotation would be voted without the least difficulty. The President thanked them, but, seeing no reason to change his Ministers, could not avail himself of their suggestions and offers.

January 22nd.—The President has accepted the resignation of his Ministers, and it is said a new Cabinet will be constructed out of the minority. Many

prosperity, but after his defeats in 1870 he joined his army, offering him the aid of his sword, and he was taken prisoner at the capitulation of Metz.

members threaten to send Louis Napoleon to Vincennes.

February 2nd.—Dined with Lord Stanley, Lord Redesdale, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Herries, and sat talking politics till one in the morning.

February 3rd.—Went to the christening of my little nephew,* Charley Bennet, for whom I was one of the godfathers.

February 4th.—Parliament opened, and Lord Effingham moved the Address in the House of Lords. Lord Stanley spoke well, as usual, and raised a great laugh by saying, in allusion to the restoration of tranquillity in Europe, "that the increased tranquillity in Europe was to be attributed to the increased inactivity of the Foreign Secretary." Lord Lansdowne answered him, and after him Lord Roden got up, which was the signal for a general clearance of the galleries by the ladies. Lord Stanley proposed Lord Redesdale for the office of Chairman of Committees, in the room of Lord Shaftesbury, deceased, and he was elected unanimously, as there was no other Peer who came within any distance of him for that office. One of the ladies praised Lord Stanley for having made an eloquent, and at the same time a very temperate, speech. He started, and exclaimed, "Good God! temperate! I hope I didn't make a milk-and-water one." Considerable fears were entertained about the solidity of the Crystal Palace, and some M.P. proposed to march a regiment of soldiers through the galleries to test it, a singular idea under the circumstances. Lord Willoughby has taken a house in London during three months of the

* He died in India in 1880.

Exhibition for his tenants, without telling Lady Willoughby, who learned it first from the newspapers, and consoled herself for the outlay by saying, "Well, it will neither improve their taste nor their morals." Grisi was at Brighton, where she has lately been staying, walking on the cliff and escorted by two black fiddlers and two nurses, one carrying the last baby and the other the one before. When she arrived first she was so weak that the fiddlers had to support her, one on each side; but now she stumps away on her heels and looks as well as ever. Mario is at St. Petersburg. There never was such an adoration as she has for him.

February 9th.—The Government is supposed to be in a mess about their bill against Popery, and also anxious about the continuance of the low prices, which affect their pockets as well as ours. They don't, however, dare to do anything for the relief of agriculture, though they would probably be glad that we should do so, and many people think they would willingly go out for a time and leave us the odium and trouble of arranging these two matters.

Lord Stanley to Lord M.

St. James's Square: Feb. 15, 1851.

My dear Malmesbury,—You might have been very sure that I would not have given any notice on your behalf without your authority; and you rightly conjecture that the notice I actually did give was for the presentation of Hardwicke's petition. It was merely an error of the newspapers. I have told Nelson to have a London Whip, and to send word to Exeter, Richmond, Winchilsea, &c., that such a debate is coming on, but without *urging* their attendance. I

think we had better not interfere by any specific resolution with the battle now raging in the Commons. Next week they will have the Income Tax, on which, I think, we may contrive to take a division (on Friday), and perhaps beat them, without pledging ourselves to its absolute and immediate repeal, against which there might be valid objections raised from the state of the Revenue. Disraeli's speech—or indeed speeches—were most masterly. Graham was very bitter, but very *telling*. It is clear we have nothing to hope for from the leading Peelites but opposition. Our division was very good, but not as good as it looked, for we had several with us on whose general support we certainly could not count. Ever yours sincerely,

STANLEY.

February 16*th*.—The House of Lords has done nothing lately; in the Commons the adjourned debate on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was resumed on Monday. On Tuesday Disraeli moved "That the severe distress existing in the United Kingdom among that important class of her Majesty's subjects, the owners and occupiers of land, and which is justly lamented in her Majesty's Speech from the Throne, renders it the duty of the Government to introduce without delay such measures as may be most effectual for the relief thereof." On Wednesday the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was again discussed and the debate adjourned. On Thursday the debate on Disraeli's motion was resumed, and the House divided upon it, when the numbers were—267 for the motion, and 281 against, giving the Ministry only a majority of fourteen. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was divided upon, when 395 voted for, and 63 against, its introduction.

February 17*th*.—Went to London for the Agri-

cultural debate to-morrow, and spoke on the subject. Lord Stanley was much pleased and amused. Returned to Heron Court on the 20th. At Christchurch Petty Sessions a boy was brought up to give evidence in a poaching case. As there were great doubts whether he understood the nature of an oath, my brother undertook to cross-examine him. He inquired, "Are you aware of the meaning of an oath?" The boy scratched his head with a puzzled look and then said, "Ees." "And you know in whose presence you stand?" continued my brother. The boy looked up and caught sight of Colonel Cameron, who was seated wrapped up in a cloak, with his hair standing on end, and looked quite the most awful person in the room. After a moment's consideration the boy again answered "Ees." "You are then aware of the solemnity of the act you are going to perform, and the danger of swearing falsely?" "Ees," he answered. The oath was then administered, and the boy began to tell the most awful lies, which was pointed out to Mr. Berkeley, with the remark that he was committing perjury. "No," replied Mr. Berkeley, "fortunately he did not do so, for he swore by Colonel Cameron."

February 21st.—Mr. Berkeley amused us very much this morning by telling us that Lady Stuart de Rothesay, when at Highcliffe, passed her time in throwing stones and handfuls of gravel over the cliff to try and stop it up and preserve it from the encroachments of the sea. When he was walking about there one day he saw the gardeners very busy collecting the sweepings of the walks, consisting of gravel and dead leaves. He asked them what they were going to do with them, and they

answered that they were going to throw them over the cliff by Lady Stuart's orders for the above-mentioned purpose. Highcliffe is a most beautiful house, built by the late Lord Stuart de Rothesay, a part of it consisting of an old abbey brought from Caen; but it stands so near the edge of the cliff, which is falling daily, that if the destruction is not stopped it cannot last above twenty years.*

February 22nd.—Lord John Russell moved yesterday that the Committee of Ways and Means should be postponed until next Monday, when he would state his reasons for the request, and also the course he intended to take. There was a Cabinet Council yesterday morning, after which Lord John went to the Queen. It is not yet known what passed, but the postponement of the Budget is a tolerably clear indication.

February 23rd.—Heard from Lady Tankerville, who said the Government was out. There were many unhappy faces and some happy ones at Lady Granville's party. My brother writes that the Queen has sent for Lord Aberdeen. Lord and Lady Stanley dined at the Palace on Friday, having been asked some days before. It must have been rather awkward both for them and the Queen.

February 24th.—Lord John Russell and Lord Lansdowne had interviews on Saturday morning with the Queen. Immediately after their departure she sent for Lord Stanley, who arrived at the Palace at one o'clock and remained in close conference with her for an hour. When he reached his house in St. James's

* Lady Waterford has saved it by some extensive and expensive works on the cliff.

Square he found a second letter awaiting him from the Queen, who had written to him again after he left the Palace. At five o'clock Prince Albert wrote to Lord Aberdeen, who, being absent from town, only went to the Palace at nine o'clock and remained till twelve in consultation with the Queen. At six o'clock Lord John Russell had a second interview with the Queen, and remained more than two hours. Sir James Graham visited Lord Aberdeen yesterday, and Graham and Aberdeen visited Lord John Russell in the morning, having an interview at a later period of the day with Mr. Disraeli and Lord Stanley.

Lord Canning to Lord M.

Grosvenor Square: Feb. 24, 1851.

My dear M.,—I did not know until Lord Tankerville told it me last night that you were out of civilised society, or I would have written on Saturday.

To begin at the beginning, Lord John's announcement on Friday was at first misinterpreted by most of those who were not in the secret. We thought that, as usual, we were to be treated to many budgets, and that the respite till Monday was asked for the purpose of preparing the second edition. But the truth was known in the course of the evening; and it is a fact that Lord John decided on resignation in the morning before he summoned the Cabinet; from which, when it did meet, Lords Lansdowne and Carlisle were absent—the one with gout at Bowood; the other in the City on business; and before either of them knew they were out, Lord John had been to the Queen. Minto, too, who is sick in bed, was kept in the dark.

There was some division amongst them as to the necessity, or even propriety, of going out. Carlisle does not disguise from his friends that he saw no need of doing so;

and others share his opinion. Lord Lansdowne, I believe, is glad to be quit of office on any terms.

As to the cause, we shall hear Lord John's motives this evening. I suppose the minority on Locke King's motion will be the ostensible reason; but of course the bad reception of the Budget was a more cogent one. I have reason to think, however, that what nettled Lord John most was the cold reception given to his promise of dealing with the Franchise next session, which did not prevent some even of his own people from voting against him.

On Saturday afternoon Stanley was sent for. What passed you will know, sooner or later, better than I can tell you; but I believe his refusal to form a Government was not absolute—*i.e.* that he desired to reserve the reconsideration of the matter if any other party should fail.

I hear that Disraeli's language is that "unconstitutional conditions" were proposed. If he really says so, it probably refers to some limitation as to dissolving; but I know nothing authentic.

In the afternoon Lord John was with the Queen again; and in the even she saw him, Lord Aberdeen, and Graham together for more than two hours. All yesterday negotiations were going on; but, so far as I know, without any result up to the present moment.

Every kind of speculation is afloat—a reconstruction of the Government, with only an infusion of new Whig blood; a coalition between the Peelites and the Government; a junction of Graham simply with the Government; or a Government under Stanley. I should be sorry to have to bet upon the issue; but what I wish is, that Stanley should form a Government, receiving from the present Ministers and from us the promise of support in getting his money, and against Radical attacks, upon the condition that he should not dissolve Parliament until after the harvest, and that meanwhile he should not attempt to disturb Free Trade; he being at liberty to take any course he pleased as soon as this Session is over, and we being then released

from the promise of supporting him any longer. I see nothing impracticable in this. I have little hope of a wholesome state of politics or parties until you have been in power, and have tried your own cause after your own fashion; and under some such limitations as I have mentioned, I think that the risk which is to be apprehended from a Protectionist Government attempting, or being suspected of attempting, a reversal of commercial policy would be avoided, and certainly it would be no bad bargain for Stanley.

Mr. F. Mills to Lord M.

1 The Terrace, Whitehall Gardens: 4.30 P.M.,
Feb. 24, 1851.

My dear Malmesbury,—To give you the news, I have ordered a seven o'clock newspaper to be put into the post at 7.25 to go to you to-night.

Lonsdale kept sending to your house yesterday, thinking it were impossible you should not be up. At half-past six yesterday Stanley had made no communication of any sort to him. This is at least strange. He was the first man Peel used to consult.

I think the counties would stand at 5*s.* duty with the income and property tax taken off.

Bright told Roebuck yesterday, "We will never stand Lord John as Prime Minister again."

I go to Lowestoft on Friday, and on the following Friday to Brussels.

They talk of Labouchere, Francis Baring, and Sir C. Wood being made Peers.*

Lord Harrington is all but dead. He is at Brighton, and by the last accounts there was not the least spark of hope. There is, then, another loss, as Leicester, his brother, is worse than Cobden. Ever yours, &c.

F. MILLS.

* They were created Taunton, Northbrook, and Halifax.

February 25th.—Lord Stanley has declined to form a Government at present, though it is understood he has expressed his willingness to do so should Lord John Russell fail in reconstructing his Ministry, which he declared last night in the House of Commons he had undertaken to do at the Queen's request. He has asked till Friday to make the necessary arrangements, and in the meantime all public business is suspended. Mr. Disraeli accused Lord John Russell of not being quite correct in his statements; and Lord Stanley in the House of Lords refused at present to say one word of what passed between him and the Queen, though he promised a full statement later. It is supposed that Lord John will try to form a coalition with the leading Peelites, but Sir James Graham asks for Lord Clarendon and six Cabinet places, which are hard terms. Nobody knows what part Lord Aberdeen will take. I came up to town to-day, and Sidney Herbert told me that Lord John Russell had failed in his endeavours to reconstruct his Government.

Lord Stanley to Lord M.

St. James's Square: Feb. 25, 1851.

Dear Malmesbury,—I must see you without a moment's delay. John Russell's attempted reconstruction has failed, the Peelites cannot form a Government, and I shall have to try my hand. Let me see you, if possible, in the course of to-morrow.

Yours ever,

STANLEY.

February 26th.—Lord John Russell has failed, and the Queen has again sent for Lord Stanley.

February 27th.—All the Peelites have refused to

join Lord Stanley, although he offered Gladstone and Canning Cabinet places—the former Foreign Affairs. I think Lord Stanley will be unable to form a Government, but a few others and myself are to meet at his house at one o'clock, when it will probably be decided whether he gives up the attempt or not. My impression is that he will do so. Lord Aberdeen refused to attempt the task of forming a Cabinet, and yet the Peelites decline to join either the Whigs or us. I can't imagine what they want, for, being the weakest party in the country, they can't hope to govern by themselves.

February 28th.—We met at Lord Stanley's in St. James's Square, and have failed in forming a Government. He had previously requested me to take the Colonial Office, which I consider a great compliment, as it is one of the hardest worked of places. Those assembled were—Mr. Disraeli, Sir John Pakington, Mr. Walpole, Lord Hardwicke, Mr. Henley, Mr. Herries, Lord John Manners, and Lord Eglinton. Everything went smoothly, each willingly accepting the respective post to which Lord Stanley appointed him, excepting Mr. Henley, who made such difficulties about himself and submitted so many upon various subjects, that Lord Stanley threw up the game, to the great disappointment and disgust of most of the others present. Mr. Henley seemed quite overpowered by the responsibility he was asked to undertake as President of the Board of Trade, and is evidently a most nervous man. Mr. Disraeli did not conceal his anger at his want of courage and interest in the matter. Lord Stanley had written to Sir Stratford Canning, who was at Constantinople, asking him to take the management

of Foreign Affairs, which he at once consented to do. In the House of Lords, Lord Stanley announced his failure, and did not conceal it as being caused by the want of experience in public business which he found existed in his party. This is probably the case, but what really caused the break up of the conference was the timid conduct of Mr. Henley and Mr. Herries.

March 1st.—Lord Stanley's speech was a fine one, manly and straightforward, but I fear it will discourage his party. He says, alluding to them: "A party, numerous no doubt, but still undoubtedly in a minority in the House of Commons on several occasions, and which unfortunately, though it no doubt numbers in its ranks men of talent and intellect, contains, I will not say no single individual, but hardly one individual of political experience and versed in official business. I feel that is a great disadvantage for any party to labour under; but there is a third party in the House of Commons, not indeed very extensive numerically, but most important as regards official experience and the talents of the great portion of its members. I mean that small party, in point of numbers, which has adhered to the policy of the late Sir Robert Peel." This will appear to many as rather praising his opponents at the expense of his friends, and it will have the effect of making the former more difficult to deal with, and at the same time give discouragement, if not offence, to his own party. He then states the financial measures he would have proposed if he had come into office. His plan was to put on five shillings fixed duty on corn, and take threepence off the income tax preparatory to its total repeal, whenever the revenue

of the country admitted it. Lord Stanley told me afterwards that "the total want of decision in Mr. Herries and Mr. Henley made him see at once that they would be of no use. The latter seemed frightened rather than pleased at being in the Cabinet, and appeared paralysed." This was quite true. As to Herries, he looked like an old doctor who had just killed a patient, and Henley like the undertaker who was to bury him. The difficulties Lord Stanley would have had to contend with were also very great—a majority against him in both Houses, the Mutiny Bill not passed, supplies not voted, and the time not favourable for a dissolution of Parliament—all confirmed him in his determination to give up the attempt; and he accordingly went to the Queen at five o'clock and announced his failure. The Queen had authorised him to say that if he had asked for a Dissolution she would not have refused. The Duke of Northumberland would have had the Admiralty. The Queen has sent for the Duke of Wellington to ask his advice. I expect that Lord John will reconstruct his Ministry *tant bien que mal*, and that even the Peelites will join it. I called upon Lady Stanley, who seems in great spirits at her husband not being in office.

March 2nd.—Norman Macdonald is appointed Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, a place for life worth twelve hundred a year. He called upon me to announce it as an old colleague at Oriel College. After Lord Stanley's speech Lady Jocelyn asked him whom he had meant by the person he alluded to who refused to join him on account of the pressure of his domestic duties. He answered "Not

Jocelyn," at which she looked put out, for she evidently thought she had a good joke against him, the phrase having created a laugh. A few days ago, as I was returning home, I saw the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and Mr. Bonham Carter standing together near the gate of Sir Robert Peel's house in close consultation, looking as if they were invoking his ghost to inspire them.

March 6th.—Saw Ben Stanley, who was very much out of spirits, and confirms the report that the Government is in great difficulties. Nothing has occurred since they resumed office to strengthen them.

March 11th.—The Government were beaten last night on Lord Duncan's motion for paying the money derived from the revenues of the Crown into the Exchequer. They so little expected this that Ben Stanley, their Whip, prevented Lord Douro's voting for them, as he was ready to do, telling him there was no occasion for his staying, as they were sure of a majority. Lord Stanley seems confident of soon going into office, and has asked me to take his son Edward for my under-secretary, which is an additional compliment, and desires me to make out a list of those that I thought ought to have places. Nothing could be kinder or more flattering. Ben Stanley was walking a few days ago with Lord Bessborough and Lord Granville, the former of whom is Master of the Buckhounds, while the latter at one time held the place, talking of Lord Stanley's appointments. One of them asked what Lord Stradbroke was likely to have. "Oh," answered Ben, "the Buckhounds, of course; that is the only place for a fellow like that." The other two looked

rather foolish at the *lapsus linguæ* of their companion. The motion upon Ceylon, accusing Lord Torrington of tyranny when Governor there, is put off. He seems confident of making out a good case for himself. The present Sir Robert Peel spoke in the House of Commons, and Disraeli says his speech was very clever, and so straightforward and honest that if his father had been there he would have disowned him.

March 26th.—The second reading of the Papal Aggression Bill passed this morning by a majority of 438 to 95.

March 28th.—Talking to Mr. Fortescue, he told me that Mrs. Lawrence, the American Minister's wife, said to him, speaking of her husband, "A wonderful man, a very heavy man (meaning clever); when he goes to the east he tilts over the west."

April 1st.—I hear that Lord Torrington made a very good speech this evening in defence of his conduct in Ceylon, and was cheered on all sides when he sat down.

April 2nd.—Sir Gilbert Heathcote has left all his landed property to his eldest son, who is also residuary legatee, with the exception of the Durdans, which he has left, with 5,000*l.* a year to his youngest. Lady Olivia Ossulston and Lady Malmesbury went to a banquet at Merchant Taylors' Hall. Mr. Disraeli spoke well, but there was nothing particularly interesting in his speech. The most eloquent part of Lord Stanley's was that in which he alluded to Lord George Bentinck, which he did in the most feeling manner. The enthusiasm of the Conservative audience was un-

bounded, and the cheering when his health was drunk must have lasted five minutes.

April 5th.—Lady Lansdowne died the day before yesterday at Bowood, the immediate cause of her death being a paralytic stroke.

April 6th.—Edward Stanley called and told me we had no chance of turning out the Government this session, as they had evidently made friends again with the Radical party by promising to introduce a new Reform Bill this year.

April 8th.—The division on Mr. Herries' motion on the income tax took place yesterday, and the Government had a majority of 48.

April 12th.—The debate on Mr. Disraeli's amendment to the Assessed Taxes Act took place last night, and Ministers had a majority of 13. The amendment was that if any relief was given by the remission of taxes, the owners and occupiers of land should be the first to profit by it.

May 1st.—London Exhibition was opened to-day by the Queen. Went off quietly.

May 2nd.—Jew Bill passed second reading House of Commons by 25; 202 to 177. This will encourage the Peers.

May 6th.—Lord J. Russell refers income tax to Select Committee, and saves Government from another defeat. The Queen is going to give a fancy ball in June. Period, Charles II. Not becoming for ladies; handsome for gentlemen.

May 7th.—Ministers again defeated on Lord Naas's

motion on spirits duty. Numbers equal. Roebuck made an insolent speech advising resignation. Lord John declined.

May 10*th*.—Mr. Urquhart moved resolution that the recent act of the Pope in appointing bishops in England was encouraged by her Majesty's Government. Beaten by 79. This will enable Ministers to go on to end of session.

May 17*th*.—Lady Londonderry appeared at Duke of Devonshire's play in a gown trimmed with green birds, small ones round the body and down the sides, and large ones down the centre. The beak of one of the birds caught in Queen's dress and was some time before it could be disentangled. Lady L. very proud of the episode.

May 21*st*.—I think we shall not beat Government on the cruelties at Ceylon by Lord Torrington. But I hope to succeed in effecting a reconciliation between our party and forty-five members of the National Club who went against us on Mr. Urquhart's motion from their foolish dislike of Disraeli and Mr. Beresford. I have had an interview with Mr. Bellamy, their leader, and think I shall succeed.

May 30*th*.—Adjourned debate on Ceylon resumed; majority for Government, 80. We dined with the Disraelis. Met M. Thiers, Mr. McCulloch, and Mr. Denison. I sat by Thiers, who, knowing that I was intimately acquainted with Prince Louis Napoleon, asked me a number of questions about him, and ended by saying, "Je l'ai beaucoup étudié de près et de loin, et c'est un homme absolument *nul*." To me, Thiers seemed the incarnation of vanity.

June 12th.—We went to the Queen's ball. It is said that Her Majesty received 600 excuses out of 1400 invitations, and that she did not fill up their places. I thought it very inferior to the first two. Most of the fancy dresses shabby, as if they had been got up cheap. At the others everybody went to great expense, and they were magnificent. The period chosen was also more becoming. The dresses of most of the ladies resembled much the present fashion, differing only in the sleeves and the little curls. The gaunt figure of Sir Charles Knightley appeared in a pair of white satin shorts, which looked as if they had been put on hind part before, for they bulged out much in front and were tight behind, and he had neither coat nor cloak.

June 21st.—Went to Lady Palmerston's party, where I saw Narvaez and the Spanish beauty, Mademoiselle Montijo. Narvaez,* an ugly little fat man, with a vile expression of countenance; Mademoiselle Montijo** very handsome, auburn hair, beautiful skin and figure. Her grandmother was English or Irish, a Miss Kirkpatrick, which may account for her lovely complexion.

June 28th.—Lord Stanley sent for me early this morning, having received alarming accounts of Lord Derby, his father.***

June 30th.—Ben Stanley told me the Government were determined not to go out, and would rather sub-

* Narvaez, after being Prime Minister and heading several *pronunciamientos*, when asked on his deathbed whether he forgave his enemies, replied: "I have none, as I always got rid of them."

** Afterwards Empress of the French.

*** He died a few days after.

mit to any humiliation. He was the eldest son of Lord Stanley of Alderley, and a member of the Government. He was nick-named Sir Benjamin Backbite when at Oxford, from his satirical powers. He was a very amusing man, and clever.

July 4th.—My brother, member for Christchurch, came up for third reading of Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which was passed, with Sir Frederick Thesiger's amendments, before eight o'clock. Numbers on first division —208 for amendment; 129 against. Lord J. Russell moved omission of words giving power to common informers to institute proceedings. Lost by 124 to 175. House then divided on question that "Bill do pass." Carried by 263 to 46; majority 217. Irish members left House in a body before divisions.

I went to a great *fête* at Fulham, given by Mr. Lumley, manager of the Opera. All the Corps Diplomatique there.

July 7th.—We dined at Lord Cardigan's; thence to concert at Buckingham Palace.

July 10th.—Went in the evening to Madame Van de Weyer's. I hear the ball to the Queen at the Guildhall was extremely amusing. People very ridiculous. The ladies passed her at a run, never curtseying, and then returning to stare at her. Some of the gentlemen passed with their arms round the ladies' waists, others holding them by the hand at arm's length, as if they were going to dance a minuet. One man kissed his hand to the Queen as he went by, which set Her Majesty off in a fit of laughter.

August 7th.—Left London for Achnacarry, Lochiel's

place, which I hired, and remained there till November 5.

Lord Derby to Lord M.

Knowsley: Sept. 5, 1851.

Dear Malmesbury,—I quite approve of your answer to Mr. Knox,* whose letter I enclose. It is not very easy to write civilly to a man that his paper is conducted with very little talent; and I admire the way in which you have managed to compliment the Editor, and smooth down any possible soreness he might feel.

. . . . . .

I send you one of the first impressions of the Menagerie** catalogue. You will, at all events, like to look at it, and perhaps some of the water birds may tempt you to become a purchaser. They are all to be sold by auction without any reserve, beginning on the 6th of October; and from the great number I think it probable they may go for very little. If you are inclined to give me a commission to buy for you, you shall be treated very honestly.

Ever, &c.

DERBY.

November 9th.—Chillingham Castle. Mr. Collingwood, a Northumbrian squire, told us that the people at Tynemouth will not have their daughters christened before their sons, as they say when that is done the sons never have any whiskers. I asked whether in that case the daughters had them instead?

November 10th.—Arrived at Knowsley. Lord Stanley (now Lord Derby) looks very ill. Great *battue* shooting for next three days.

* Editor of the *Morning Herald*.

** The late Lord Derby had left the finest menagerie in England and probably in Europe, to supply which he used to send agents to all parts of the world.

November 19th.—Lord Palmerston made a very Radical speech two days ago in reply to an address to him by the Finsbury Committee in favour of Kossuth,* the Hungarian patriot. Almost all London is talking of it, and almost all blaming it.

November 23rd.—It is reported that Lord Palmerston is to go out in consequence of his Radical speech to the Finsbury deputation. His colleagues are all furious with him.

November 24th.—No truth in Lord Palmerston's resignation. Rain has fallen, after a very long drought.

November 25th.—Called on Madame and Mdlle. Gaggiotti. The latter a very remarkable person, and at Rome is surnamed Corinne, in consequence of her various talents. She is extremely handsome—of the Roman type—a great musician, speaks four languages, and paints very much above the average of professional artists. She has created a great sensation in London, and is making a good many portraits. She goes by her maiden name, but is married to, and separated from a Mr. Richards, who is connected with the press.

I spoke the previous day at an agricultural dinner at Christchurch. It was difficult to satisfy the farming interest without compromising Lord Derby, whose name, however, I never mentioned; but I had to keep up their spirits without raising them too high by expectations that the old Protective duties could ever return

* Lord Palmerston was always tampering with Kossuth and the Hungarian insurgents, and so was Louis Napoleon; but neither ever took a practical course in their favour, their object being to bully and frighten Austria and help Italy. Kossuth published a very curious conversation which he had with the Emperor.

even if we came into office. Lord Derby complimented me on it, and sent me a message to say that he was ready to father every sentiment in it. Lady Augusta Lennox's marriage with Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar went off very well, to the great edification of an immense congregation. The church was so full that several ladies got into the pulpit.

November 28th.—Lord Derby praised my speech to the Duke of Richmond, and says he wishes its tone to be followed at the meeting on December 12.

November 29th.—Dined with the Palmerstons. Met Sir H. and Lady Bulwer, Count and Countess de Flahault, and several foreign Ministers.

December 2nd.—Great news from Paris. Generals Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoricière, and Charras and M. Thiers have been arrested and taken to Vincennes, the President having discovered that they meant to anticipate him, as he told me when I saw him in April last. He has been well received by the people and with enthusiasm by the soldiers. A great many Deputies have been arrested. Changarnier is said to have resisted and Charras to have killed one of the police. The first proclamation is as follows:—

1. National Assembly dissolved.
2. Universal suffrage re-established and Law of May 31 abolished.
3. French people convoked in its electoral colleges from December 14 to 21.
4. State of siege decreed.
5. Council of State dissolved.

A second proclamation declares that the President's

good intentions towards the people have been frustrated by the Assembly, and having proclaimed its dissolution he proposes to establish the following Government:—

1. A Chief Magistrate elected for ten years by universal suffrage.
2. A Ministry depending upon the Executive alone.
3. A Council of State.
4. A Legislative Assembly elected by universal suffrage without scrutiny of the electoral list.
5. A Senate.

This *coup d'état* seems to have been determined upon and executed by Louis Napoleon unknown even to his Ministers, whom he dismissed the evening before, though no doubt Morny,* Persigny, Colonel Fleury, and Maupas were concerned in the plan. The movements of the troops on the two preceding days were supposed by all parties to be intended as a precaution against any insurrection in consequence of the Paris election

* Morny was a recognised natural son of Count Flahault by Queen Hortense, and therefore the Emperor's half-brother. He was his right-hand man and generally gave him good advice, as he possessed great intelligence and tact, and was a man of the world. Morny told me that at the first period of Louis Napoleon's Presidency he was eager to fight for the Rhine, but that he had told him roughly that, if he did, "les Allemands le flanqueraient dans le Rhin," an opinion verified in 1870. Morny was made a duke, and being in a favourable position for speculating acquired a large fortune, married a Russian princess, and died before the fall of the Empire, being thus spared seeing a painful close to an eventful and prosperous life. I first knew him in Paris in 1834, when he was a man of fashion, and appreciated for his wit, and when he rode a steeplechase against an Englishman at La Croix de St. Berny, which he lost.

then going on. About 200 representatives met on the morning of Tuesday at Count Daru's, one of the Vice-Presidents, but receiving a message from Colonel Lauriston, commanding the 10th legion, saying that he placed the Mairie of the 10th Arrondissement at their disposal, and that his legion would defend them, they repaired there and proceeded to deliberate, Daru in the chair. After a debate conducted in due form, and at which the shorthand writers of the "Moniteur" were present, the conduct of Louis Napoleon was declared to be illegal. In consequence they affirmed him to have forfeited all claims to the high dignity of President of the Republic, in conformity with Article 68 of the Constitution. Another decree frees the officers of the army and navy and the public functionaries from their oath of obedience to Louis Napoleon; the High Court of Justice is convoked to judge the President and his Ministers.

These decrees were signed by the members present, with Daru's name at the head. After they were passed, a body of the Chasseurs of Vincennes surrounded the building. M. Berryer addressed the people out of window, telling them they had pronounced the *déchéance* of the President. This was received very coldly.

The officer commanding the troops insisted upon entering, and in a few minutes the chamber was cleared. MM. Daru, Odilon Barrot, De Broglie, and Molé remained in the apartment. Daru was arrested, but the others were allowed to depart. The officer refused M. O. Barrot's request to be taken, saying he had no orders to do so. The President, with a numerous staff, rode along the quays at eleven o'clock, and reviewed

the troops in the Place de la Concorde and in the Square of the Tuileries.

December 4th.—Attempt at insurrection yesterday at Paris, M. Baudin, a representative of the people, having harangued the workmen in the Rue St. Antoine and summoned them to take up arms for the delivery of the members arrested. Two barricades were erected, but were immediately taken by the soldiers and Baudin was killed. This put an end to the *émeute*, the insurgents having fled in all directions. The news from the Departments is good, so I trust Louis Napoleon is safe.

Sir Robert Peel has advertised his stud of hunters for sale in the following terms: "To be sold at Messrs. Tattersalls', the entire stud of Sir Robert Peel, Bart., who is declining hunting with the Atherstone hounds in consequence of the unsportsmanlike conduct and political animosity, even in the hunting field, of certain Protectionist farmers." They had insulted him and warned him off their land.

December 5th.—The French Minister of War has addressed a circular to the generals of the army: "The soldiers are to vote for the election of a President within forty-eight hours from the receipt of the circular. 'Yes or No' is simply to be replied to the proposition."

Lord Derby to Lord M.

Knowsley: Dec. 5, 1881.

Dear Malmesbury,—I ought sooner to have returned you the two letters which were enclosed in yours on the 14th, for which many thanks. That from Paris is very interesting, and the parallel between 1851 and 1797, to which I re-

ferred, very curious. Your friend (the President) has it all his own way, thanks to his own cleverness and boldness and the folly of his opponents. What use he may make of his power remains to be seen. I hope he will not verify the anticipations of your Paris correspondent; but for good or evil he has a great game before him. I hear Aberdeen is violent against him. I suspected the language in the "Times" was of his inspiration. Palmerston, on the other hand, has taken him up warmly. Has that anything to do with his sudden ostracism? for it is quite clear he has not resigned, but that his colleagues have combined to turn him out. He will be a thorn in their side; but his ardent support of the *strong* measures taken by the Prince (President or Emperor?) will have lost him some of his popularity with the extreme Radicals. Tell me what you hear; I know nothing but from the newspapers.

. . . . . .

Yours very sincerely,

DERBY.

December 6th.—Serious *émeute* at Paris on 4th. Barricades erected and much fighting. Fifty thousand troops marched along Boulevards at 1.30, and were fired upon from some of the houses. All quiet again by 6 o'clock P.M., and placards announced the restoration of order. News from Lyons and provinces satisfactory.

December 7th.—Paris quiet. Funds risen two per cent. Only thirty-one representatives have been arrested. Election of the President takes place 20th or 21st. Some new regiments entered Paris, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" and all "Vive Napoléon!" Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Leflô, Bedeau, Charras, Roger du Nord, are prisoners at Ham. What an irony of fate for these men, who had sent the Prince to the same prison a few years ago!

Christmas Day, Heron Court.—Sir George Bowles writes that Lord Palmerston is out of office, and that either Lord Granville or Lord Clarendon is to succeed him. There has been a quarrel between him and the Queen and Lord John, and various reports respecting the cause, which we shall soon know.

December 26th.—Article in the "Times," apparently official, giving clearly to understand that it was Lord Palmerston's approval of the President's *coup d'état* of December 2 which was the cause of his dismissal from office. It is, however, evident there has been some intrigue besides. Lord Palmerston is not a man to sit quiet under this mortification, and his secession will probably lead to a break up. Lord Granville is made Foreign Secretary.

M. de Persigny to Lord M.

Paris: Dec. 26, 1851.

My dear Lord,—Des préoccupations extraordinaires qui tiennent aux événements derniers m'ont empêché de répondre, aussi promptement que je l'aurais désiré, à votre dernière lettre. Je m'empresse aujourd'hui de profiter d'un moment plus tranquille pour vous dire d'abord que j'ai remis votre lettre au Prince, et qu'il est entièrement de votre avis sur ce qu'il y a à faire pour attirer les capitaux anglais dans notre pays et cimenter de plus en plus l'alliance qui doit exister entre les deux grands peuples.

Nous voyons ici avec beaucoup de regret l'ardeur de certains journaux anglais à dénaturer les événements qui viennent de s'accomplir; nous craignons que la persistance de cette hostilité n'égare les sentiments du peuple anglais et ne crée pour l'avenir des difficultés.

Je comprends en effet qu'il est difficile à l'esprit anglais de comprendre notre caractère national, habitué à un ré-

gime de gouvernement qui est admirable avec les éléments qu'il possède. L'Angleterre se rend difficilement compte des faiblesses de notre système parlementaire. En Angleterre la liberté et votre système parlementaire sont au profit de l'influence aristocratique. C'est le gouvernement des classes élevées, et ces classes élevées sont faites au gouvernement et admirablement intelligentes des intérêts publics. En France, au contraire, les classes élevées sont complètement impropres au maniement des affaires. Elles sont, à l'exemple de notre ancienne noblesse, brillantes, légères, chevaleresques, frivoles, et guerrières; mais sans aucune des vertus nécessaires en un état libre, de sorte que le système parlementaire ne fonctionne qu'au profit du désordre, de l'anarchie, et aux dépens de l'autorité.

La France, en un mot, n'est qu'une grande démocratie qui a besoin d'être disciplinée, et nul élément n'est plus propre à la personnifier que l'élément Napoléonien. C'est là le secret de cette immense ovation populaire. On peut chercher à dénaturer le caractère des événements et dire, comme le "Times," que c'est la violence, la compression militaire qui forcent la population à donner leurs voix à Louis-Napoléon, mais cela ne peut se dire qu'en Angleterre, où l'on ne connaît pas le génie national de notre pays. Pour tout homme non prévenu il y a une réflexion bien simple. Comment une armée qui n'a pas fait la guerre et qui n'est composée que de jeunes soldats, aurait-elle l'esprit du despotisme militaire? Comment pourait-elle se séparer des sentiments des masses et violenter le pays, quand elle sort chaque année des entrailles du pays et qu'elle y rentre chaque année? La vérité c'est que l'armée est pleine du sentiment national. C'est le secret de tout ce qui vient de se passer. Quand le sentiment national était contraire au gouvernement, comme en 1830 et 1848, l'armée n'a été d'aucun secours au pouvoir. Aujourd'hui, au contraire, qu'elle a exprimé le sentiment public, elle a pu tout faire, sans aucune résistance sérieuse. Quant aux grandes masses, elles sont ivres de joie et d'enthousiasme, et jamais révolu-

tion ne fut si facile ni si populaire. Je sais bien qu'on peut se demander si après le rôle qu'elle a joué dans les derniers événements l'armée ne sera pas avide de se produire et de se jeter dans les aventures.

Ce danger n'est pas sérieux. L'armée n'a pas le sentiment d'avoir violenté la nation, mais d'avoir, au contraire, servi à l'expression de son opinion. Il n'y a pas dans les têtes militaires la moindre trace d'ambition guerrière; personne ne songe à recommencer les aventures, et le Prince Président moins que personne.

La plupart des officiers supérieurs sont mariés et âgés, et ils ne demandent qu'à vivre en paix; ils redoutaient la division des partis parlementaires, puisqu'à leurs yeux c'était le triomphe certain des éléments révolutionnaires, et qu'avec le triomphe de la démagogie leur grade, leur retraite—tout cela était perdu, et ils se sont sauvés en sauvant la nation. Voilà tout. Et ils sont satisfaits maintenant, ne demandant que la paix et le repos. Ce serait donc une folie inconcevable que d'ameuter les esprits en Angleterre contre un péril qui n'existe pas, car ce serait le moyen de le créer.

Si les efforts que l'on fait en Angleterre pour dénaturer les événements réussissaient, ce n'est pas du côté de l'armée française que viendrait le danger, mais du côté du peuple, dont on ranimerait les anciennnes haines nationales, quand elles ne demandent qu'à s'éteindre complètement. J'espère donc que les hommes d'état d'Angleterre s'efforceront de maintenir la bonne amitié qui existe, heureusement, entre les deux pays. Plus l'on cherche en ce moment à égarer le peuple anglais, plus il importe que les deux gouvernements se donnent des témoignages d'estime et de confiance, et plus il est nécessaire, comme vous le comprenez si bien, de lier les deux peuples par les intérêts matériels. Le Président est tout-à-fait dans ces sentiments; il fera tout pour favoriser les idées que vous lui soumettez. Rien ne lui serait plus odieux que d'être amené par des mouvements d'opinion publique en Angleterre à reprendre cet héritage de

haine et de jalousie qu'il a le premier répudié. Du reste, je ne crois pas que l'on parviendra en Angleterre à agacer l'opinion publique; tout ce qui se fait et se prépare ici éclairera les esprits et la vérité se fera jour, et bien loin d'amener le refroidissement entre les deux peuples, j'ai la conviction profonde que le grand acte du deux décembre aura, au contraire, pour résultat de cimenter plus que jamais la bonne harmonie entre les deux nations.

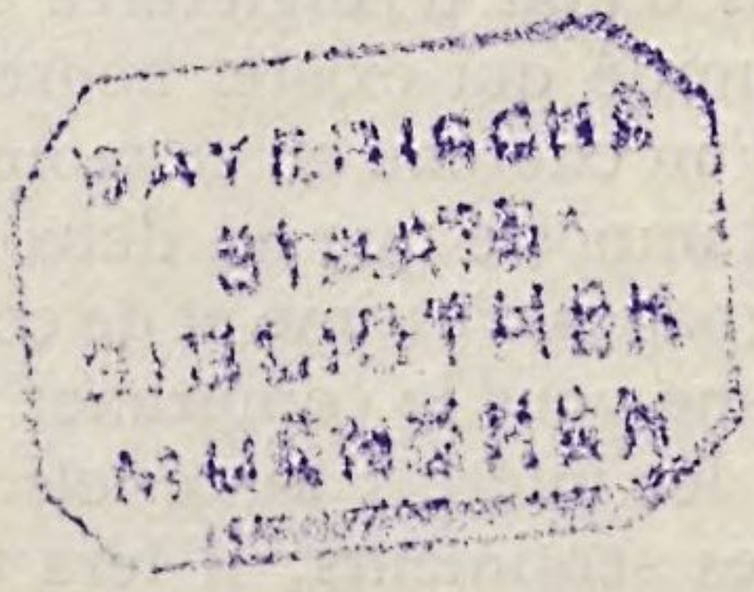
Pardonnez-moi ces réflexions, faites à la hâte. Soyez assez bon pour me faire connaître de temps en temps ce que vous savez de l'opinion en Angleterre et tâchons tous les deux de contribuer à l'œuvre commune.

Votre bien dévoué,

F. DE PERSIGNY.

December 30th.—Lord Palmerston never went to Windsor to give up the seals, and after waiting for him some time Lord John delivered them to the Queen, who gave them to Lord Granville.

END OF VOL. I.



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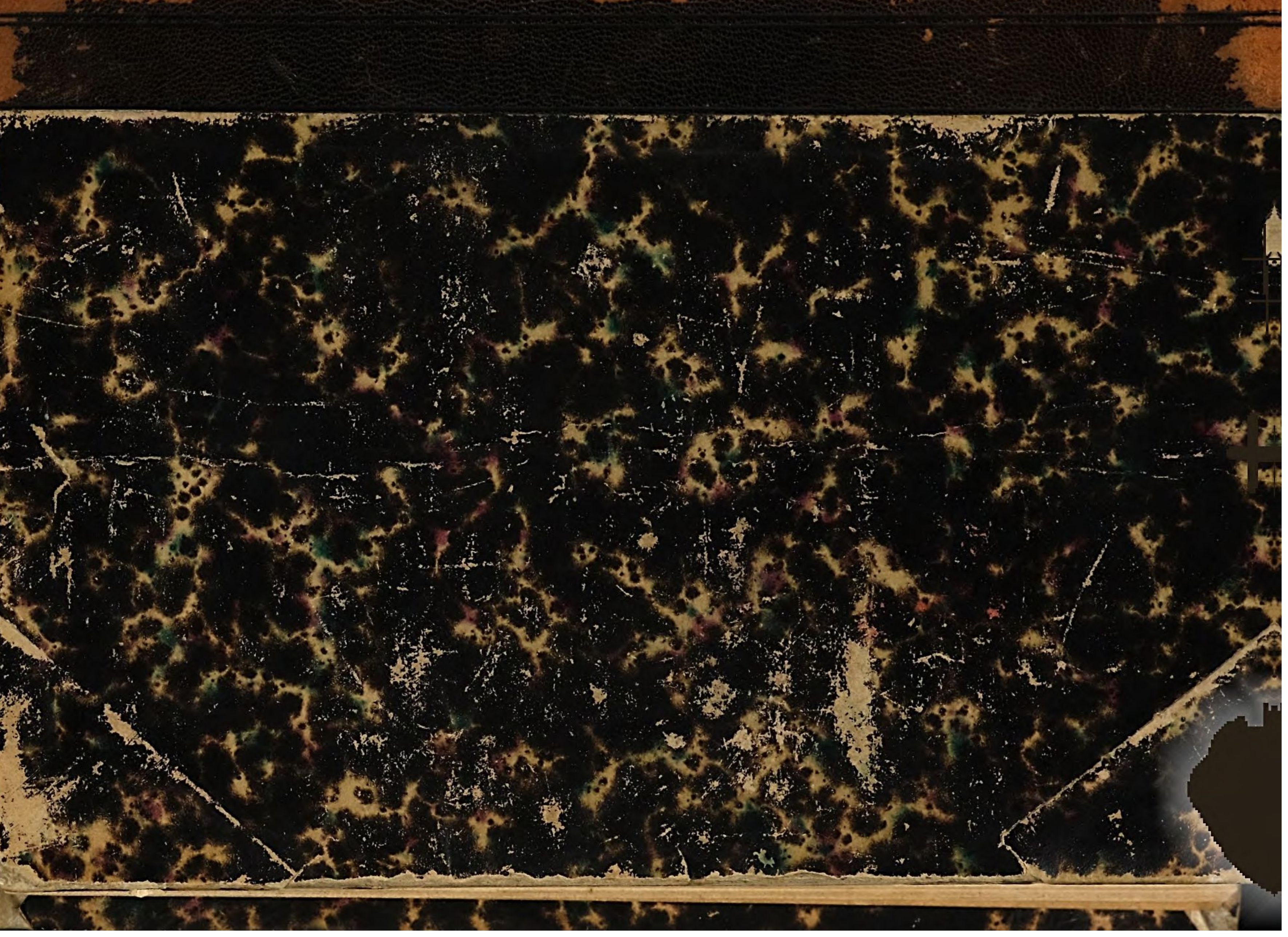

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